THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founde

April '91

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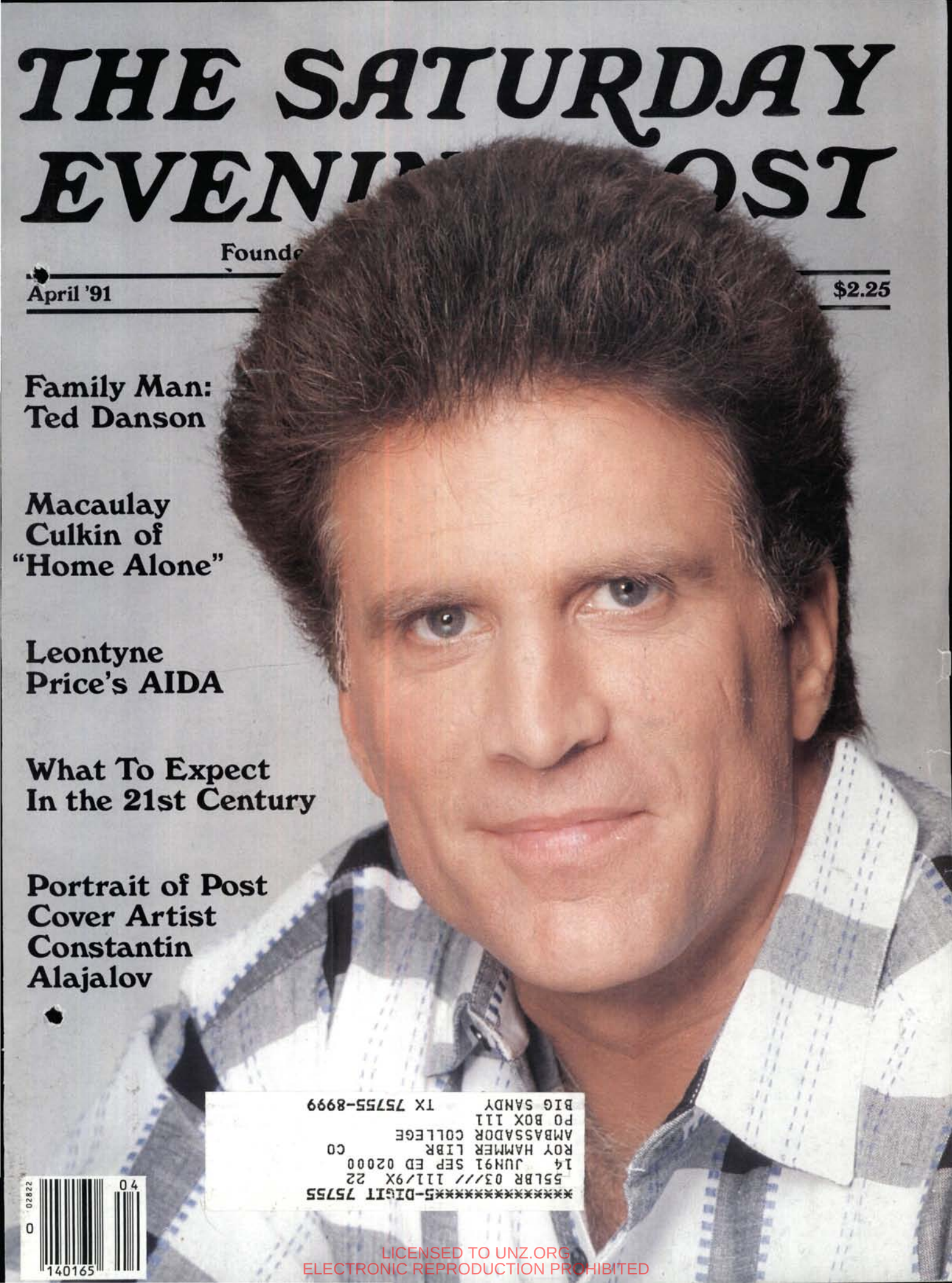
Family Man: Ted Danson

Macaulay Culkin of "Home Alone"

Leontyne Price's AIDA

What To Expect In the 21st Century

Portrait of Post Cover Artist Constantin Alajalov



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"Cardinals in Winter"

Rimmed in 22-karat gold
Shown smaller than actual
diameter of 8½ inches
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Celebrating the beauty of winter in rural America . . . a Bradford Exchange recommendation

The Reverend Mr. Sam Timm is one of the rising new stars in wildlife art. His exceptional portraits of rural landscapes and woodland creatures have won him national recognition. Now, he has created a major new work for the limited-edition plate medium. It's available now – and it looks like a smart buy. Here's why Bradford recommends it:

"Cardinals in Winter" is an important first issue – the first in the *Birds of the Seasons* series, hallmarked by the Edwin M. Knowles China Company.

It's an important work of art inspired by the Reverend Mr. Sam Timm's portrait of our old friend, the cardinal, and the too-often unnoticed beauty of the winter landscape. Attesting to its importance, each plate is hand numbered and accompanied by a Certificate of Authenticity.

It has the potential to appreciate in value. The edition of "Cardinals in Winter" is limited to a maximum of 150 firing days. Once the edition closes, collectors' demand could exceed the supply of plates and force asking prices up dramatically.

The Bradford Exchange—picking winners since 1973. Worldwide, limited-edition plates are the *only* collectibles traded on an organized exchange. And with offices in the United States and nine foreign countries, Bradford is at the very heart of this exciting international market. That means Bradford analysts can often spot trends in the making.

If, for example, you had followed one of our major recommendations in 1978, you would have bought the first issue in the *Gone With the Wind* series, a plate that now trades at $248.00*– more than 1,000% of its $21.50 issue price. More recently, if you had acquired "The Pintail," the first issue in *Living with Nature: Jerner's Ducks*, you would now own a plate valued at over four times its 1986 issue price.

Like any marketplace subject to the laws of supply and demand, the plate market is ever changing. Not all plates go up in value; some go down. But right now, Bradford Exchange analysts rate "Cardinals in Winter" as one of the year's top prospects . . . and we'll back up your purchase with our unconditional 365-day guarantee.

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*Reflects last trades on the exchange as reported in the Bradford Exchange Market Report Volume II-10.

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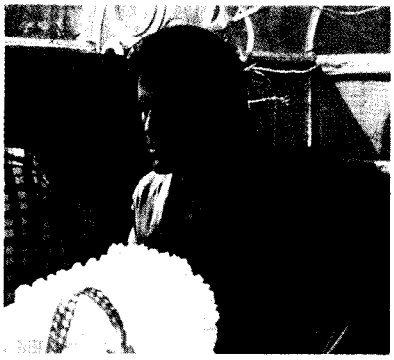
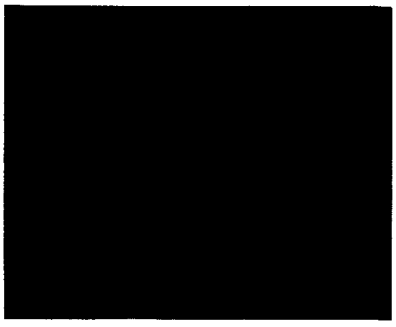


"Cheers" Ted Danson—plays TVs number one lady's man, but offscreen, family comes first. **42**

The Art of Constantin Alajalov—whose *Post* covers poked fun at the delicate ironies of American life. **56**



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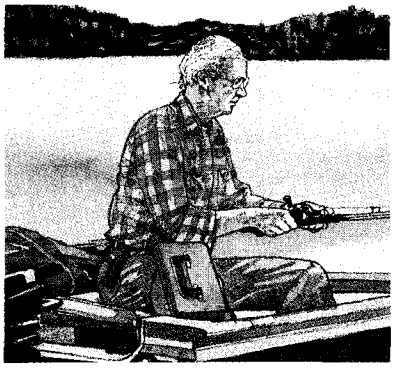
***Home Alone* Hero**—Macaulay Culkin has become one of Hollywood's hottest new properties. **82**

Bake Your Own Bread—with delicious, easy-to-follow recipes. **18**



A Loving Husband—brings his ventilator-dependent wife home from the hospital and devotes his life to her care. **46**

Tugboat Annie—finds herself in hot water when she signs up to haul a shipment of radioactive waste. **64**

Letters

Dancing for Health

I have always believed in dancing for exercise. Thank you for making the over-50 crowd aware of this pleasure.

Please send me any information you may have for volunteers for organizing fitness events.

Robert A. Tessier
Madison, New Hampshire

Editor's note: The President's Council on Physical Fitness and Sports strongly agrees with you. One of its aims is to promote competitive dancing as an easy way for older adults to get fit and remain fit. To launch this effort, a grand Presidential Saturday Evening Ball is being planned.

This kickoff ball will be held in southern California and will feature big band sounds and Viennese waltzing. The media will be introduced to the concept and long-term plan of fitness for the large older adult population. The evening will include a healthy gourmet supper. Video and audio tapes describing the dances to be played will be mailed to the guests prior to the ball for those who wish to practice.

Hopefully, following the California event, there will be Governor's Saturday Evening Balls in capitals of each state with their respective Governor's Councils on Physical Fitness and Sports.

The ultimate aim of these balls is to

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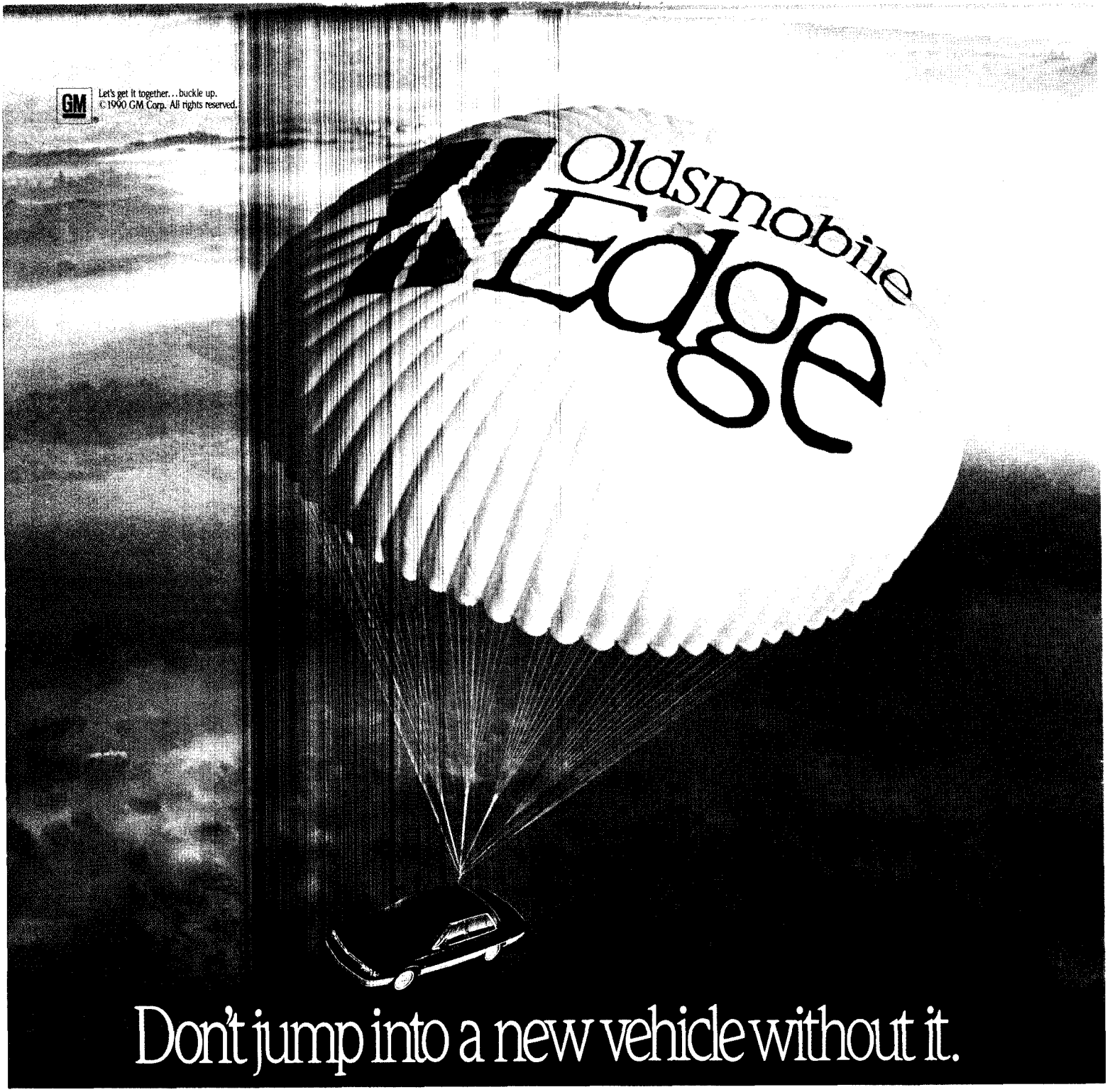

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inspire the participants so they will continue to dance and start to organize their own balls, reintroducing ballroom dancing to all their friends and companions. We want to see ballroom dancing again become the most popular form of evening entertainment.

We're putting you on our mailing list so you will know where and when the balls will occur.

Screening Newborns

I read with great interest the article by Dr. Marion ("The Mystery of Cassandra") in the Jan./Feb. issue of your publication. The upset when reading of someone's sorrows is sometimes lessened if good can be seen to come from the event. I hope that is the case here, where this story serves to inform the public about newborn screening programs and their importance. Results of the testing, whether positive or negative, can be of real importance to the physician when puzzling happenings such as described here present themselves. However, all too often, these results are not readily available to the physician.

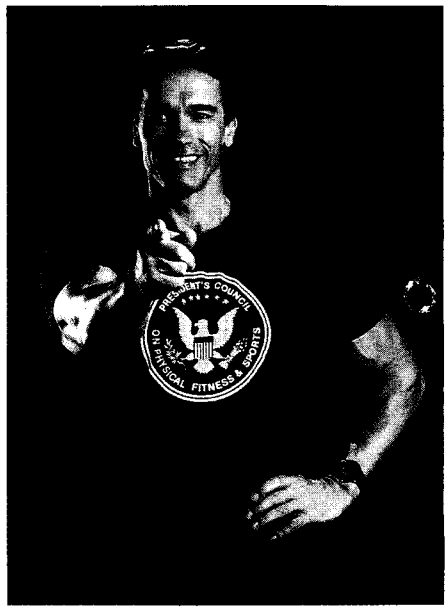
To help avoid this situation, New York is adding a new facet to its screening program. Beginning very soon, physicians throughout New York will be able to call the screening laboratory and obtain test results directly from the laboratory computer system at any hour. To assure that parents are involved in the process, each mother is given a "receipt" of the test specimen by the hospital as she leaves with her newborn. This slip contains the laboratory ID number for the specimen taken from her child. With that number, the physician can obtain the screening test results, usually within seven days of the specimen collection.

Kenneth A. Pass, Ph.D., Director
Newborn Screening Program
State of New York
Department of Health
Albany, New York

Pushing Fitness

The July/Aug. issue of the *SatEvePost* featured an article about Arnold Schwarzenegger and the President's physical fitness program. I am writing on behalf of my school asking for assistance to obtain more information about Mr. Schwarzenegger and his support of the presidential program.

As a professional in education, I am always searching for motivational techniques and rewarding experiences for our youth. Therefore, since it was mentioned in the article that Mr. Schwarzenegger will support the President's council by visiting schools, I would like some information about a contact agent for personal appearances by Mr. Schwarzenegger, and a contact agent for the California chapter of the President's physical fitness council.



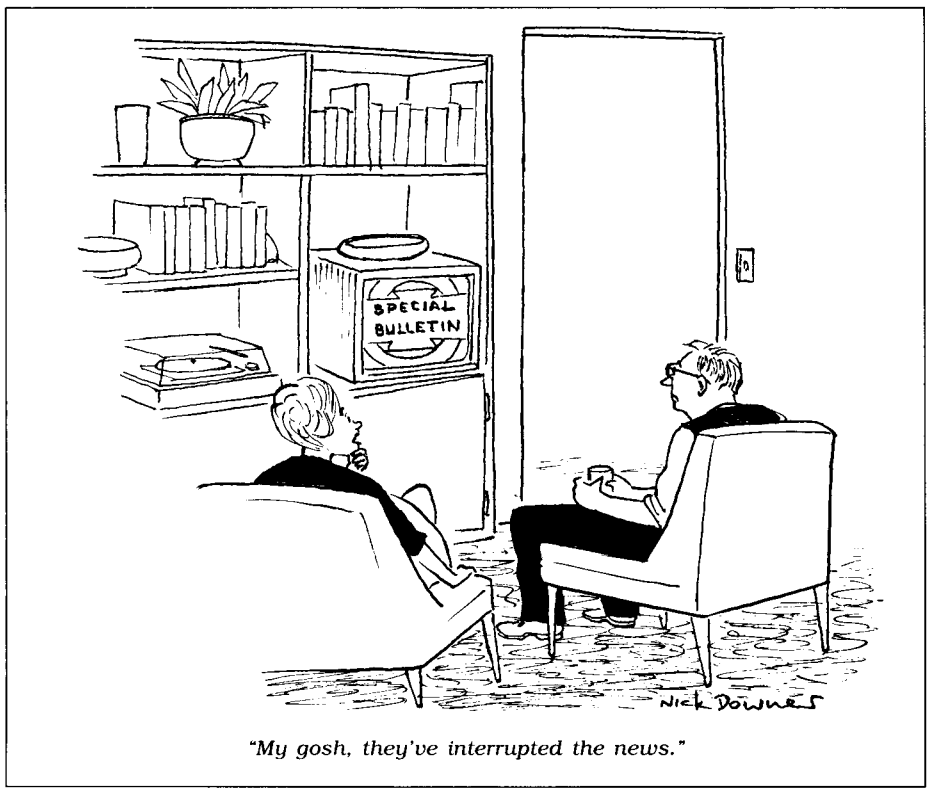
Arnold Schwarzenegger leads the President's Council in the campaign to put daily physical education in schools.

Murray Junior High has committed *all* students to involvement in the President's Physical Fitness Program and has shown a 400% increase in qualifiers for top awards under the program guidelines.

Your assistance in my efforts to enhance our program and reward the student participants would be greatly appreciated.

Larry A. Clark, assistant principal
Murray Junior High School
Ridgecrest, California

Editor's note: Arnold Schwarzenegger can be reached by writing to him at the President's Council on Physical Fitness and Sports, 450 Fifth Street, N.W., Suite 7103, Washington, D.C. 20001. Thirty-one states now have Governor's Councils on Physical Fitness and Sports. As we go to press, Gov. Pete Wilson is organizing one in California. To learn more about Governor's Councils, you may call Glenn Swengros, Director of Federal/State Relations at the PCPFS (202) 272-3427.



"My gosh, they've interrupted the news."

Recipe Help Wanted

In our Jan./Feb. issue of *The Saturday Evening Post* I noted a recipe in the article "For Special Occasions" by Christopher Irwin. The recipe ("Vegetables with Herbed-Crumb Topping")

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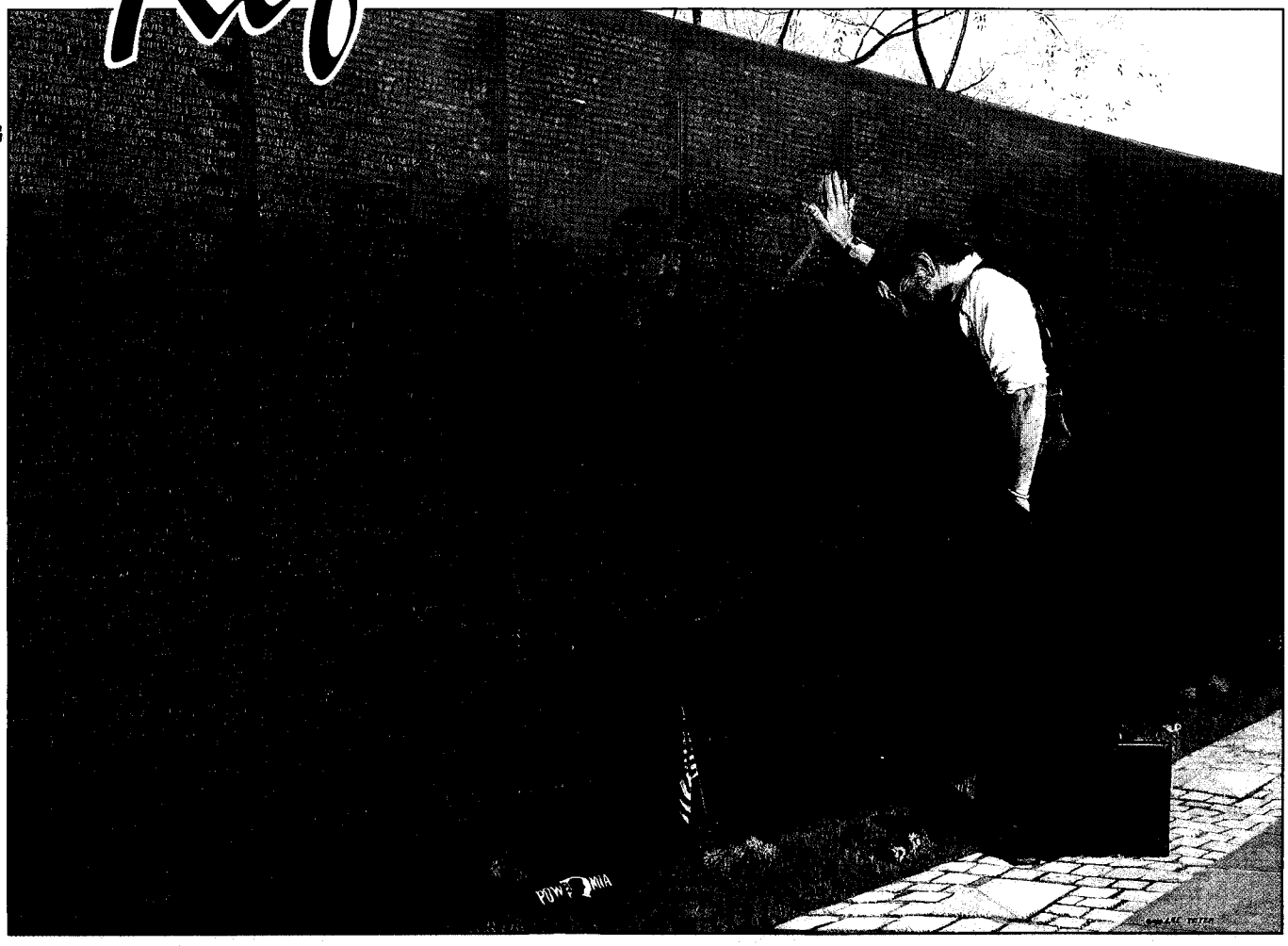
Reflections

by Lee Teter



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The Vietnam Veterans of America present the inspirational art print "Reflections" by Lee Teter which gives visual definition to the purpose and meaning that "The Wall" has for Americans – not just a list of faceless names, but a place to visit and remember people we love, who fought for each other and America.

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piqued my interest, and I decided to give it a try. It was a family success, but I have some questions.

The 2 cups of soft bread crumbs—do you refer to the boxed (untoasted) bread crumbs readily available at any grocers, or homemade fresh white bread slices diced into small squares?

Also, could you be specific about the 1/4 cup (about 1/2 envelope) salt-free crispy coating mix? I improvised and used chicken coating mix but not nearly 1/4 cup. I could not locate any package or box of coating mix, per se, in either the salad dressing or meat seasoning sections of my good-sized Publix. Is there a certain brand or package name I could ask for from other grocers?

Because the recipe was such a pleasant surprise success at Christmas dinner, I would appreciate any assistance you could offer.

Mrs. Frederick W. Rassmann
Vero Beach, Florida

Editor's note: To answer your questions about this recipe, use two cups of fresh bread crumbs.

Several brands of crispy coating mix are on the market, but Mrs. Dash's Crispy Coating Mix is available in your area.

The manufacturer listed Winn-Dixie as a distributor throughout Florida, as well as the Publix in Miami.

The Real Recipe

The March issue carried my article, "My Love Affair with Dandelion." In it you gave the recipe titled "Pennsylvania Dutch Recipe." I understand your changes to make it "heart smart," but in deference to my countrymen, the Pennsylvania Dutch, I feel it should be given authentically—cholesterol notwithstanding!

Peggy Jones
Lititz, Pennsylvania

Editor's note: Here is the original "Pennsylvania Dutch Recipe" for dandelion dressing:

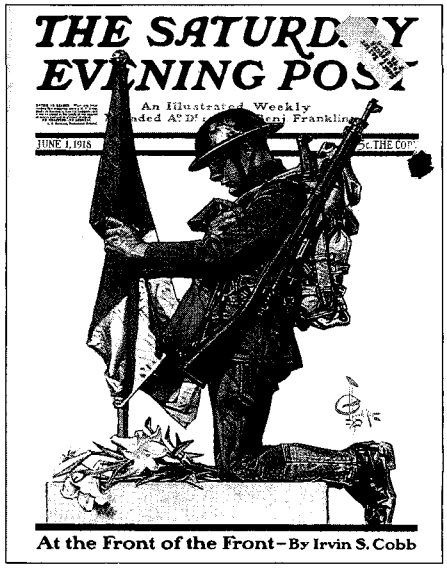
1 beaten egg
2-3 tablespoons vinegar
1 teaspoon sugar
2-3 tablespoons water
Salt

Beat mixture well. Fry a strip of diced bacon. When partly cooked (you may want to pour off grease), add diced onion and continue frying. Add egg mixture. Cook until thick, stirring constantly. Pour over well-drained dandelion and mix thoroughly. Sliced hard-boiled egg optional.

An Old Friend

If I write to tell you that I believe I recall the 1918 covers pictured in your Nov./Dec. issue, it is quite true.

I believe in those days *SEP* came out weekly at five cents a copy. My



father brought it home each week, and I'd sit on his knee and look at every page and laugh over the Penrod and Sam stories, which I adored.

In 1918 I was 10 years old. The war was over ("The War to End All Wars"). I always looked forward to the Norman Rockwell covers. What a splendid human being.

SEP is indeed a very old friend—and always will be.

Hope Reinbold
El Centro, California

Dohanos Tribute

I am delighted with the six-page tribute to Stevan Dohanos in the Illustrators' Hall of Fame featured in the new March issue! You picked out 14 wonderful covers by Mr. Dohanos to share with the readers as well as some beautiful artwork by John Clymer. Thank you also for the Norman Rockwell cover as well.

I certainly hope you continue the Illustrators' Hall of Fame as a series in the *Post*. This is exactly what I meant in my last letter to you as a perfect solution: keeping contemporary covers on the outside with the classic covers on the inside! The old *Post* is a bottomless pit of Americana thanks to the likes of George Hughes, John Flater, Dick Sargent and many more I'm sure I don't even know about! I feel Leyendecker is the greatest unsung hero in the Illustrators' Hall of Fame who has never gotten the recognition he deserves, al-

"Mildred Threppton just called . . . she said everyone had a great time and wanted to know why we never showed up."

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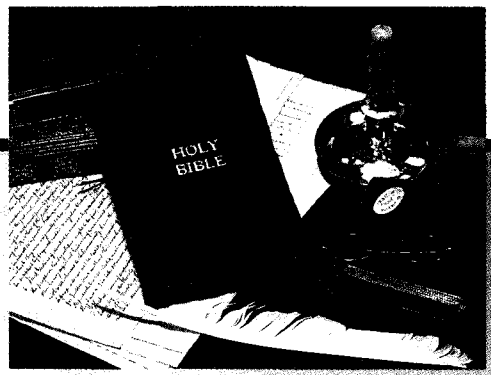
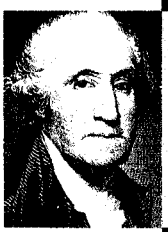
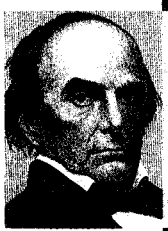


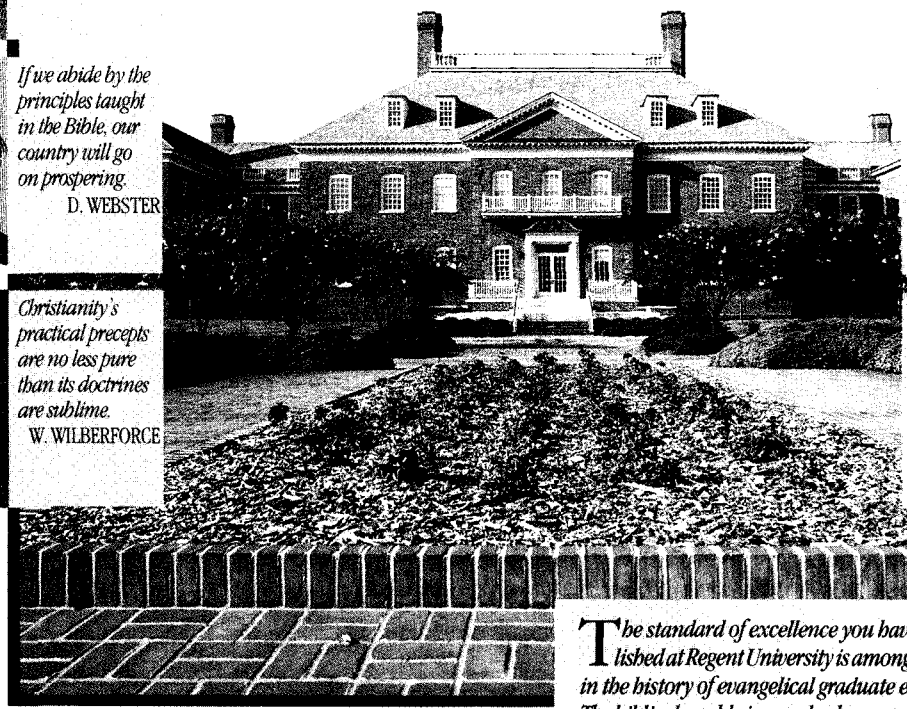


It is impossible to rightly govern the world without God and the Bible.
G. WASHINGTON



If we abide by the principles taught in the Bible, our country will go on prospering.
D. WEBSTER

Christianity's practical precepts are no less pure than its doctrines are sublime.
W. WILBERFORCE



A thorough knowledge of the Bible is worth more than a college education.
T. ROOSEVELT

I have known 95 of the world's great men in my time, and of these, 87 were followers of the Bible.
W.E. GLADSTONE

The standard of excellence you have established at Regent University is among the finest in the history of evangelical graduate education. The biblical world view and values your students acquire will enable them to help build a better world for the glory of God. BILL BRIGHT

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though I have two good articles on him in the May '73 and Oct. '81 *Post*.

Another idea for a possible series would be one on the history of the *Post* itself. In any event don't let this be a one-shot thing. The '90's is the last decade of this century and should be a decade celebrating the best of the 20th century *Post*.

Mark Hadley
Van Nuys, California

Shedding Fat

Re: The Healthy Heart Report, July/Aug. '90, "Saying No to Fat," Ted Kreiter.

This article is just what I have been waiting for! The recipes and especially the hints for substitutions were great. I would like more clarification of substitutions using egg whites, however.

If two teaspoons of unsaturated oil is used for each egg white and three egg whites are needed in a recipe calling for two whole eggs, does the six teaspoons (or two tablespoons) of oil affect the texture or does the amount of oil or margarine called for in the recipe need to be adjusted? Since I try to cook and bake entirely with canola oil I am looking forward to more of your modified recipes using oil instead of margarine.

Have you ever featured an article on low-fat cheeses, name brand, etc.? Our family thinks that meatless main dishes seem to have more substance with added cheese, and sometimes it is hard to find the proper low-fat cheese substitute.

Your Heartbeat-Healthy Heart department is much appreciated, as is the general content of your great magazine. I wish there were some way to receive some of your products without having to add an additional subscription, e.g. your *Health Cookbook for Family and Friends*.

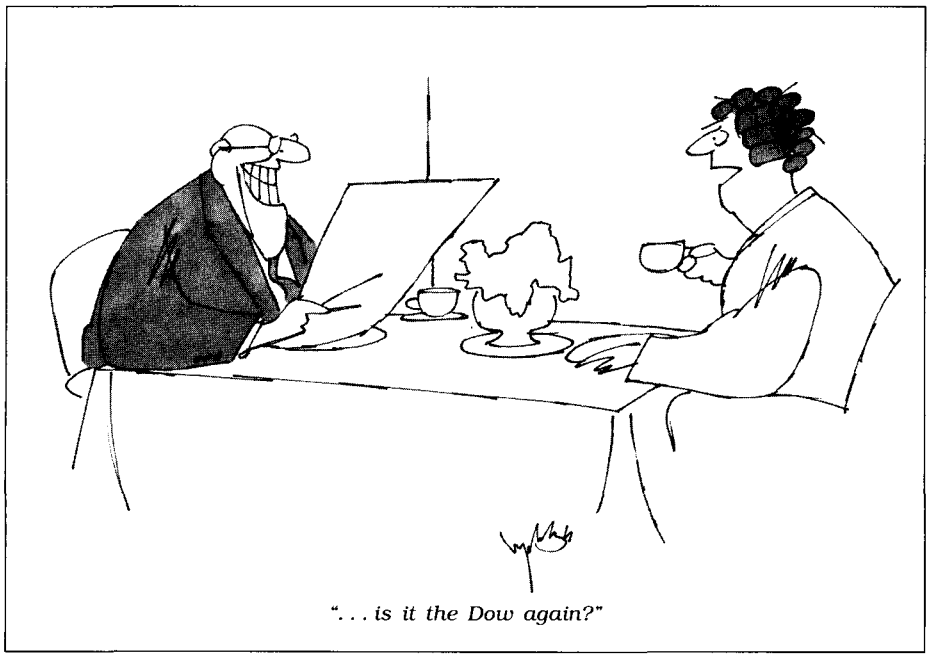
Geneva VanValkenburg
Montezuma, Kansas

Editor's note: Identifying low-fat cheese is not always easy. Generally we recommend farmer cheese as low in fat; however, some processors allow larger amounts of fat in their farmer cheese than others.

Low-fat cheeses should have five grams or less fat per ounce. Many of the farmer, mozzarella, and reduced-fat or low-fat cheeses are in this category. You may want to choose from new lines of lower-fat cheeses such as Kraft Lights and Lorraine Lites, or Alpine Lace Free 'n Lean, which is completely fat free. Go easy when adding cheese to meatless main dishes—you may end up with more fat than you would have in a meat dish.

In recipes calling for eggs, two teaspoons unsaturated oil plus one egg white to replace a whole egg is acceptable, but it will add fat to your diet. In most recipes you can simply use whites. In a baking recipe, use three egg whites in place of two whole eggs. For one whole large egg, substitute two egg whites.

When substituting oil for butter or margarine, use ¾ tablespoon oil for each tablespoon margarine or butter.



"... is it the Dow again?"

Looks Familiar

The picture in the Jan./Feb. issue on page 106 reminded me of the photo my husband made about 1956 of our two bounty hunters.

Mrs. Roy J. Gensweider
Weatherford, Texas

Sulfite Sensitive

Your recent article on sulfties was of great interest to us. My husband suffers from sulfite allergy, and it is difficult to find information on foods containing sulfites.

Would it be possible for you to refer us to any sources of information regarding sulfite sensitivity?

Susan Clay
Sunnyvale, Texas

Editor's Note: Write to Center Laboratories, Port Washington, NY 11050 to receive a test strip that tests foods and drinks for sulfites.

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JACK BENNY GUEST SKIT

CLEM KADIDDLEHOPPER TEACHES PEDESTRIAN POLO

WILLIE LUMP LUMP MAKES A SALAD

ED SULLIVAN GUEST SKETCH

UNCENSORED CLIPS FROM REHEARSAL SHOW WITH MARTHA RAYE

FAMOUS BLOOPER SKETCH WITH JACK ALBERTSON

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COMEDY SKETCH WITH JOHN WAYNE AND TOMMY SMOTHERS

RED AS CAULIFLOWER MCPUGG

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Post People

Known for his handiness with words, ***William F. Buckley, Jr.***, is also renowned for using those words to attack liberals and sprawling government social programs. But in his 29th and most recent book, *Gratitude: Reflections On What We Owe To Our Country*, the editor-at-large of *National Review* and host of PBS's "Firing Line" makes a case for a voluntary system of national service.

Buckley suggests that Americans, beginning at age 18, be encouraged to devote one year to civic or philanthropic work. For their services they would receive room and board and pocket money.

"When they are students," he says, "young people hear airy speeches about the sacrifices of our ancestors, the wise statesmanship of our Founding Fathers . . . but never in the context of: And what are you going to do to repay the debt?"

Gratitude is a book of only 162 pages, but if you have about given up hope for solving our national ills, it is certainly a book worth looking into.

You would never think of ***Cathy Rigby***, former Olympic gymnast, becoming a fly-by-night. But such is the case. As the title character in *Peter Pan*, she has been flying high across the United States for more than a year. Her production of the Broadway musical has been such a box-office hit since its 1989 opening, it will continue to tour throughout the summer.

When the singer/actress comes down to earth, she keeps busy as co-

producer of the show with Thomas McCoy, her second husband, also an actor and singer. They have four children, two from her previous marriage.

Making the transition to the footlights was not easy for Rigby, 38, who has played Peter Pan in 10 different productions. "But, like gymnastics, it was live," she says, "only with critics instead of judges. After Mary Martin passed away, I felt her magic had been passed along. We're not competing, we're sharing."

When one half-hour character comedy series returns this spring, ***Robert Urich*** hopes you will be watching—NBC-TV's "American Dreamer," that is. And for good reason.

The show revolves around Urich as Tom Nash, a former network news journalist and widower with two children, who has given up the fast track to move into a small town in Wisconsin. Here, he turns down requests to return to the high-powered news game and begins writing a weekly newspaper column. A keen observer and natural storyteller, Nash embarks on a personal odyssey each week. When a recent divorcee begins helping with his research, and he develops a relationship with a local gal who runs Nash's favorite roadside diner, well . . . you can take it from there.

Antonia Novello, the first female and first Hispanic Surgeon General of the United States, enters this influential office with a priority that will not sit well with the tobacco industry and its addicted young customers: She wants retailers to stop selling tobacco products to minors. Other concerns at the top of her list are AIDS education and better health care for minorities, women, and children.

Serious subjects indeed for this Puerto Rican-born pediatric kidney specialist, who is said to be funnier than comedian Don Novello, her brother-in-law of "Saturday Night Live" fame.

"You would think that Don is the doctor and Toni the comedian," says Joe Novello, the Surgeon General's husband.

Having been subjected to frequent surgery that failed to correct a congenital defect during her first 18 years, Dr. Novello says, "The reason I became a doctor (is that) I thought, 'When I grow up, no other person is going to wait 18 years.' "

Whatever the medical problems now on her agenda, her "no tobacco for minors" campaign is certain to cut the time of recovery.

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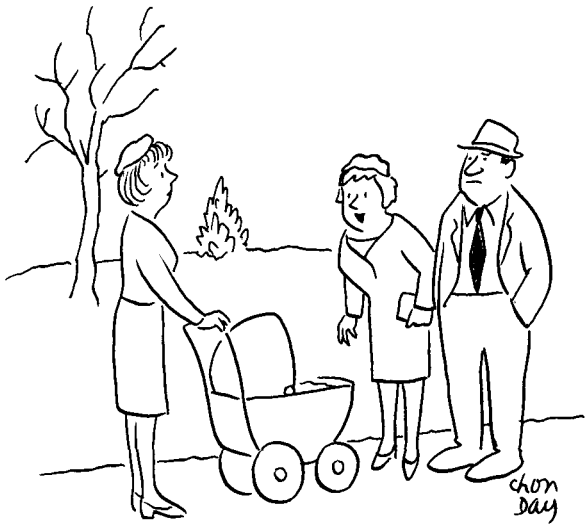
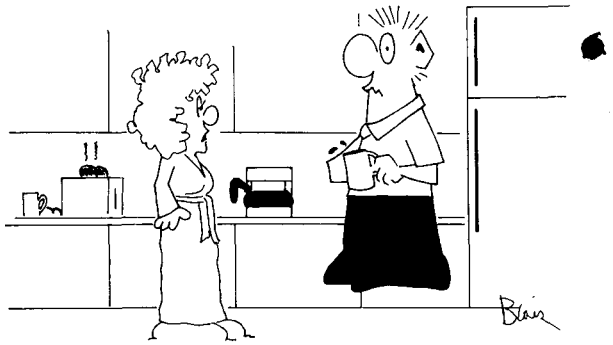
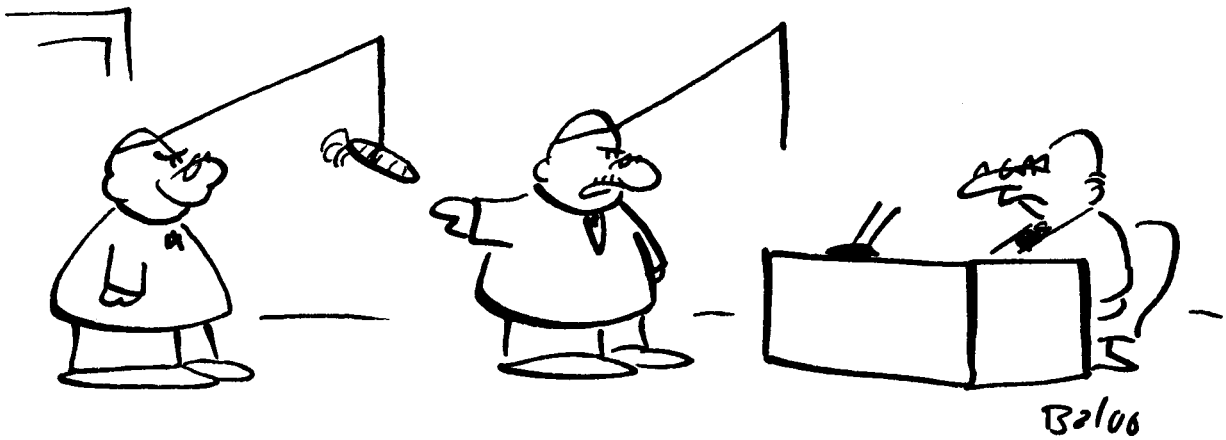


"We don't have any children of our own. Fred is a school bus driver."

ATTITUDE ADJUSTMENTS

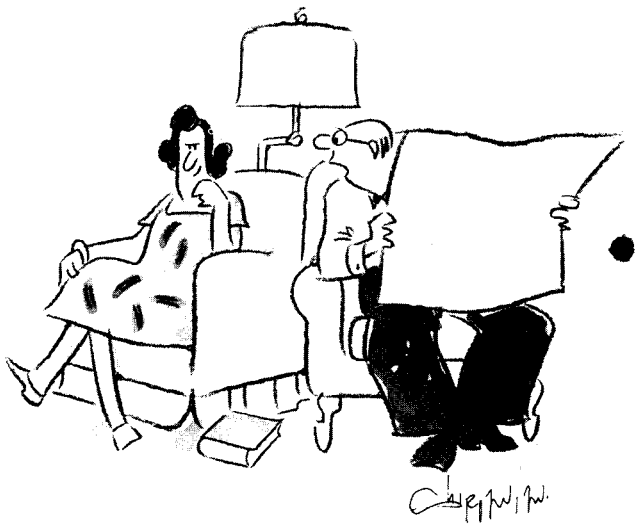


"Did I lose count on the number of scoops again?"



"Sir, Cunningham ate my carrot!"

"I thought a dog would cheer him up."



"You have a house in the suburbs, two beautiful children, a devoted husband—what could you possibly want with nuclear capability?"

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THE QUEST FOR HAPPY FEET

Consumers are demanding changes in their dress shoes, since they've become accustomed to comfort in their athletic footwear.

by Ellen Beardsley

Some people cry over spilled milk; others cry over feet so long and wide that they spill over the largest and widest of ordinary shoes, as well as suffer the trauma of finding shoes that both look good and feel comfortable.

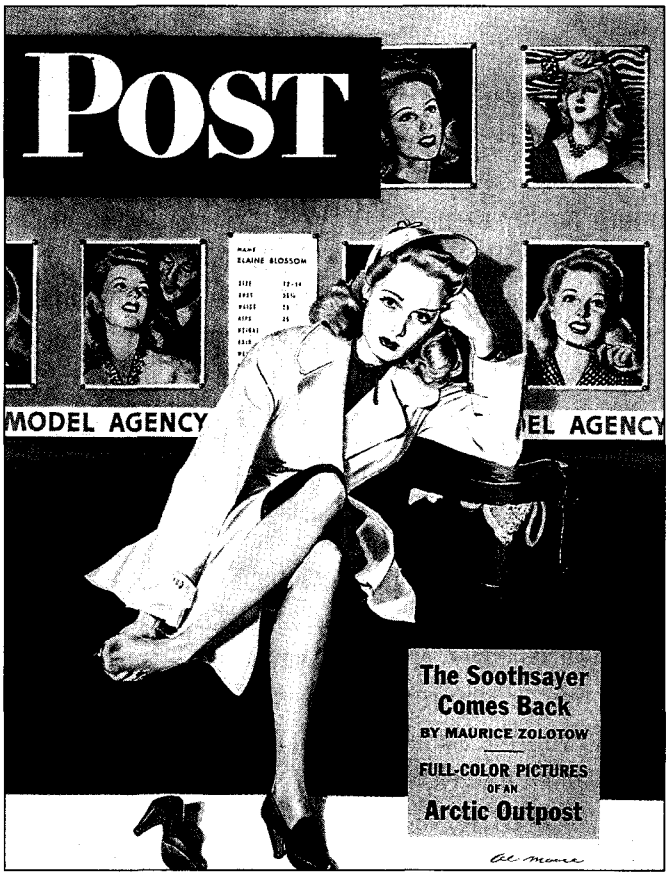
The emotional upset is of three kinds: the result of a specific imperfection such as hammertoes, bunions, or a surgical loss; a sense of ill health due to chronic foot fatigue; and an overall dislike of the appearance of the foot, often characterized as "weird." In each case sufferers have a strong feeling of inadequacy.

Florence, a 64-year-old haute couture seamstress, says, "I've never had a pedicure because my feet are so ugly. . . . I don't want to expose my feet. I've felt this way since childhood."

Laura, an attractive 42-year-old health professional, wears size 10B. "I remember how comforted I felt when I found out Jackie Kennedy wears size 10AAA," she says. "Here was the glamorous and ultra-feminine First Lady having to wear a large size, too. And even now I like knowing Christie Brinkley wears a size 10."

Dr. Arnold Kratter, a podiatrist at the Yorke Fashion Comfort Centre in New York, recounts the case of a 16-year-old girl brought in for a fitting by her mother, who was concerned for her daughter's emotional health.

"The girl had always refused dates because she didn't have the appropriate shoes for her size 13EEE feet," Kratter says. "She'd been wearing men's athletic shoes. After we fitted her with an attractive pair of shoes she was able to socialize more appropriately. We received a letter from her mother telling of the girl's much improved outlook on life."



Putting your best foot forward is not easy if your feet are plagued by bunions, hammertoes, or chronic foot fatigue.

Blaine, a 52-year-old housewife, turns visibly sad when she reflects on her problem feet: "My mortality was amplified when my feet became a problem," she says. "I've gone from feeling healthy to unhealthy. Losing the full use of my feet has been like a death for me. I went into psychotherapy about my feet."

Not everyone who has problem or hard-to-fit feet, however, suffers emotionally. Many find the physical complications of problem feet, such as how to get correctly fitting shoes, a more difficult challenge.

"The people who have hard-to-fit and problem feet generally fall into three groups," says Cindy Emmel, director of communications for the Prescription Footwear Association (PFA). "There are the stars and monied few who have custom, high-fashion 'costume' shoes designed for a perfect fit. Then there are the medically impaired such as diabetics or amputees who require prescription or other accomodative footwear." (Currently there is a Congressionally mandated demonstration in three states that will estimate the cost-effectiveness of therapeutic shoe coverage for individuals with diabetes and diabetic-related diseases.)

Emmel continues, "And finally there are those who comprise the largest group —those with hard-to-fit feet. This includes people with chronic orthopedic impairments, often inherited, such as bunions, hammertoes, or 'weak' feet, and consumers who want to stop being tortured by the traditional footwear industry. This group is looking for comfortable shoes."

For chronic problems, prescription footwear may be recommended. For those seeking an alternative to the "torture" of traditional footwear, "comfort" is definitely "in."

"Comfort" shoes are the hottest retail footwear trend in years. *Footwear News*, a trade paper, has been running a "Comfort Report" column for more than a year and recently devoted a special insert to comfort issues. The reasons are clear for the mushrooming number of stores carrying comfort lines. As the population ages, foot ailments become more prevalent.

"In the next 12 years the 50-plus population will increase by 23 per-

continued on page 110

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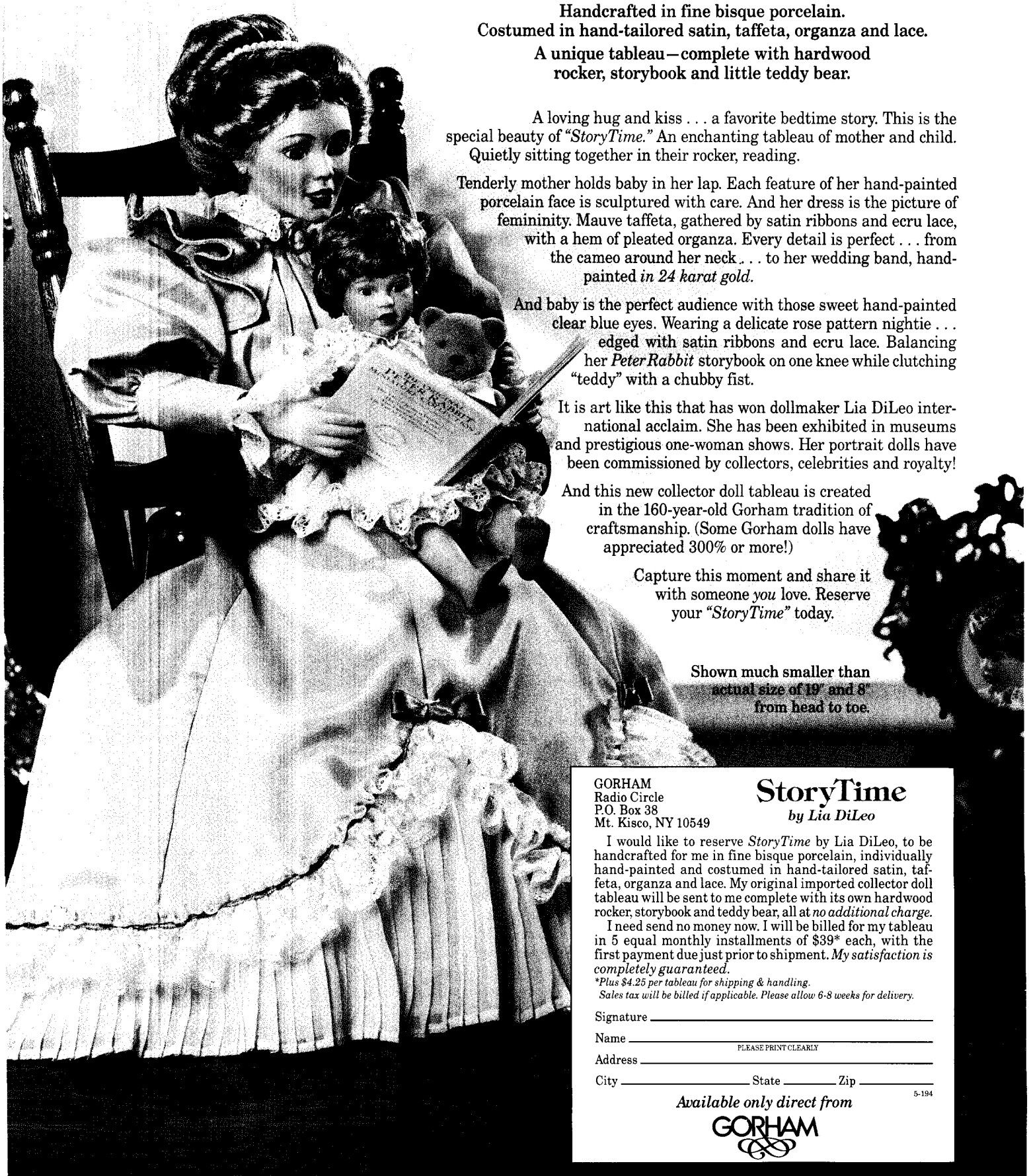
StoryTime

by Lia DiLeo

A masterpiece in the renowned Gorham tradition of collector dolls.
Handcrafted in fine bisque porcelain.
Costumed in hand-tailored satin, taffeta, organza and lace.
A unique tableau—complete with hardwood rocker, storybook and little teddy bear.



A loving hug and kiss . . . a favorite bedtime story. This is the special beauty of *"StoryTime."* An enchanting tableau of mother and child. Quietly sitting together in their rocker, reading.

Tenderly mother holds baby in her lap. Each feature of her hand-painted porcelain face is sculptured with care. And her dress is the picture of femininity. Mauve taffeta, gathered by satin ribbons and ecru lace, with a hem of pleated organza. Every detail is perfect . . . from the cameo around her neck . . . to her wedding band, hand-painted *in 24 karat gold.*

And baby is the perfect audience with those sweet hand-painted clear blue eyes. Wearing a delicate rose pattern nightie . . . edged with satin ribbons and ecru lace. Balancing her *Peter Rabbit* storybook on one knee while clutching "teddy" with a chubby fist.

It is art like this that has won dollmaker Lia DiLeo international acclaim. She has been exhibited in museums and prestigious one-woman shows. Her portrait dolls have been commissioned by collectors, celebrities and royalty!

And this new collector doll tableau is created in the 160-year-old Gorham tradition of craftsmanship. (Some Gorham dolls have appreciated 300% or more!)

Capture this moment and share it with someone *you* love. Reserve your *"StoryTime"* today.

Shown much smaller than actual size of 19" and 8" from head to toe.

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StoryTime
by Lia DiLeo

I would like to reserve *StoryTime* by Lia DiLeo, to be handcrafted for me in fine bisque porcelain, individually hand-painted and costumed in hand-tailored satin, taffeta, organza and lace. My original imported collector doll tableau will be sent to me complete with its own hardwood rocker, storybook and teddy bear, all at *no additional charge.*

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BACK TO HOME-BAKED BREAD

Whether in the making or the eating, few culinary creations offer as much satisfaction.

Every cuisine has its basic grains, and most of the grains are made into bread. The American Indians made bread from corn, which they ground into meal, then mixed with water and baked on coals or rocks near a fire. Some of the breads were leavened with a homemade yeast, but more often they were simply flat cakes of cornmeal and water, the forerunners of the jonnycake.

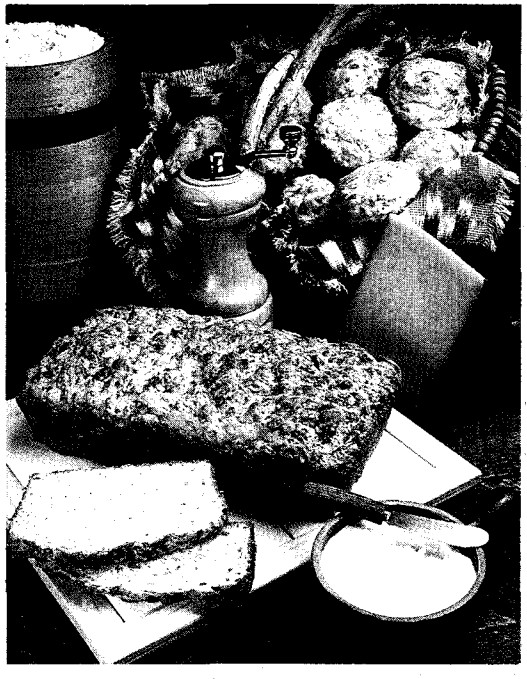
The European settlers had never seen corn before they came to this continent. But when their first attempts at growing wheat, barley, oats, and rye failed because of the unfamiliar soil, climate and precipitation levels, they found ways to make the corn taste good. Many years of plantings and harvests came and went before their Old World crops began to thrive. In the meantime the Indians taught them to make corn cakes and bake them in the ashes of fires (ashcakes) or on the blade of a hoe (hoecakes).

When European grains finally took hold in the 18th century, American breads became more varied. Colonists combined corn with European grains to make Boston Brown Bread, Anadama Bread, and Rye 'n' Injun Bread.

Although Europeans were accustomed to buying their bread, bread baking in America began in the home. It was a tedious process. First the grain was ground. Then homemade yeast was added. Kneading required strong arms, and timing the baking took a keen judge of oven temperature.

Americans also made bread without yeast. Salt-rising bread depended on bacteria to make it rise; an unreliable procedure.

A popular alternative to yeast was sourdough. Part of the dough from a previous day's baking would be stirred into a new batch of dough to leaven it. Although this method had been used all over the world, it came to be identified with pioneers and prospectors in Alaska and the West. Tales were told of cooks who guarded their sourdough starter with their lives. They were said to wear bags of the starter around their necks, and to sleep with the starter on nights when it was in danger of freezing.



Cheddar Cheese Pepper Bread

As the American population grew, mills were built and flour no longer had to be ground at home. Improved leavening and thermostatically controlled ovens made home baking easier and more predictable while, at the same time, commercial bakers took over most bread production.

The introduction of baking powder and baking soda has made possible some of the quick breads Americans enjoy today, including biscuits, muffins, tea breads, and doughnuts. These are popular because they are easy to prepare in a hurry, yet have a homemade taste.

Both men and women are rediscovering the satisfaction that comes from making and eating a wholesome loaf of homemade bread.

❖ ❖ ❖

"Branana" Nut Bread
(Makes 18 1/2-inch slices)

1 1/4 cups all-purpose flour
1 cup rice bran
1 teaspoon baking soda
1/4 teaspoon salt
1/4 cup honey
1/4 cup vegetable oil
2 egg whites
1 1/2 cups (3 large) mashed ripe bananas
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
1/3 cup chopped walnuts
Vegetable cooking spray

Combine flour, bran, baking soda, and salt in small bowl; stir well and set aside. Combine honey and oil in medium bowl; beat with electric mixer at medium speed 1 minute or until well-blended. Add egg whites; beat just until blended, about 20 seconds. With mixer running at low speed, add reserved flour mixture alternately with bananas and vanilla, beginning and ending with flour mixture. Blend well after each addition. Fold in walnuts. Pour batter into an 8" x 4" loaf pan coated with cooking spray. Bake at 350° F. 50 to 60 minutes or until wooden pick inserted in center comes out clean. Cool in pan 5 to 10 minutes; remove from pan. Cool completely on wire rack.

❖ ❖ ❖

Cheddar Cheese Pepper Bread
(Makes 1 loaf or 16 servings)

1/2 cup (1 stick) margarine
2 1/2 cups all-purpose flour
2 1/2 teaspoons ground black pepper
2 1/2 teaspoons baking powder

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3/4 teaspoon salt
3/4 teaspoon baking soda
2 cups (about 8 ounces) low-fat shredded sharp cheddar cheese
2 egg substitutes
1 container (8 ounces) plain low-fat yogurt

Preheat oven to 375° F. Grease and flour a 9" x 5" x 3" loaf pan; set aside. In a small saucepan over low heat melt magarine; set aside to cool. In a large bowl combine flour, baking powder, black pepper, baking soda, and salt. Stir in cheddar cheese. In a medium bowl lightly beat eggs; stir in yogurt and melted margarine. Add to flour mixture; stir just until dry ingredients are moistened; spoon into prepared pan. Bake until golden, about 35 minutes. Remove from oven and cool for 10 minutes; remove from pan. Serve warm or toasted, if desired.

❖ ❖ ❖

Honey Whole Wheat Bread
(Makes 2 loaves)

2 packages active dry yeast
Warm water
3 cups whole wheat flour
1 cup each *finely shredded carrots and mashed banana*
1/2 cup margarine, softened
1/4 cup honey
1 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon ground cinnamon
4-6 cups unbleached all-purpose flour
2 tablespoons melted margarine (optional)

Dissolve yeast in 1/2 cup warm water. Stir in whole wheat flour, 1 3/4 cups warm water, carrots, banana, butter, honey, salt, and cinnamon; beat until smooth using an electric mixer. Mix in flour. Knead about 10 minutes or until smooth and elastic on a lightly floured board. Place in a greased bowl and turn to grease all sides. Cover bowl; let rise about 1 hour or until doubled in size. Punch down, divide in half, flatten each half with a rolling pin or your hand to 18" x 9"; overlap the 2 sides and fold into thirds. Roll each half up tightly; place in a greased 9" x 5" x 3" pan. Brush tops with melted margarine. Let rise about 1 hour or until doubled in size. Bake at 375° F. 40 to 45 minutes or until loaves have a hollow sound when tapped and crust is brown.

❖ ❖ ❖

Yam Bran Bread
(Makes 1 loaf or 12 muffins)

1 stick margarine
3/4 cup honey
2 egg whites
1 1/2 cup flour
1/2 cup oat bran
*3 tablespoons sour skim milk**
1 1/2 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon baking soda
1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
1/2 teaspoon pumpkin pie spice
1 teaspoon vanilla
2 medium yams, baked, peeled, and mashed
**to sour milk, add 2 teaspoons of vinegar or lemon juice to 1/2 cup skim milk. Let sit for 5 minutes until milk curdles.*

Combine margarine, honey, and egg whites. Add remaining ingredients until moistened. Place in muffin tins or a greased and floured loaf pan. Bake at 350° F. until toothpick inserted comes out clean.

❖ ❖ ❖

Cajun Hot Tomato Bread
(Makes 2 loaves)

1 cup each *Bloody Mary mix and water*
1 package active dry yeast
1/3 cup honey
1/4 cup vegetable oil
1/4 cup each *chopped green onion tops and parsley*
1 clove garlic, pressed
1 teaspoon salt
5-6 cups flour

In a small saucepan, combine Bloody Mary mix and water. Cook over low

continued on page 80

Bread Baking Tips

Bread should contain at least 2/3 wheat flour to achieve a lighter loaf. When substituting whole wheat flour for white or all-purpose flour, use 2 tablespoons less per cup.

Bread dough needs a sweetening agent to feed the yeast and also add flavor to the bread and to brown the crust. Some recipes call for too much sugar, which slows the rising time. For alternatives to sugar, try apples, dates, raisins, or unsweetened apple sauce pureed in a blender.

To be certain dry yeast is fresh, place in warm water with a little sweetening. It will bubble if it is still good.

Salt controls the action of yeast. It can be omitted from bread for a salt-free diet, but without salt dough will rise faster, be more holey and smell yeasty.

Weather conditions can affect baking. More flour may be necessary on damp, rainy days than in hot dry weather.

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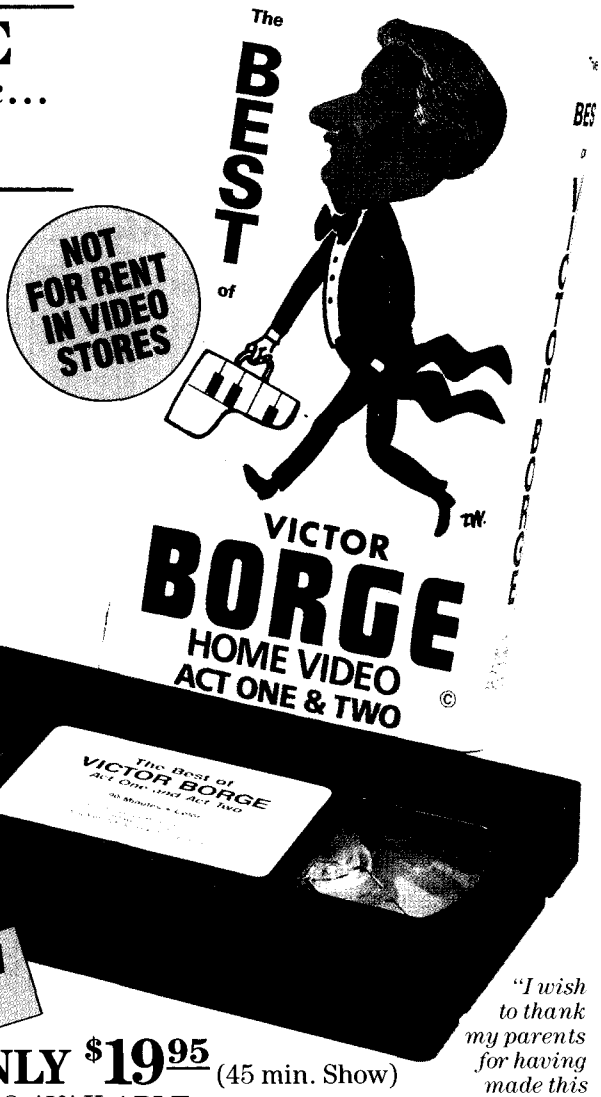

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NINCOMPOOPERY AND OTHER TERMS

A gathering of geese can rightly be termed a flock, a skein, or a gaggle, but never "a bunch of gooses."

by Patrick McManus

Illustrated by Don Trawin

My dictionary informs me that the proper term for a group of larks is an *exaltation*. An exaltation of larks! That's wonderful! And it's so descriptively accurate.

You outdoorsmen probably think you're pretty smart and know all the terms for groups of creatures. We'll see about that right now.

Let's start with an easy one, a group of grouse. "Covey," you say, clapping your hands gleefully. But *covey* means a "family" of grouse. Suppose you have several families of grouse living together: What do you call that? If they're like the families I know, it would be a "mess." Actually, a group of grouse larger than a covey is a *pack*. In the interest of linguistic purity, it is important to know the difference between a covey and a pack of grouse. To do this you must learn to distinguish between members of the immediate family and distant relations who have moved in for a bit of freeloading. This is not so difficult as you might think. The freeloaders are the grouse that get up at noon, go around unshaven, and keep asking, "What's for supper?"

Here's something a little tougher. What is the proper term for a group of ferrets? Don't just sit there scratching your head—guess. OK, it's a *business* of ferrets. What business are the ferrets in? I don't know for sure, but it's probably loan-sharking.

The next term is a cinch—a group of geese. *Flock* is correct, but only if the geese are standing around killing time. If the group of geese is flying, it becomes a *skein*. If the geese on the water, they're a *gaggle*. Subtract 50 points from your score if to any of the above you answered "a bunch of gooses."

One of my favorites among the terms for groups of creatures is a *crash* of rhinoceros. I can imagine an African guide saying to his client, "Shoot, d——it! Here comes the whole bloody crash of rhinoceros!"

You toad hunters out there probably don't even know that a group of toads is called a *knot*. Personally, I think I'd just as soon come across a crash of rhinoceros as a knot of toad.

Some of my other favorite group terms are:

* A *convocation* of eagles. (Not to be confused with a convention of Eagles, who are the ones wearing hats.)
* A *charm* of hummingbirds.
* A *skulk* of foxes.
* A *chattering* of starlings.
* A *mustering* of storks.
* An *unkindness* of ravens.
* A *siege* of herons.
* A *leap* of leopards.
* A *murder* of crows.
* A *screaming meemie* of snakes. (I just tossed that in.)

To finish off this quiz and give you a chance to redeem yourself, here are two easy ones—a group of elk and a group of bears. The answers are a *gang* of elk and a *sloth* of bears.

continued on page 80

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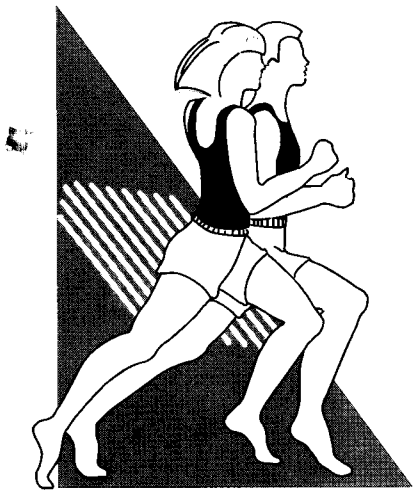

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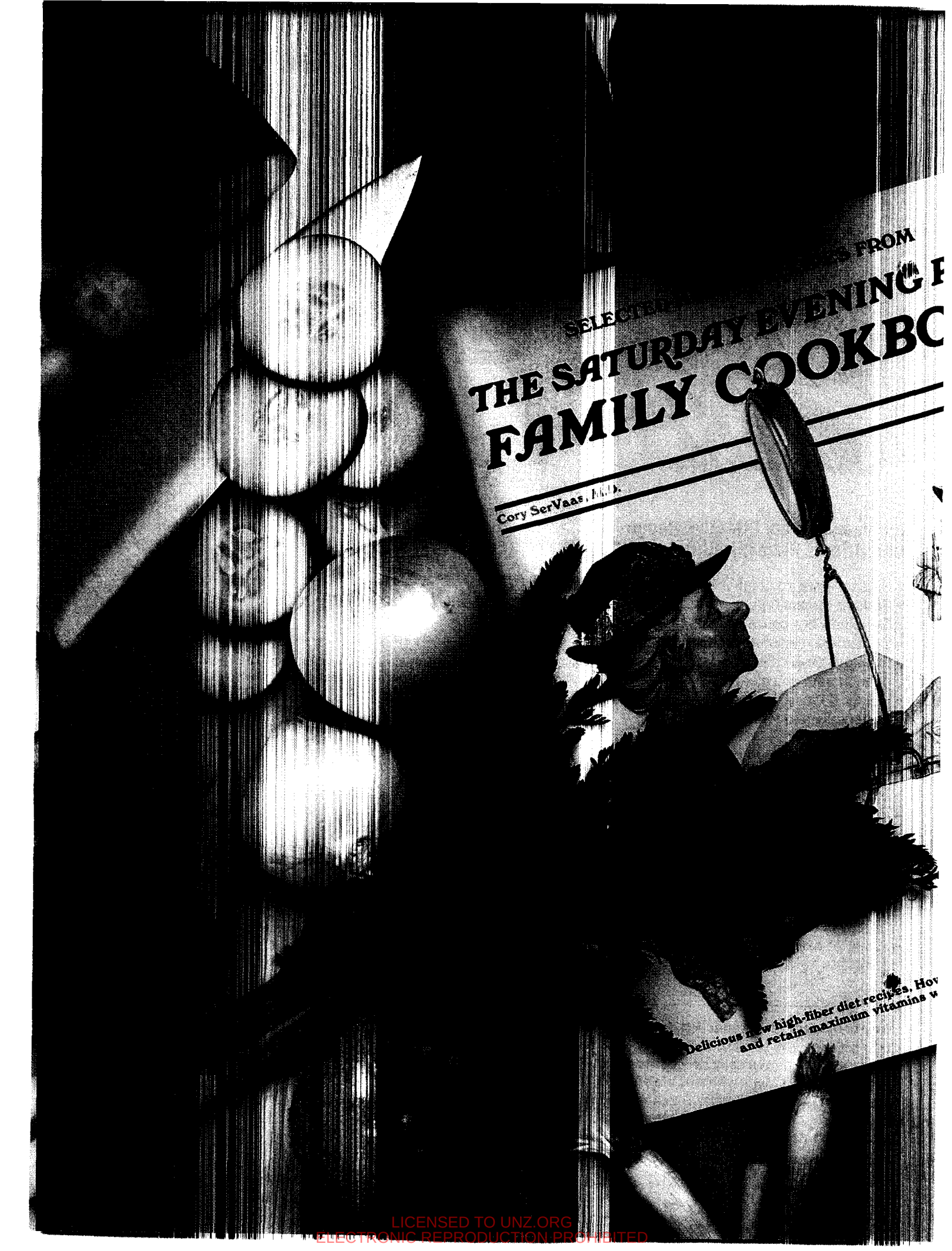

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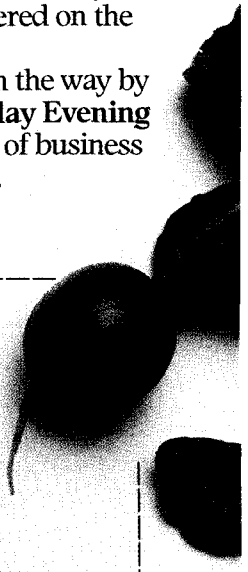

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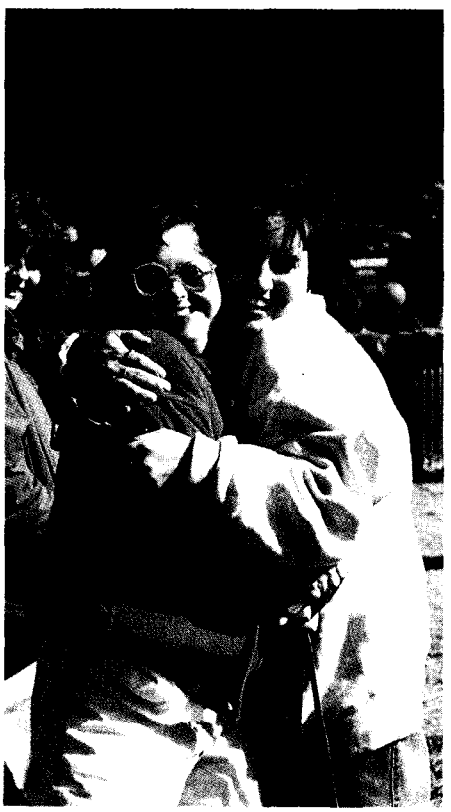
Best Buddies President Anthony Shriver with "buddy" John McGough. In four years his student volunteer organization has spread to 22 states.



It's often hard to tell who gets the most from the relationship, the students or their "buddies."

THE HANDICAPPED'S BEST BUDDY

His father headed the Peace Corps, his mother started the Special Olympics, and now Anthony K. Shriver's nonprofit organization is building vital friendships between college students and the mentally retarded.

by Diane Bartley

At 21, Kathy Parker has the world in her pocket. Like any ambitious young woman her age, she's brimming with plans and projects and grand ideas. She bubbles with enthusiasm, recounting her crowded social calender, her full-time job, and her volunteer work for a favorite nonprofit organization.

Describe Kathy Parker and a long string of adjectives come to mind. Considerate. Vivacious. Self-confident. Extraordinarily gentle.

The fact that she is mentally handicapped hardly seems worth mentioning.

But too few people in our society take the time—or have the opportunity—to build a friendship with someone like Kathy, says Anthony K. Shriver, 25-year-old president of the Washington-based Best Buddies of America. And that missed friendship is society's loss: "When someone like that touches your life, it's something you can never forget," he says. "Their innocence reminds you of the way you used to be.

"And the way you can be again."

Today, Shriver, son of Sargent and Eunice Kennedy Shriver, brother of newscaster Maria Shriver and brother-in-law of actor Arnold Schwarzenegger, is making his own niche in the world by initiating those rare but rewarding relationships. His nonprofit organization, Best Buddies, matches college students with mentally handicapped "buddies." The new friends go to the movies and restaurants, plan pizza parties and camping trips, and attend football and baseball games.

"They do," Shriver says, "exactly what you would do with any pal."

And more of these friendships are flourishing. In only two years, the organization has grown to include 67 colleges and universities in 22 states and the District of Columbia. Nationwide, more than 1,100 college students are matched with a similar number of buddies, with new matches and new chapters added each month.

By this time next year, Shriver predicts that Best Buddies chapters will operate at more than 100 college campuses—an astonishing number considering the age of the organization. It was just four years ago that Shriver, then a senior at Georgetown University, stood up in history class and announced he was starting a new student volunteer organization: "Anyone else interested?"

Maybe this young man, blessed with that square Kennedy jaw and model-handsome looks, also inherited his family's Midas touch. Or maybe—and more probably—Shriver grew up learning firsthand what makes a good volunteer organization tick. His father served as the first director of the Peace Corps; his mother started the Special Olympics for handicapped athletes.

When it came time for Shriver to get serious about his life—and he'll admit it took four years of fairly unserious pursuits at Georgetown to figure things out—volunteerism seemed a natural choice.

Of course, not many of us have the luxury of working full-time as a nonpaid volunteer. But people like Carol and Larry VanTiem, of Boulder Creek, Calif., are thankful that Shriver does. Their son, Tony, 16, has become an active participant in the Best Buddies program, paired for the past two years with Elizabeth Brandwein, now a senior at the University of California-Santa Cruz.

"We didn't understand the program at first," admits Carol VanTiem. "We thought it was strange to have a girl

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paired with a boy. I guess with a learning-handicapped kid you're a little protective. But then we met Elizabeth at a soccer game and we were very impressed."

Since then, Elizabeth and Tony have met innumerable times for lunch, shared laughs over movies, and tested their culinary talents by serving brownies, cookies, and complete meals. The two talk at least once a week on the phone.

The VanTiems have reciprocated by inviting Elizabeth to their home, even including her when the family brought along their horses and went camping on the beach.

"These college students really care," says Carol VanTiem. "And they don't have barriers that some others do. They'll hug him, kiss him. They're friends. The term 'Best Buddy' is chosen very well."

Although many of the buddies paired with college students are in the same peer group, others are older—but just as needy of friendship. At New York University in Manhattan, Ronald Ford, 37, eagerly awaits visits with college buddy Anna Delerski. "Anna has been a good friend," says Ford. "She has helped me do things I couldn't do before." Like bowling. Ford still talks about the bowling party sponsored by the NYU Best Buddies—and rightfully so, since he scored a strike.

Simple everyday activities that most of us take for granted become important milestones in a handicapped person's life. "Maybe they've never ridden a bus," says Shriver. "Never been out of state. Never used a pay phone."

"It's been very good for our clients," says Susanne Freed, residential supervisor for The Young Adult Institute, where Ford lives in a group home. At first, she says, she was worried that college students wouldn't be responsible, that they would soon tire of their new relationships and skip a buddy date for a campus party.

"But the majority of the kids are wonderful," Freed says. And any clients shortchanged by a too-busy buddy are taken under the wing of the chapter president, Lori Abrams, dubbed "King Buddy."

Abrams says her chapter requires members to visit their buddies at least once every two weeks. Her own buddy, a quiet woman "about 40," likes going for walks, shopping for dolls, and listening to music. "What's she like?" Abrams pauses in her description. "Well, how do I describe my sister? Because she is my sister."

Although the benefits to buddies are perhaps more easily measured, Shriver says he's found college students "actually get twice as much out of the programs." For example, Christine Buckley, president of the Best Buddies chapter at the University of Wisconsin-Madison, says she's rethought her career plans as a result of her involvement. Yes, she still plans to go to law school next year, but now, instead of concentrating on corporate or patent law, Buckley hopes to find an area of law that is more people-oriented. Maybe, she says, she'll find a way to advance the rights of handicapped persons.

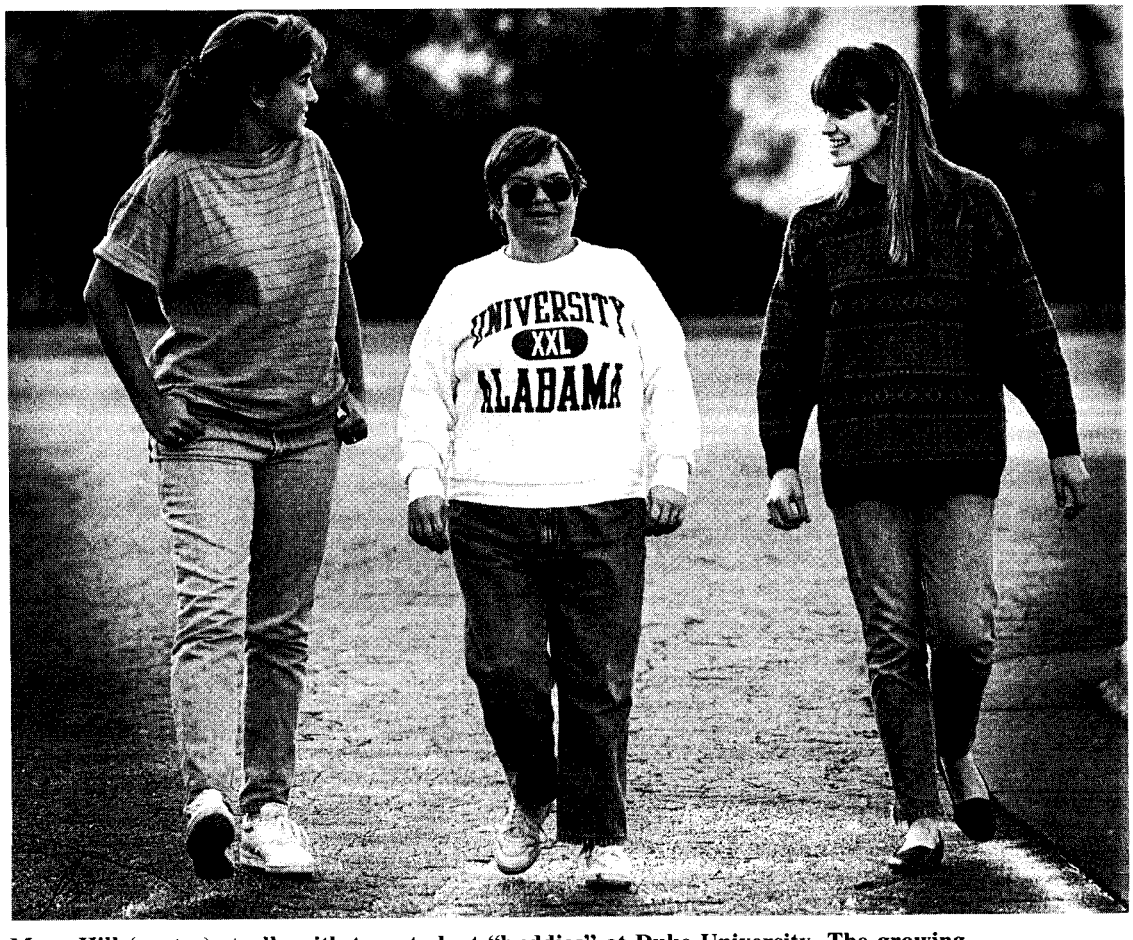
And she knows her own view of mental retardation has changed dramatically. "People don't realize how capable people with mental retardation are," Buckley says. "I've seen a lot of college students really surprised. Most of the people we are paired with are 18 to 26 years old. Most have graduated from high school, many hold part-time jobs, some even live in their own apartments."

Her buddy, John, works two jobs as a janitor and dishwasher, shares an apartment with another mentally handicapped man, and handles his own grocery shopping and cooking.

"Everybody comes in wanting to be matched with a smiling, cute little kid with Down Syndrome," says Shriver. "But that's not the way most people with mental retardation are. Eighty-five percent look and act just like you and I act, but they couldn't read an algebra problem."

According to facts compiled by Best Buddies of America, 74 percent

continued on page 74



Mary Hill (center) strolls with two student "buddies" at Duke University. The growing organization has sprouted chapters on 67 college and university campuses nationwide.

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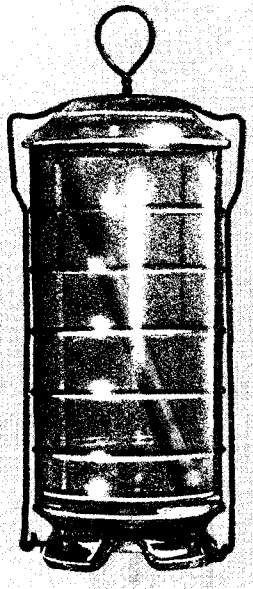
Visitors to the Benjamin Franklin Saturday Evening Post Museum will find an intriguing collection of antiques, thanks to readers who responded to our requests for donations so thousands of others could share in the historic significance the Museum offers.

One of the musical artifacts on display was donated by



George Mellios of Milliken, Michigan. His circa-1923 Euphona Inner-Player Piano and 61 original music rolls livened many an evening for the Mellios family.

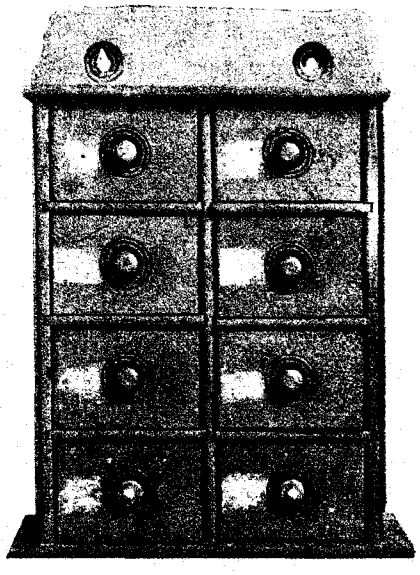
Katherine Quinn of Mountain View, California, has fond memories of the glass Mousse Maker she donated. This popular early-1900s kitchen item, used by her mother in the 1920s, allowed the chocolate dessert to chill in the refrigerator until firm enough to slice—and savor.

Delicate beauty and an

ancestral background prompted Ms. Elsie Conley of Anderson, California, to send us an early family portrait with carrying case. The photograph, a visual record of her mother-in-law's genealogy, is a daguerreotype on silver or silver-covered copper plate.

The spice rack in today's kitchen evolved from antique eight-drawer spice boxes like the one donated by Fred Raueber of Manitowoc, Wisconsin. In his grandfather's day, the spice box stored such exotic seasonings as chervil, mandrake, sweet cicely and wintergreen—essential ingredients in any gourmet kitchen.

Artifacts can be fashionable as well. The black-leather beaded purse donated by Ms.



Edith Wallace of Columbus, Indiana, was crafted in 1927 by a Peoria schoolboy, Roy Cleghorn, for his mother, Edith Van Weigent Cleghorn Smith.

Thanks to all our friends, our Museum is becoming a fine showcase. We still have room for your contribution. You may make a donation of an artifact from the 1800s or early 1900s. Your name will be credited on an

attractive plaque. And you'll appreciate the tax deduction when April 15 rolls around. If you have an artifact you'd like to share, we assure you it will be music to your heirs. Send your contribution to:

The Benjamin Franklin Saturday Evening Post Museum, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, Indiana 46202.

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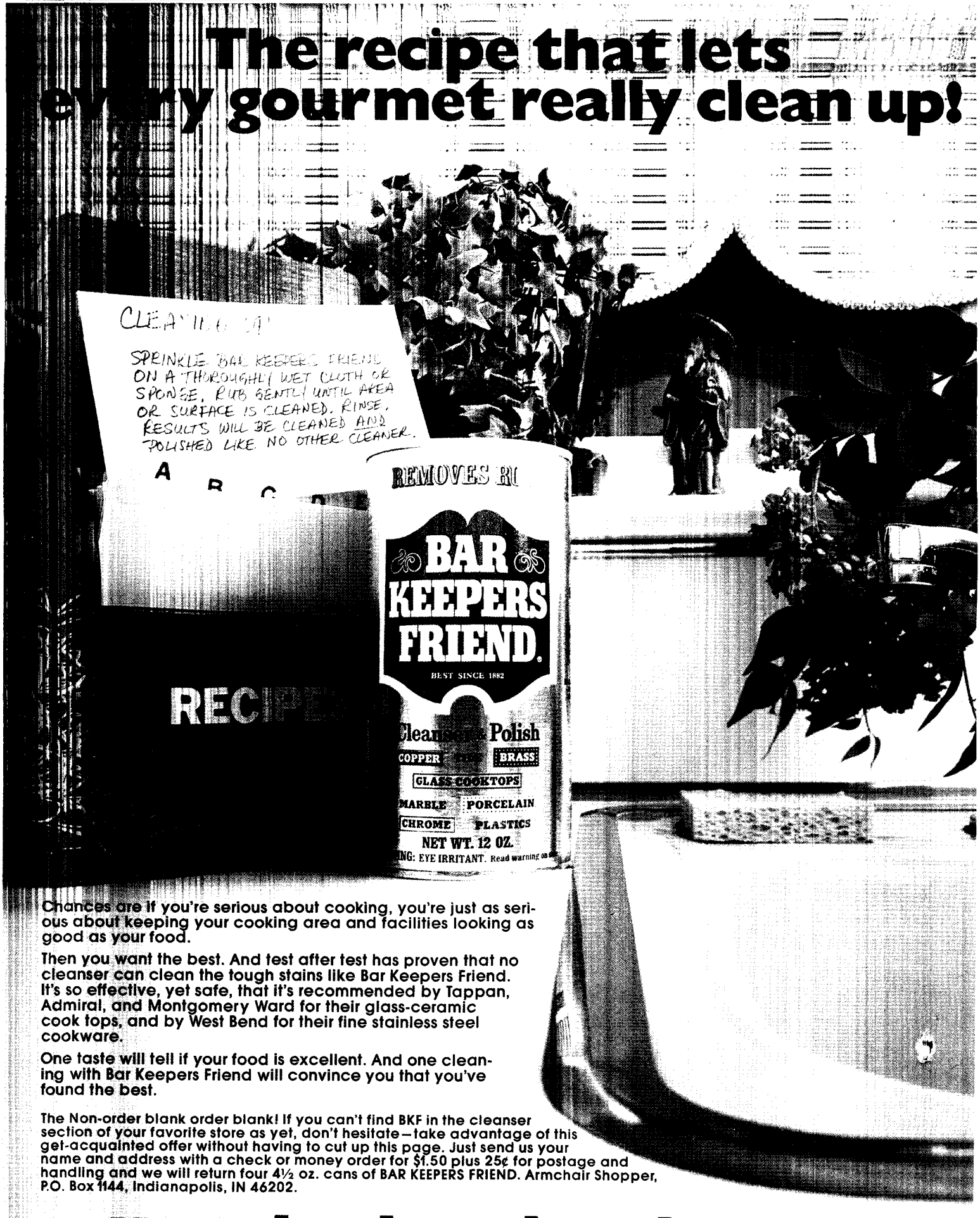
The recipe that lets every gourmet really clean up!



Chances are if you're serious about cooking, you're just as serious about keeping your cooking area and facilities looking as good as your food.

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Man of the Soil

By Ted Key

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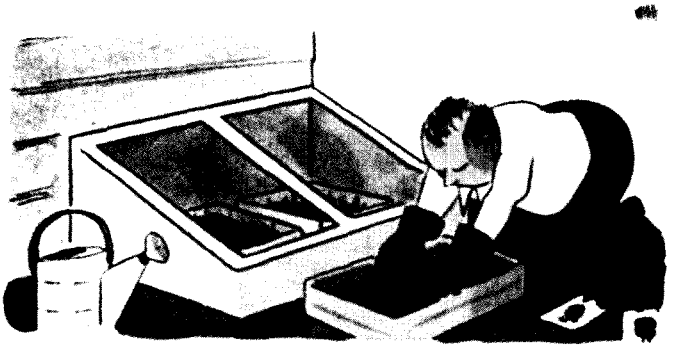

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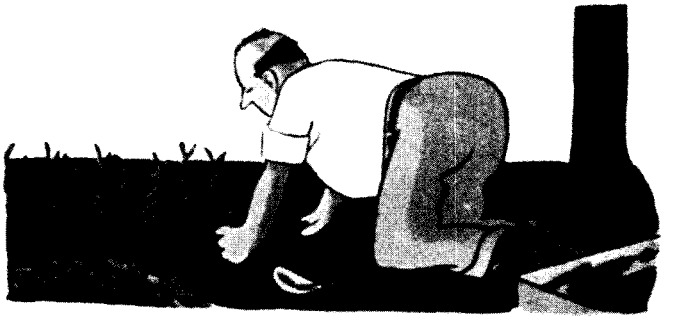

4. MAY

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6. JULY

7. AUGUST

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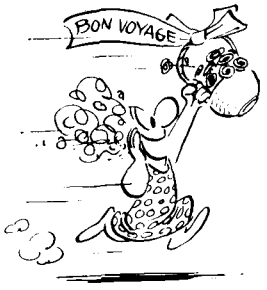

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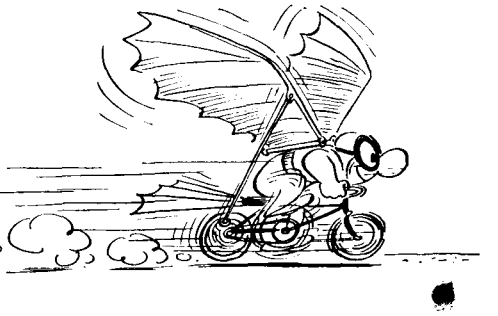

History Lesson

Two men were discussing their wives. "I love my wife dearly," said one, "but whenever we argue she becomes historical."

"Don't you mean 'hysterical?'" asked the friend.

"No," he replied, "I mean 'historical!' She keeps bringing up the past."

—Kris Lee

I'm Down

"I just bought some feathered pillows, and they're so expensive," one woman complained to another.

"I know," replied her friend. "Even down is up."

—Bobbie Mae Cooley

Bill Me Later

You can't take it with you
The wise men always say.
But I begin to wonder
When I get the mail each day.
My dear departed loved one
Has been gone these many years,
But still gets mail from Visa,
Master Charge and Sears.
They praise his credit rating
And plead with him to charge.
And strange banks keep writing
To loan him sums quite large.
The offers—there are many and
I wonder what goes on.
Does American Express and all the rest
Keep in touch with the great beyond?

—F. D. Hammond

Spring is Back

A man limped into the drugstore and begged, "Give me something for my aching back."

When the pharmacist asked what happened, the man replied, "Spring cleaning."

The druggist laughed and said, "So you got roped into that!"

"No," the customer replied. "I came home and sat down where the sofa was yesterday."

—Bobbie Mae Cooley

"Yes, I have something to declare. It rained every day of my vacation, my daughter's in a Sao Paulo jail, my wife snores, and my cholesterol is too high."

Open-Air Lounge

"Look at all those people standing on the ledge of that brokerage firm's building," the economic analyst said, shaking his head. "The stock market must have crashed."

"No," his friend replied, "that's a non-smoking building."

—Donald F. Nigroni

Shhhhh

Wise people are not always silent, but they always know when to be.

—Martha J. Beckman

Poor Devil

He sold his soul to you-know-who
For quite a lot of "bread."
He thought he'd be contented
But he's much troubled instead.
He thought all would go smoothly,
But now he's in one big mess
Because he didn't report the sale
To the IRS!

—Dominic Procopio

Brain Strain

The exhausted fellow dragged himself through the front door and sank into the nearest chair. "One of those days at the office, dear?" his wife asked sympathetically.

"Unbelievable," he groaned. "The computer broke down in the morning and all day long we had to *think*!"

—Kris Lee

Looking on the Bright Side...

One good thing can be said for all airline food: It's served in small portions.

—Sam Ewing

Taking Leave

A young teacher substituted for a friend who was taking a week's honeymoon. At a party later, someone started to introduce her to the groom.

"Oh, I know Miss Black very well,"

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he said. "She substituted for my wife on our honeymoon."

—Mary Umberson

Good Enough to be Alone

They were talking about a friend: "Pearl seems to think that there is no man alive who is good enough for her." Said the other gal: "Do you know what I think? She may be right, but then again, she may be left."

—Rose Sands

Definition of a Thinker

An intellectual is one who can kill time by turning OFF the television.

—Gil Stern

Economizer

I'm clipping coupons to save on food
Driving less to save on crude
Two for one is my battle cry
If I shop the sales we'll get by
Yet still I wonder; it's really no joke
If I'm saving money, why am I so broke?

—Mary Ann Hayhurst

A Sound Solution

"I'm embarrased to admit to you, Doc, I consulted a faith healer today."

"What stupid advice did she give you?"

"She said that I should see *you* right away."

—Muriel Kovinow

What You Need

Money isn't everything. Sometimes it isn't even enough.

—Martha J. Beckman

Recyclable

He took her hand in his and looked at the engagement ring he had placed there just a few days before. "Did your friends admire it?" he tenderly inquired.

"They did more than that," she replied with a frosty look. "Four of them recognized it."

—Kris Lee

Down for the Count

And then there was the bullfighter, who stopped fighting because he was bored to death.

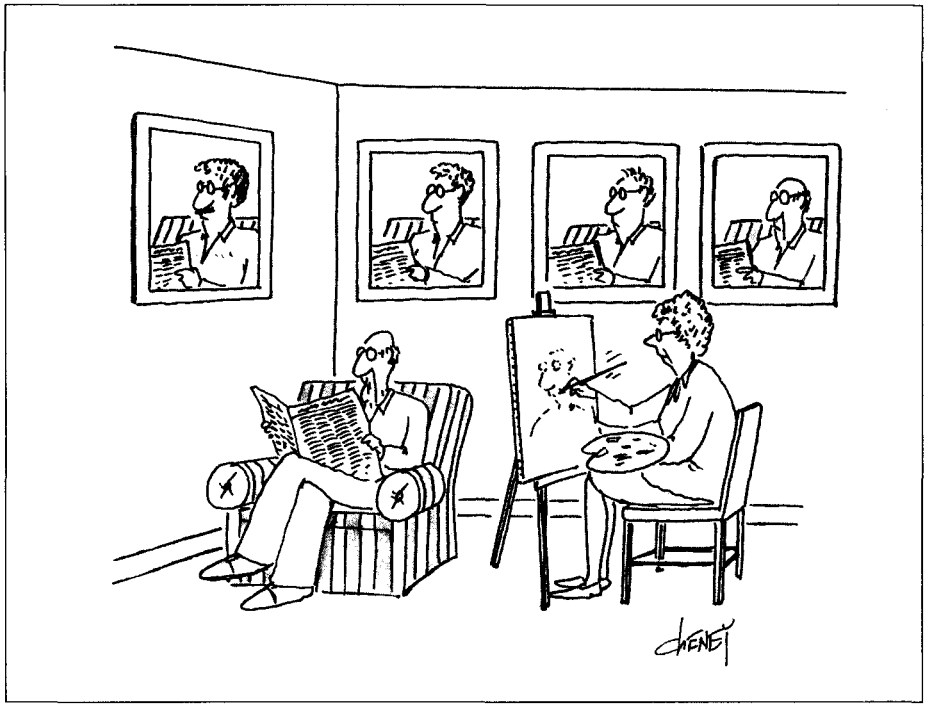
—Budington Swanson

The Price of Education

Two fathers were discussing how each one of their sons was doing in college. One father said, "My son is so smart that when he writes home, I have to go to the dictionary."

"You're lucky," the other father responded. "When my son writes home, I have to go to the bank!"

—Bobbie Mae Cooley



We Want Your Body

Meeting a friend, I was surprised to learn that he was still in town.

"Didn't I hear you were awarded a scholarship in a big medical school?" I asked him.

He replied, "I was, but they didn't want me while I was still alive."

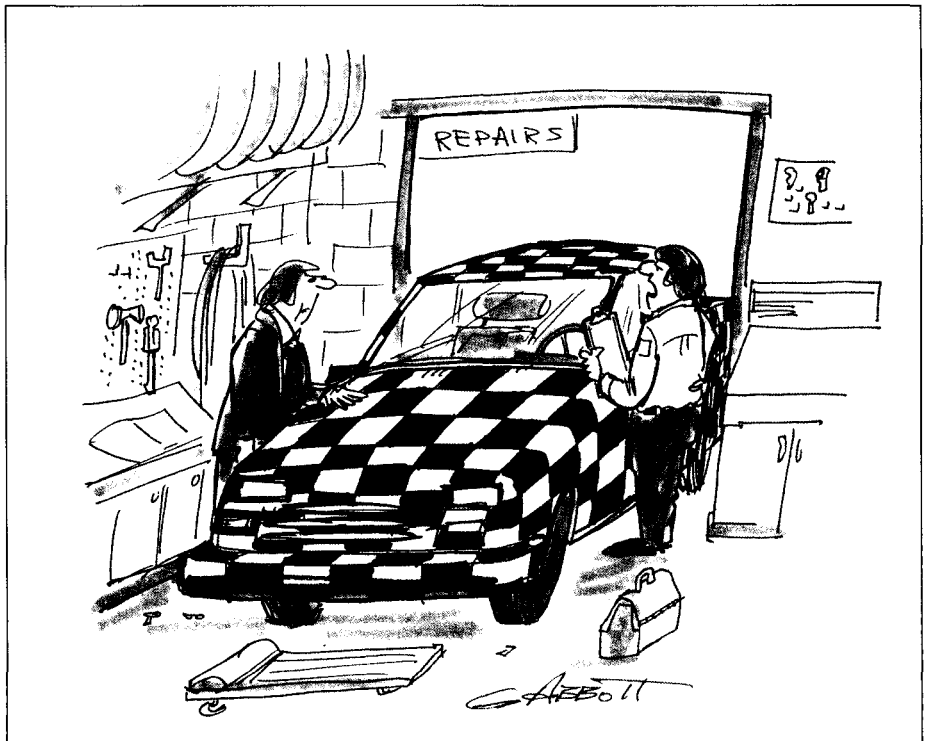
—Rose Sands

Be Patient!

Teacher to little girl learning to write: "But where is the cross on the T?"

Girl: "It's still in the pencil."

—Mary Umberson



"Didn't you bring it in to have it checked?"

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HOW IT FEELS TO LOOK LIKE EVERYBODY ELSE

by Joseph Alsop, Jr.

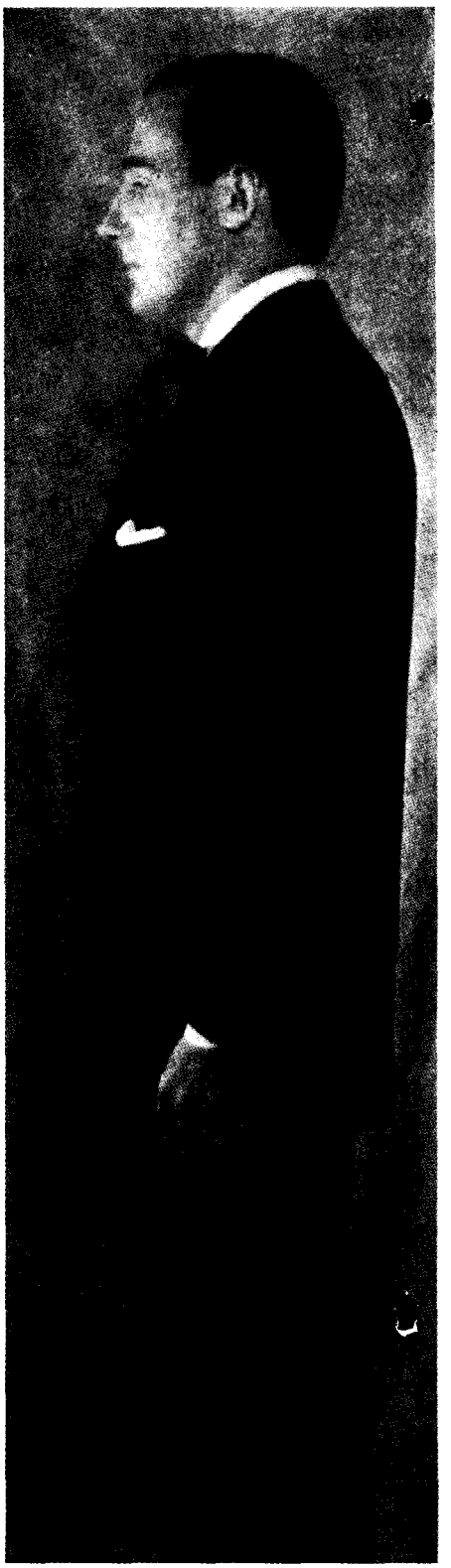
Editor's Note: Of The Saturday Evening Post*'s many contributors, Joseph Alsop, Jr. (1910-1989) may have been the greatest master of the English language. Alsop was the only student to score 100% on the Harvard English entrance exam. His newspaper column, "The Capital Parade," later changed to "Matter of Fact" and published for five decades, was believed to be the longest-running nationally syndicated column of its kind. In his first full byline article for* The Saturday Evening Post, *Alsop chronicled his three-month transformation from life-long obesity to new-found slenderness at the hands of John Hopkins Hospital doctors. Although a connoisseur of good dining, Alsop took care never to regain the weight he had lost, and his insightful account of the woes of being overweight remains as fresh as when it was written. (*The Saturday Evening Post, *Sept. 11, 1937).*

"Well, Joe, I've succeeded in making you look pretty much like everybody else," said my doctor. It was his *nunc dimittis*, the signal that I might depart in peace after three months' reducing. In a way, I suppose my doctor was right. I'd lost rather more than a quarter of my total poundage. My stomach no longer suggested the burial mound of a prominent Indian chief; it had shrunk a foot at its most imposing circumference. All up and down the line there had been large reductions, and even my legs, always in pretty good training from having been champion weightlifters during their whole career, were noticeably smaller. The struggle, thank God, was over, and I departed accordingly. My unaltered clothes bagged about me more loosely than any burnoose, and I felt a mere thread paper of a fellow.

I was pleased by my rapid transition from a billowing 240 to a normal 175 pounds' weight, but frankly, I was also a little bewildered. When you suddenly find yourself fat no longer, after a lifetime's fatness, the world seems as different to you as it did that time to the wicked Earl of Rochester, when his brain cleared of a sickbed delirium, and he saw with sober eyes for the first time in six years. So many of life's little landmarks disappear along with your excess poundage.

The Fun of Crossing Your Legs

For instance, crossing your legs—when you're fat, crossing your legs is about as easy for you as it would be



(Left) The author, "a billowing 240," at his trusty typewriter. (Above) Thread-paper Mr. Alsop, at 175, after three months of treatment at Johns Hopkins.

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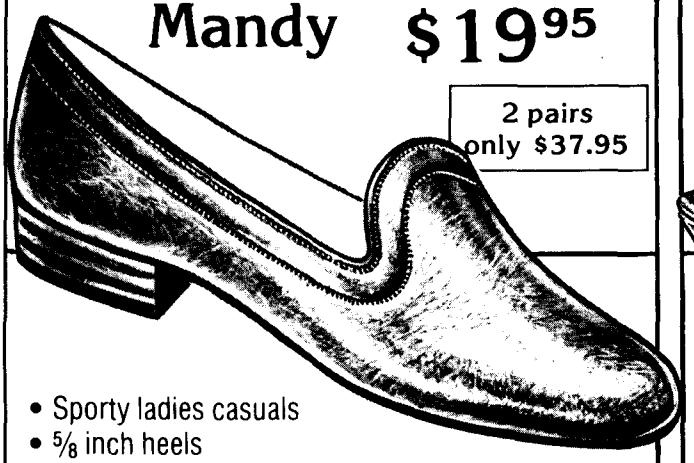

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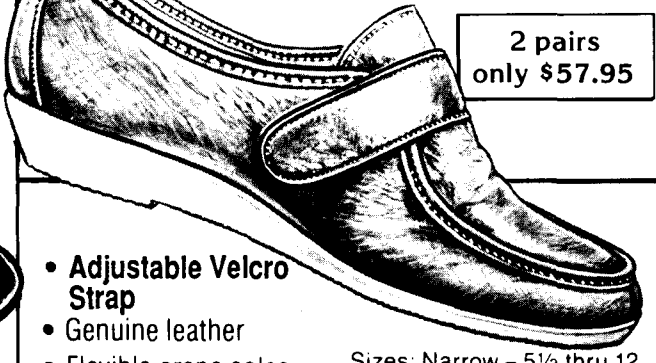

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for a penguin, but, once thin, you discover you can do it with an easy grace. I spent days crossing and uncrossing my legs just for fun, after I made that discovery. Then brief, violent exertions don't paint pretty patterns of black and purple spots all over your field of vision. Retrieving small dropped objects no longer requires of you a movement like an elephant's majestic kneeling. You can even visit your tailor without hearing delicate suggestions that you would be far, far easier to fit if you would wear something called a "little retainer"—kin, I believe, to the corset. One way and another, all your days are flavored with a strong underlying taste of surprise, in which the simple but always astonishing fact that there is so much less of you is by no means the least important element.

I hesitate to write of the most astonishing thing of all—I'm still mildly incredulous about it. Yet, there's no denying it. With my extra foot of waistline gone, 10 or 15 years have dropped off my age. It isn't only that I look what I am—27—instead of any age from 37 to 50. I actually feel younger. I'm not merely lighter on my feet. I'm lighter-hearted and lighter-headed. Of course, it's against nature, and I'm frightened about what it might lead to in the end, but there it is. And, after all, this whole business of being made over must have its frightening side.

Now, I don't accept a mere temporary plumpness, a piddling 20 or 30 pounds overweight, as true fatness. If you want to call yourself fat, you must feel, in a bathing suit, that people are wondering how soon you will begin making your living in a circus. You must make the business of getting out of a low chair resemble a localized earthquake. In fact, you must be really fat. The late President Taft was fat, if you like. So was the Emperor Vitellius, who is said to have had eight extra chins. So was I, until I tried a diet which flourishes at Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore.

I was a good long time getting around to trying that. As a boy, I believe I was known as the fattest kid in town. As a youth, I was the fattest member of my college class, and had to act for one gruesome week as the heavyweight member of the freshman wrestling team. No aptitude for the sport was involved, of course; the coach had merely heard that the rival institution's freshman team boasted a 230-pound heavyweight giant, and hoped that my poundage would give me powers of passive resistance. Eventually I declined the dangerous honor, but you can never escape the consequences of fatness. Recently, newspaper work has taken me to Washington, and I've had a certain difficulty with the purer type of politician—a rare animal, to be sure—because my prosperous-seeming poundage suggested that I must be a servant of the rich and wicked interests.

"When did you first notice that he was feeling, as you put it, 'funky'?"

It wasn't for want of urging that I was so long about seeing what Johns Hopkins could do. If you're fat, you know that sadism is the commonest trait of human nature, and that its commonest form is an abnormal passion for seeing others reduce.

Your Best Friends Tell You

Personally, I always took as friendship's harbingers that first sadistic gleam in an acquaintance's eye, that first piece of advice straight from the shoulder, to "Go to Bill's gym; he's rather brutal, but he's taken 40 pounds off Brown," or to "Eat nothing at all every other day, and exercise until you're black in the face." I liked to think that they were signs that the adviser thought he'd gotten to know me well enough to be frank. All the same, I never paid any attention.

Then, as intimacy grows, your sadist friends become mere gentle reformers, full of painless remedies for fatness. I could write a book about these strange nostrums. There were the pills, made of something like dynamite. They gave you the jitters, and were more than likely to blind you. There was the tapeworm treatment. It only gave you a tapeworm, but that seemed enough to me. There was the diet of bananas, speciously said to be painless because one was allowed to eat so many bananas. There was the Chinese worm oil, suggested to me in a spirit of international amity by a Japanese charwoman. There was an ointment, to be applied before sunbathing, which had melted 28 pounds off someone or other. I might have tried that ointment, if anyone had remembered its name or the name of the fortunate loser of 28 pounds.

And then again, I mightn't, for I was happy enough as I was. If you've always been fat, as I'd been, you don't know what it's like to be thin and you suffer from no discontents. I felt about being fat as I feel now about not being able to drive a car. I can't drive a car—every time I've started to learn, my shuddering teachers have given up after the first lesson—yet I've always gotten to every place I ever wanted to get to. To this day I can't understand why the ability to drive a car should be a *sine qua non* of the abundant life, and until the Hopkins diet changed me, I never could see what was so desperately dreary about being fat.

To be sure, I did make one earlier effort to get thin. Why, I don't re-

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Did You Make This Mistake In Writing Your Will?. . . . .

Did you know that writing a Will may be one of the biggest mistakes we can make?

It's true!

A Will doesn't protect our loved ones against paying huge fees to lawyers, executors and courts for even the smallest estate. Probate can slice up to 10% or so from an estate and take months or years for final settlement.

In fact, the only thing worse than having just a Will is the nightmare that's created when you have no Will at all.

Because then the State steps in to decide who gets our assets -- our bank account, home, car, valuables, other possessions. Money we've worked so hard to earn is gobbled-up by court and legal fees before our heirs ever get one penny.

What can the average wage earner do to avoid the financial headaches of a Will? Plenty.

Today, under current laws anyone can eliminate costly legal and court fees with a little-known, simple legal paper called a Living Trust. And you don't have to be rich to enjoy it's benefits.

A Living Trust has been praised by our nation's leading financial planners, and reported in publications such as The Wall Street Journal, Money Magazine, Business Week and others because:

- It eliminates the costly and lengthy probate process. The estate goes directly to your heirs without going through the courts.
- It eliminates the need for an attorney and legal fees that cut your estate. Does away with all court costs, too.
- It gives you complete control of your estate to make sure that all your wishes are carried out.
- A Living Trust is revocable, which means that you can change your mind at any time about who is going to receive your assets.
- It gives you the right in most cases to name yourself as a trustee, and your spouse or someone else as a co-trustee. Plus the right to change trustees at any time.
- If you own out of state real estate, like a vacation house or cabin, you can save a bundle by avoiding the need for probate in a second state.
- Unlike a Will where your finances and everything you own is a matter of public record for anyone to see, a Living Trust is secret.

The Wall Street Journal reported that it takes two years to complete the average probate in California. The article also stated that since a Living Trust is much faster, cheaper, and more private than settling a Will, there are many advantages to using a Living Trust instead of just a Will.

And Business Week reported that many people are using a Living Trust instead of a Will to reduce the possiblity of heirs fighting over your estate.

You must never forget that a Will must be probated and the fees for the probate lawyer and executor -- not including court fees-- range from 6% to 10% and are paid before any of your heirs receive their inheritance. That can take a big chunk out of even the smallest estate when attorneys charge anywhere from $60.00 to $150.00 an hour or more!

Look at what happened to the modest estate of Simon Morris:

- The Will of Simon Morris, a Florida resident, left $77,500 in cash to his widow. Before she could receive it, the probate process grabbed $9,375.
- Mr. Ken Bradley left $144,567 directly to his surviving spouse. The probate "fees" of $8,500 were appealed by the widow. The court ordered a refund of $7,750 with interest.
- R.L. Roberstone probably thought his Will would get his $162,114 safely to his heirs. As they found out probate fees amounted to $6,484.59.

The pity of it all is that these people could have avoided having large bites taken out of their hard-earned property by using a Living Trust. They could have passed every cent to their loved ones without squandering money on probate.

If you think a Living Trust is only for millionaires --- you couldn't be more wrong. Whether you earn $25,000 or $100,000 a year -- and whether your assets are huge or small -- a Living Trust will save you money. In fact ... on a percentage basis Living Trusts save more on small estates than large ones!

And you can save even more because we have shown hundreds of thousands of people just like you how to do it. It's simple.

The DSA Living Trust Kit was developed after much research with a team of legal scholars and practicing attorneys. It explains in easy-to-understand language how to set up your own Living Trust.

Instructions and guidelines are written in simple English. Illustrated step-by-step forms show you how to custom-tailor a legal trust to meet your special personal needs.

- Titles to your real estate, automobiles, boats, stocks, etc. are all safeguarded in your Trust.

Though DSA's exclusive Living Trust Kit will save you a small fortune -- and save your loved ones thousands of dollars later on -- we have kept the price especially low to enable everyone to benefit from it. Less than the cost of a good dinner out. We are so certain that you will find it invaluable that we insist you examine it on a 90-Day No-Risk Guarantee. It's easy to get your Living Trust Kit. All you have to do is print your name and address and the words, "Living Trust" on a plain piece of paper. Send it along with your check or money order in the amount of $19.95 plus $2 handling or charge to your VISA/Mastercard by including account number and expiration date to: DSA Financial Publishing Corp., 708 - 12th St. N.W., Dept. W939, Canton, Ohio 44703. For even faster service, VISA/Mastercard or COD, call toll free 1-800-321-0888, Ext. W939.

Send for your Living Trust Kit within the next 15 days and you'll also get a Free Bonus Report on estate planning. The supplies of this very unique report are limited so you must act now.

Examine and use the Kit in the privacy of your home for 90 risk-free days. Show it to your lawyer. If you are not 100% convinced it's everything you expected -- don't keep it. Simply tear off the cover and send half of it back. You will receive a full refund. Fair enough?

A Living Trust is too important to put off another day. Order by phone or mail now!

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member; I'm only certain that it was not because of my kind friends' urgings. About eight years ago, anyway, I decided I'd been fat long enough, and arranged to spend the summer at a sort of prison camp on the Hudson. The camp was run by an immensely disagreeable old gentleman who had a name for regularly beating the pounds off his clients. I never did find out whether he used a stick or a dog whip, because I broke my ankle half an hour before I was to take the train for his camp. And I ended up spending the summer in a long chair at my grandmother's, reading Proust, gaining about a pound a week, and consoling myself with a growing conviction that an all-wise Providence meant me to be fat and get fatter. Now that I've lost 65 pounds in 90 days and feel, improbably enough, like a fighting cock, I can see that I was wrong; but I kept thinking that Providence would interfere again up to the very moment on April Fool's Day when I was safely installed at Johns Hopkins Hospital, examining my room's view of Baltimore and wondering dolefully what starvation without alcoholic stimulants would be like.

You may well wonder what landed me in Johns Hopkins. I sometimes do myself, although I know perfectly well that it all began last winter, with a general physical examination which was my customary biennial oblation on the altar of family peace. While I was fat, my family always thought I was moribund, and every couple of years I had to prove to them I wasn't. This time, as usual, the doctors found all my internals in perfect working order, but they fooled me by painting a pretty horrid picture of the future. Besides hinting that I'd soon become liable to a hideous catalog of diseases, they intimated that I'd get fatter and fatter. I gathered that before long I'd be in the condition of poor old George IV, when he abandoned his corsets to please his Whig ministers. Watchful Mr. Creevey recorded the historic moment of the early 19th century.

"Prinney has let down his belly," he wrote excitedly; "it falls to his knees."

Quantitative Reduction

So I gave in. My powers of resistance collapsed as completely as a spokeless umbrella, and after 27 years of holding firmly out against reducing, I consented to be reduced. Without a murmur I agreed to return to Johns Hopkins—the doctors said it would be quicker in a hospital—to take exercises, to go on the Hopkins diet, to do anything they asked. Six hundred and fifty calories a day I might have, they told me, and added, as a happy afterthought, that I seemed to be used to getting between four and five thousand.

"Gad. How I hate to wear that suit on these cold mornings!"

I did return to Johns Hopkins on schedule, telling myself all the way that if Arctic explorers could support life for weeks on bits of boots, I could stand the Hopkins diet. And then the diet gave me the first of the long series of surprises which added up to the final, vaguely incredible experience of getting thin. The surprising thing about the diet is that the sagacious doctors who perfected it six years ago arranged things so that you lose a couple of pounds every three days without ever feeling hungry. You live on the edge of starvation, but you never have that primeval sensation at the pit of your stomach which tells you that, if you can't get steak béarnaise, an endive salad with a good Stilton, and *ananas au kirsch*, it's time to kill the nearest edible animal or drop in at a drugstore for a little tuna fish on marble cake. Indeed, I found that there were times when I could scarcely swallow the mountains of meat and mounds of vegetables on which the Johns Hopkins diet kitchen fed me. You can see what a deal of forage they gave me from my first day's bill of fare:

- *Breakfast*: Two-thirds of a water glass of orange juice; sliver of honeydew melon; omelet made with one egg and two extra whites, cooked in mineral oil.
- *Lunch*: Cup of meat broth with the fat skimmed off; two and a half ounces of fish cooked in mineral oil; the white of a hard-boiled egg; half a cup each of string beans and cauliflower, both boiled and butterless; a raw tomato; half a cup of strawberries.
- *Supper*: Cup of meat broth with the fat skimmed off; two and a half ounces of chicken white meat cooked without fat; large serving of boiled and butterless asparagus; large cup of fresh pineapple.

With this, which totals nearer 600 than 650 calories, I was given four pills of vitamin concentrates daily and as much water, coffee, tea, salt, pepper, vinegar, and spices as I wanted.

I found that mineral-oil cookery made food taste like engineer's waste, so I repudiated the mineral oil and had everything boiled or raw. Otherwise, that first day's eating was typical of the rest. If you can bear a brief trip through the alimentary canal, I

continued on page 94

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CHEERS FOR TED DANSON

After nine years in a hit TV series, the non-drinking bartender has become a millionaire and earned the trophy he long despaired of getting—and he'll drink to that.

by Nancy Mills

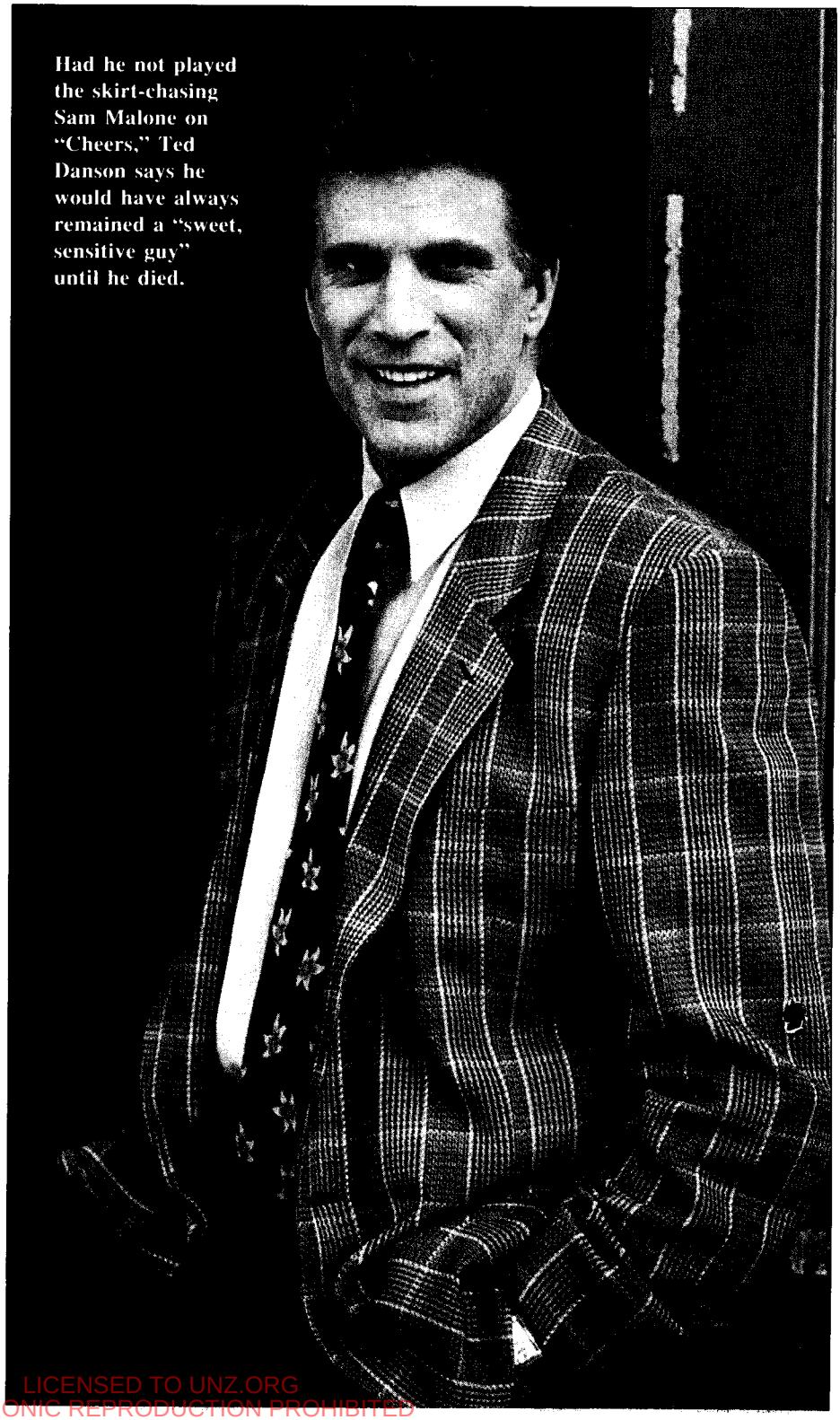
For years, Ted Danson worried that he wasn't successful enough. "Should I leave 'Cheers'?" he would agonize. "Why aren't I a big movie star?" he fretted. Even though he was constantly employed, the tall, handsome actor couldn't relax enough to enjoy his work or his life. Seven Emmy nominations for his performance as womanizing Sam Malone were nice—but where was the trophy?

Well, he's got it now. Last fall, when the Academy of Television Arts and Sciences held its annual awards night, Danson finally was able to deliver an acceptance speech. He was charming, gracious and, most of all, relieved. With the official acknowledgment of his talent right there in his hand, he finally felt appreciated.

Now Danson has everything he worked toward in his 19-year career—respect for his political involvement, a family he worked hard to keep together and, with *Three Men and a Baby* and its recent sequel, *Three Men and a Little Lady*, acclaim at the box office. Through his production company, Danson/Fauci, he was executive producer for two of his TV movies—*When the Bough Breaks* and *We Are the Children*—plus a new series, "Down Home," starring Judith Ivey.

And "Cheers," the show that he once feared would keep him in a little box marked "TV Star Only," turned out to be the key to his success—and his wealth. Already he has earned millions as a nondrinking ex-relief pitcher and bar owner, and it appears the money may never stop. One of television's top-rated series, "Cheers" is completing its ninth year with no signs of aging.

Danson has signed on for another season, and he doesn't discount the possibility of more after that. Gone are the days when he used to say, "I love 'Cheers,' but the flush is off the rose. I want to do features. It's an ego thing that somehow features are bet-



Had he not played the skirt-chasing Sam Malone on "Cheers," Ted Danson says he would have always remained a "sweet, sensitive guy" until he died.

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ter. You have more rehearsal time and more opportunity to stretch deeper into your character."

Recently returned from Boston, where he and other cast members took part in a week-long celebration commemorating the series' 200th episode, he is exhausted but also euphoric about the public's response to the show. "After celebrating in front of millions of people, I'm zonked," Danson says with an easy smile.

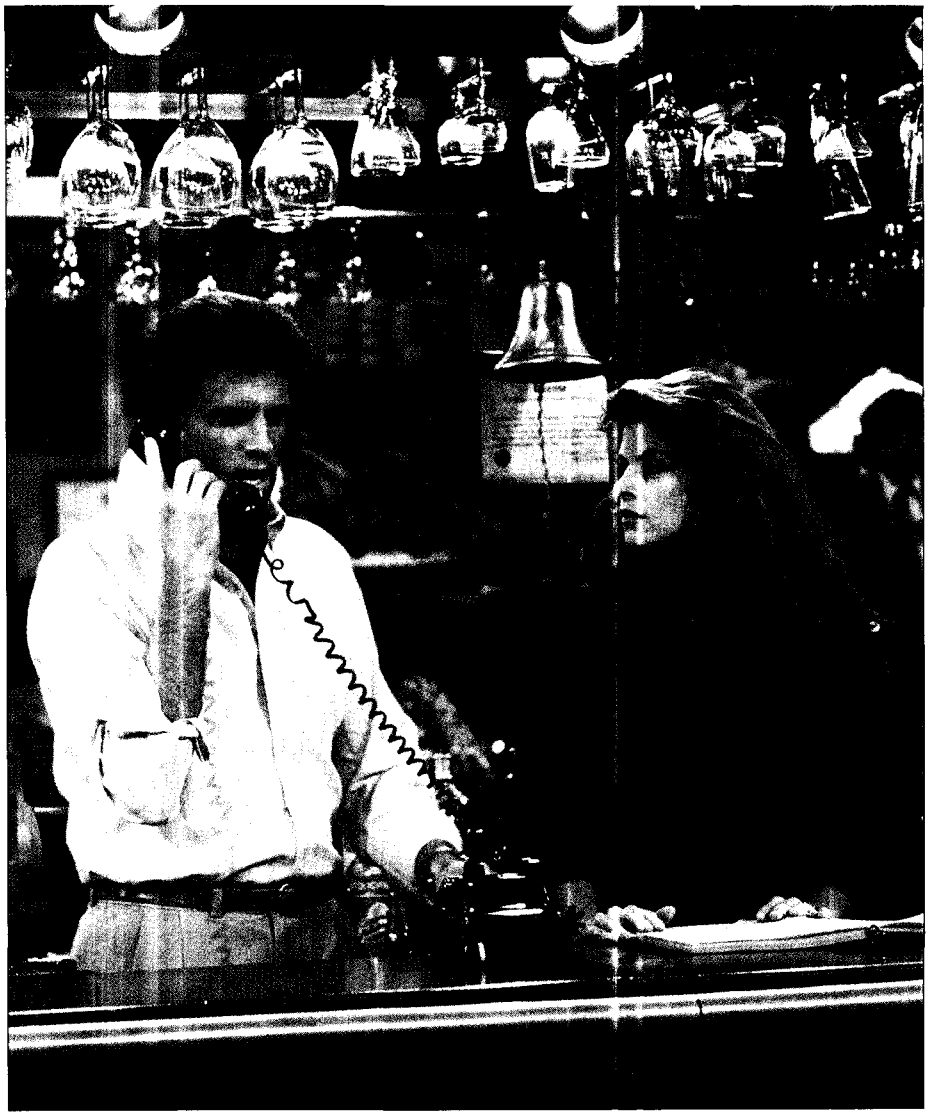
At 43, he is finally at peace with himself. "Trying to get away from my TV image was a young man's sport," he says. "I don't have the legs any more to be neurotic." Stretching out those legs and the rest of his 6-foot-2 lanky frame on the couch, he makes no attempt to hide the fact that he is balding. This is the relaxed Danson, the family man television audiences seldom see. "I wear a hairpiece when I'm an actor, and when I'm not I don't," he says simply.

When he is off-duty, Danson dresses in jeans. But never does he seem frivolous or even light-hearted. He says he is amazed that his success has come in comedy. "Isn't it funny, because I'm really so unbelievably serious. I'm too serious. Humor is the relief I get from being too serious. At home I'm desperately serious. It's awful. I'm working on that in my life, actually."

His "Cheers" co-workers see a different side. Woody Harrelson, who plays the naive bartender, says, "Ted is like a big brother to me. I remember one day when he was driving me home from work, and we passed the Improv (a Los Angeles comedy club). I was in a fairly gregarious mood, so I convinced him to stop. I got up on stage and started talking to people, and then I got Teddy to come up. It was so much fun."

Kirstie Alley, who plays career-minded Rebecca, chuckles over Danson's well-known penchant for dithering. When she was contemplating signing on for next season, she said, "'Cheers' is a wonderful working environment, but I wouldn't do the show without Ted. But leaving something up to him to decide is hopeless. He'll change his mind 50 times in an hour. You have to wait till you see his signature on a contract to know whether it's really happening or not."

There was a time when stardom was the furthest thing from Danson's mind. Back then, eating was foremost.



Off-camera, Danson no longer walks around looking like the retired ball player and bartender he has become after nine years on "Cheers." Today, with his fame and fortune and successful marriage, he says he is at ease with himself.

Danson's fame and fortune have been augmented by hit movies. The money he was paid for *Three Men and a Baby* was a nice ego-shot, he says, but "it was really more than I need."

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Like his character in the "Three Men" movies, a mostly out-of-work actor who stays off the bread line by making commercials, Danson did the same routine.

For one TV advertisement, he encased his skinny legs in yellow tights, put a cardboard box over his head, and danced around playing a lemon chiffon pie mix. Later, he spent several years as the Aramis Man.

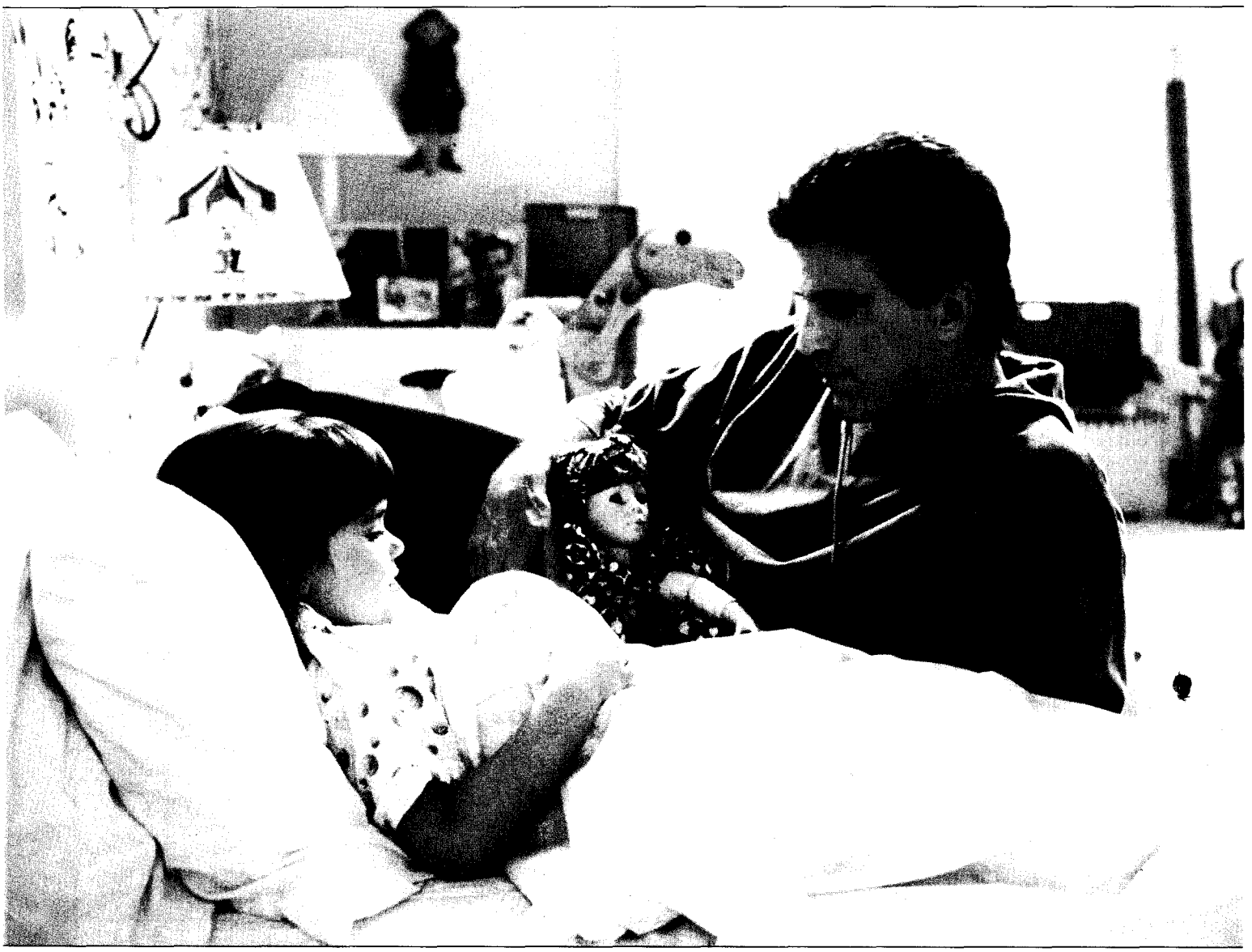
Danson's career didn't really start to cook until he was nearly 30. The son of an archaeologist who was director of the Museum of Northern Arizona, Danson grew up near a Navajo reservation outside Flagstaff, Arizona. As a child, most of his friends were Indians. Now he is a board member of Futures for Children, a nonprofit organization that sponsors education and self-help programs for Indian children.

At 13, Danson's life changed dramatically. He went off to Kent Preparatory School in Connecticut, and from there to Stanford University. He had no intention of becoming an actor until the day he accompanied a friend to an audition and tried out, too. He got a small part and discovered the adrenaline rush of acting. Finally focused on his future, he transferred to Carnegie-Mellon, which was noted for its drama department.

At 22, Danson married a fellow acting student, and following graduation in 1972 they both headed to New York. His first big break came in an off-Broadway production of Tom Stoppard's *The Real Inspector Hound.* He also appeared in Joseph Papp's Shakespeare-in-the-Park productions before getting work on two daytime soap operas, "The Doctors" and "Somerset."

Danson and his wife divorced after six years. Then in 1977, he encountered Casey Coates at an EST seminar. An environmental designer, she was nearly 10 years older, but the age difference seemed not to matter. Danson recalls, "The first night we met, we sat together and talked till 4 a.m. She was in the mood to get married when I met her. She said, 'I want a committed relationship. If you don't, there's the door.'"

Within six months they married and moved to Hollywood. Danson quickly found work as a policeman in *The Onion Field* (1979), a dancing lawyer in *Body Heat* (1981), and a zombie in



While the versatile actor's career has continued to grow with *Three Men and a Little Lady*, so too has Danson's concern for finding solutions to our environmental problems.

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Creepshow (1982). He also appeared in episodes of "Magnum, P.I.," "Laverne and Shirley," "Taxi," and "Family." In television films, he played an insensitive husband in *The Women's Room*, a father who molested his daughter in *Something About Amelia,* and a crippled ex-rodeo star in *Cowboy*.

Before "Cheers" came along in 1982, he appeared in three other pilots: "Once Upon a Spy," "Our Family Business," and "Allison Sidney Harrison." Luckily for him, they weren't picked up, leaving him free to become Sam Malone for the ages. Despite Danson's good looks and sense of humor—rare assets much sought after in the sitcom world—he had little athletic prowess. The "Cheers" producers had to teach him about baseball.

But the series was never about sports. Working in "Cheers," Danson says, "You display the part of your personality that's appropriate to the role, so the less pretending you have to do, the better. As an actor, you play out sides of your life you might not have the guts to show in real life. I didn't know what it was like to really be a chauvinist, despite having chauvinistic impulses, until I got to play Sam. Sam is arrogant, cocky, and more than a little sad. He gets laughs because of that heaviness, that sadness."

As "Cheers" became a solid hit, Danson's film parts grew larger (a two-timing husband in *Just Between Friends*, a struggling actor in *A Fine Mess*, and an adventurer in *Little Treasure*). In 1987, he finally found the right film vehicle in *Three Men and a Baby*. His character fit neatly in between Tom Selleck's Daddy-of-us-all and Steve Guttenberg's wisecracking little brother. "He's a raging heterosexual who isn't macho," Danson says of his "Three Men" character. "He's the one whose mind fritzes when he hears a baby cry. His radius of concern doesn't extend too far past the end of his nose. He's the kind of neurotic who's been terrified all his life that he'll screw up, and all his life he's screwed up."

Danson remembers that when he was making "Three Men," "I was as neurotic as the character. I'd never been in a movie that made money. The fact that 'Three Men' made money was good for me. And I'd never played a leading man, and then I went off and played one (*Cousins*)." In 1989, Danson starred in *Dad* as a middle-aged son caring for his infirm parents (Jack Lemmon and Olympia Dukakis). Last year's *Three Men and a Little Lady* gave Danson most of the laugh lines.

But life would not be perfect for an adored millionaire if his Malibu beach home did not contain a happy family. In Danson's case, it is happiness he has fought long and hard to build and secure.

"Acting can be a safety valve," he says. "In my roles I can play out the fearful, insecure side of my personality, the areas I don't have the guts to lay out in real life. There's a huge part of me, for instance, that's afraid to commit. In life, I've overcome that fear of commitment myself."

His commitment to his wife has been constant and total. During her pregnancy with their daughter Kate, now 11, she was bedridden with high blood pressure. In the midst of labor she suffered a stroke, and her left side was paralyzed. Danson says, "Casey and I wanted a baby, planned for it and went through a lot of difficulty to have it. Casey simply refused to accept that she would be anything less than fully healthy. It was a very difficult time for us—a two-and-a half-year emergency." Danson encouraged his wife's recovery to the point where she and the baby were both walking at eight months. Today Casey walks with just a slight limp, and the Dansons have adopted another daughter, Alexis, now six.

"To some of the characters I play, commitment is a foreign word," he says. "As Mr. Ted Danson, I'm Mr. Commitment. One way to look at what happened is that it was a blessing in disguise. I got thrown into it, terrified that if Kate sneezed once she'd disappear and it would be my fault. I probably bonded with her sooner than I would have. Having children definitely highlights the areas you need to work on in yourself in a hurry. I'd say it makes you grow up.

"I certainly developed emotionally late in life. Hopefully, you don't raise kids when you're the neediest one in the group. I'm working very hard to catch up with my kids, and I'm almost there. I'm probably not as good a dad as Casey is a mom, but I'm a great dad. My family has been a very grounding sort of experience for me. It's great that whenever I glance up from examining my navel, the kids are smearing ketchup all over themselves."

Who could want more than challenge and fun and wealth at work, challenge and fun and ketchup at home? But by the late '80s Danson felt there was still something missing.

One day he took his family to the beach in Santa Monica but were prevented from swimming by a "Beach Closed Because of Pollution" sign. "How do you explain to your daughter that she can't go swimming in the ocean?" Danson splutters. "It's absurd!"

This experience crystallized concerns Danson had long been harboring. Following conversations with his brother-in-law, an oceanographer, he signed a check for $250,000 to start a foundation, American Oceans Campaign, with the aim of promoting the enactment of a national ocean protection policy. Today, many actors lend their names and their time to causes, but most are content to bask briefly in their own visible goodness and wait for charity's next call. Danson designed his organization to be a year-round pressure group and has given it another $500,000.

"The world must make a major shift in how we spend our resources," he says. "Maybe space and defense will have to take a back seat. Businesses will have to spend more money now to clean up their messes.

"I hired an environmental lawyer and a Washington lobbyist. I've already been to Washington to talk about the issue, and I'll be going back to talk some more."

Involvement in this issue has given Danson a kind of contentment. "Instead of being embarrassed and uncomfortable with success and power, I can talk about the oceans," he says. "I realized you need things bigger than yourself. If I didn't have something like American Oceans to keep me occupied, I'd be pretty nutty."

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MR. BOWMAN'S SOLUTION

Most ventilator-dependent patients either died in the hospital or went to a nursing home—but a loving husband had a better idea.

by Lawrence Martin, M.D.

Illustrated by Frederick H. Carlson

Helga Bowman was 60 when her life when into a tailspin. Within one week of March 1982 she learned of cancer in her right breast and emphysema in both lungs.

On March 12 she consulted a surgeon for a breast lump. Suspicious immediately, Dr. Spivey explained it could be cancerous and that she might need a mastectomy. He biopsied the lump with a thin needle, removing just a few cells for microscopic examination. The next day, March 13, Dr. Spivey received a verbal pathology report: malignancy. He promptly called Mrs. Bowman, told her the diagnosis, and scheduled a mastectomy for March 16. Because of her long smoking history he also ordered pulmonary function tests and asked her to see me.

Mrs. Bowman came to my office on March 14. A middle-aged, kindly appearing woman with a big smile, she displayed all the telltale signs of emphysema: raised shoulders; slightly pursed lips; slow gait; and contraction of neck muscles with each breath. Most emphysema patients are thin and she was no exception, weighing 110 pounds and standing five-foot-two. She wore a plain cotton dress and little makeup, and kept her brown hair brushed straight back.

Any complaints? "I feel fine," she said, "like always. Just this lump I noticed last week," and pointed to her right breast.

"How long have you been smoking, Mrs. Bowman?"

"I started when I was about 17. Forty-some years I guess."

"How much? Would you say about a pack a day?"

"Yes, no more than that. But it never caused me any problems."

As she undressed for the exam I could see she was limited and less agile than other middle-aged women with normal lungs. Her pattern of speech, an occasional pause to catch her breath, confirmed my visual assessment. She would look quite healthy in a family snapshot but not on videotape.

So insidiously had emphysema developed that Mrs. Bowman considered her shortness of breath on exertion and chronic morning cough normal. "I thought that just happened when you get older," she explained. Lung capacity less than 50% of normal indicates marked breathing impairment; her capacity was only 42%. This measurement, plus the chest x-ray and my examination, confirmed severe emphysema. Lung disease of this degree doesn't preclude breast surgery but does make one more cautious. Our concern is the general anesthesia, which can cause problems for patients with respiratory impairment. I insisted that Mrs. Bowman quit smoking right away, and also prescribed inhalation treatments and corticosteroids for the two remaining days before surgery.

She took the bad news and my recommendations surprisingly well. There was no denial, self-pity, or remorse sometimes seen in cancer patients. Just the opposite. The thing I remember most from her days before surgery was how *nondepressed* she seemed. Friendly and outgoing, she was the type of person who found something good in every situation.

On my visit to her hospital room the night before surgery I met Mr. Bowman, a 62-year-old retired fireman. Like his wife, he was outgoing and affable. A short, thin man, he had the parched and wrinkled skin of an outdoorsman. Fishing was his passion.

"I've spent most of my life outdoors," he said.

"What do you catch around here?" I asked him.

"Walleye. The lake's got tons of walleye this time of year. Just caught several last week."

We bantered a few minutes about the hazards of lake fishing, and then I changed the subject to his wife's operation. I went over the risks of surgery once again and asked if they had any questions.

"No," they replied, with Mrs. Bowman adding, "We have faith in you and Dr. Spivey." Mr. Bowman nodded his agreement and that was that.

"By the way, you did quit smoking, didn't you?"

"Oh, yes," she said. "I'll never go back to cigarettes."

The way she had accepted my no-smoking advice was a good sign. If there was anything to do or take that might help her, she would comply.

On March 16 Mrs. Bowman underwent a modified right radical mastectomy. The operation involved removing her breast, some surrounding muscle tissue, and lymph nodes in the axillary (armpit) area that drain lymph from the breast. Several of these nodes were involved with cancer, indicating the tumor had spread outside her breast. She would need post-operative radiotherapy and chemotherapy to achieve any hope of cure.

She recovered from surgery without any problems and had an uneventful hospital course. Dr. Spivey discharged her a week later. In early April, as an outpatient, she began a regimen of 20 cobalt treatments, one each weekday. The x-ray beams were aimed to the region of her absent right breast and right shoulder area.

Two weeks later, after only ten cobalt sessions, she developed a fever. Pus began to drain from her surgical

"This woman, who had two crippling diseases and a material net worth less than the yearly income of most doctors, viewed life only from the positive side."

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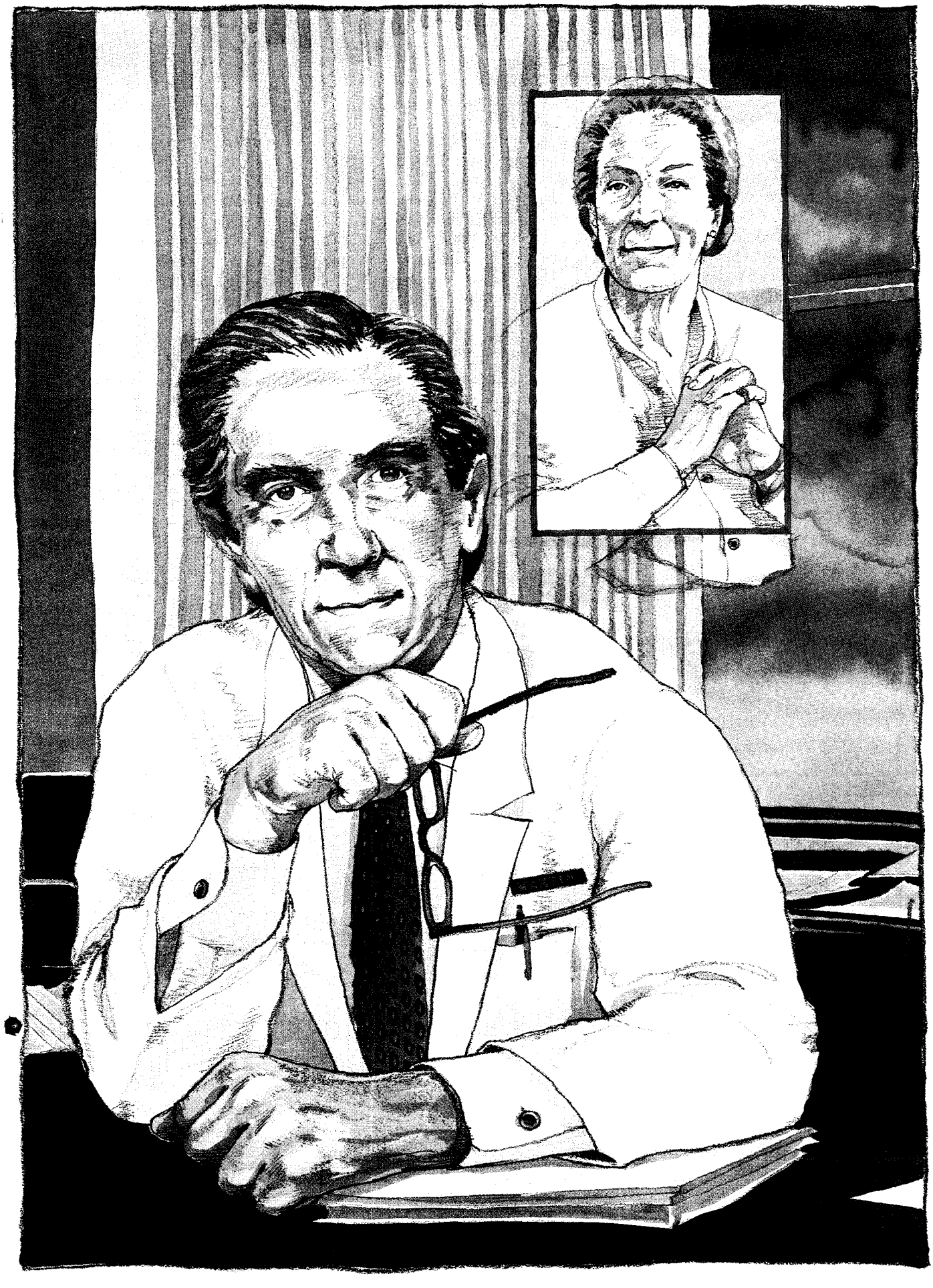

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wound. Radiation therapy was stopped and an antibiotic prescribed, but the chest wall drainage continued. A few days later we re-admitted her to the hospital.

Skin bacteria had taken hold at the site of surgery and caused a deep, bony abscess in the underlying sternum, or breast bone. Despite heavy doses of intravenous antibiotics over several days, the infection continued to spread, eroding almost completely through her sternum. Unchecked, the infection might spread to her heart.

We called in a thoracic surgeon to debride the infection. The pain of deep debridement necessitated it be done under general anesthesia. Her lungs might not withstand another operation, but there was really no choice. The infection had to be surgically removed.

At the time of the operation much of her sternum was like mush. The surgeon drained all the infection and removed several loose bone fragments, then sutured the remaining pieces of bone together with wire. The resulting assemblage of remaining sternal bone and wire did not form a solid breast plate. Although the operation treated the infection, it left her with an unstable chest cage.

The external appearance of the house, the freeway-exit location, the size of the rooms, and the interior decor all made for a very depressing dwelling.

Mrs. Bowman was returned to intensive care, still connected to the ventilator. Although her chest was covered with bandages, I could see the problem. When she tried to breathe on her own, instead of the chest's normal outward movement with each breath, her chest collapsed *inward.* An unstable chest cage, added to severely weakened lungs, meant she would never be able to breathe unassisted by machine. The next day, April 10, she returned to the operating room for a tracheostomy.

Despite this major complication, and the reality that her cancer was far from cured, Mrs. Bowman remained cheerful. Metastatic breast cancer, severe emphysema, three operations, and several weeks in the hospital did not daunt her spirit. She continued to have faith in her doctors and display a strong will to live, no matter what the setbacks.

At first I thought her upbeat mood was inappropriate, or at least an indication that she really didn't understand all that had happened. Certainly I would be depressed in her situation and so expected that she would be, if not clinically depressed, at least sullen, discouraged. Not her. This woman, who had two crippling diseases and a material net worth less than the yearly income of most doctors, viewed life only from the positive side. She had a good marriage, healthy children and grandchildren, and everything to live for. Why should she be depressed?

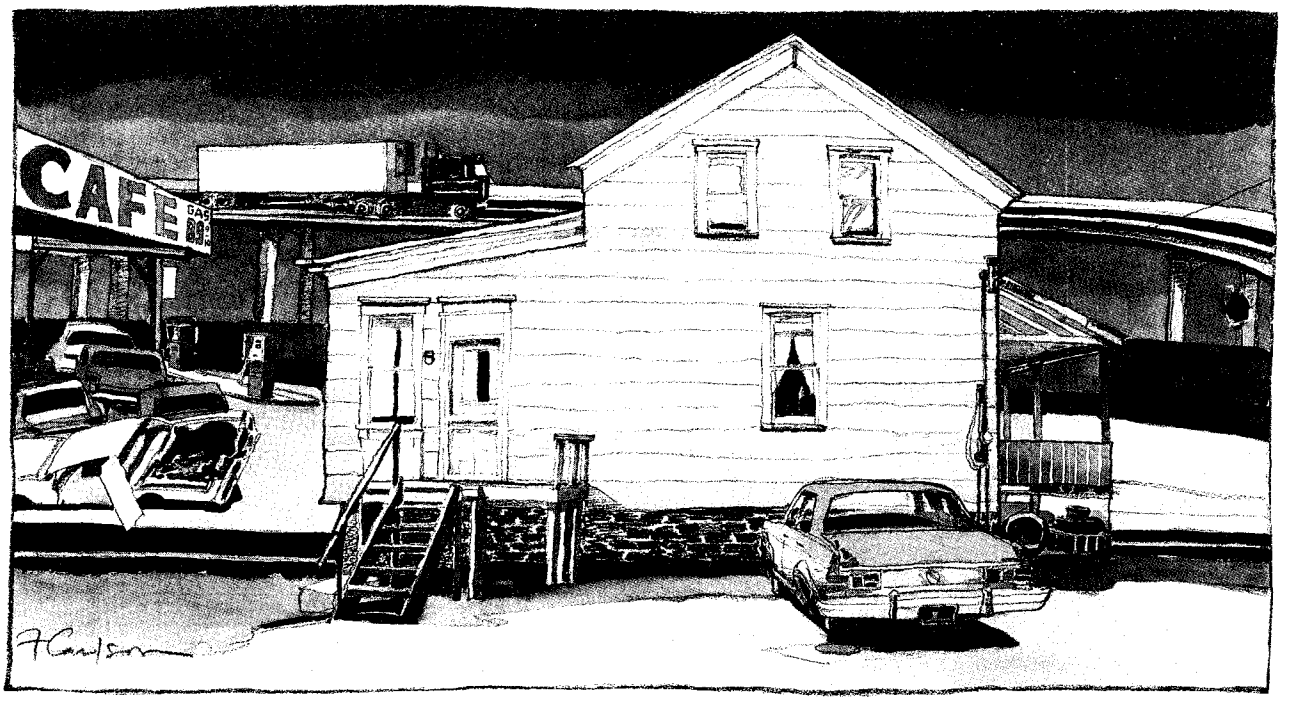
I did not mention that getting off the ventilator seemed unlikely (I did tell Mr. Bowman). Instead, I accentuated the positive. "We're going to start chemotherapy. We can't give you any more radiotherapy, but the drugs should help control your tumor."

"Good," she said with her lips. The tracheostomy tube prevented speech, but her facial expression said, "Let's get on with it so I can get better and go home."

Over the next month we gave her the latest in cancer chemotherapy. She developed complications; first pneumonia, then urinary tract infection, then a stormy course of high fever and sepsis. At one point we thought she would not survive, but her body rallied, and the infections were brought under control. She remained cheerful. The same could not be said for her doctors.

The oncologist and radiotherapist decided that she could receive no more cancer therapy and signed off her case. There was no evidence of tumor recurrence, but her fragile state made it impossible to give additional treatments if the tumor did recur.

At the end of a month in MICU, after her recovery from sepsis, I again



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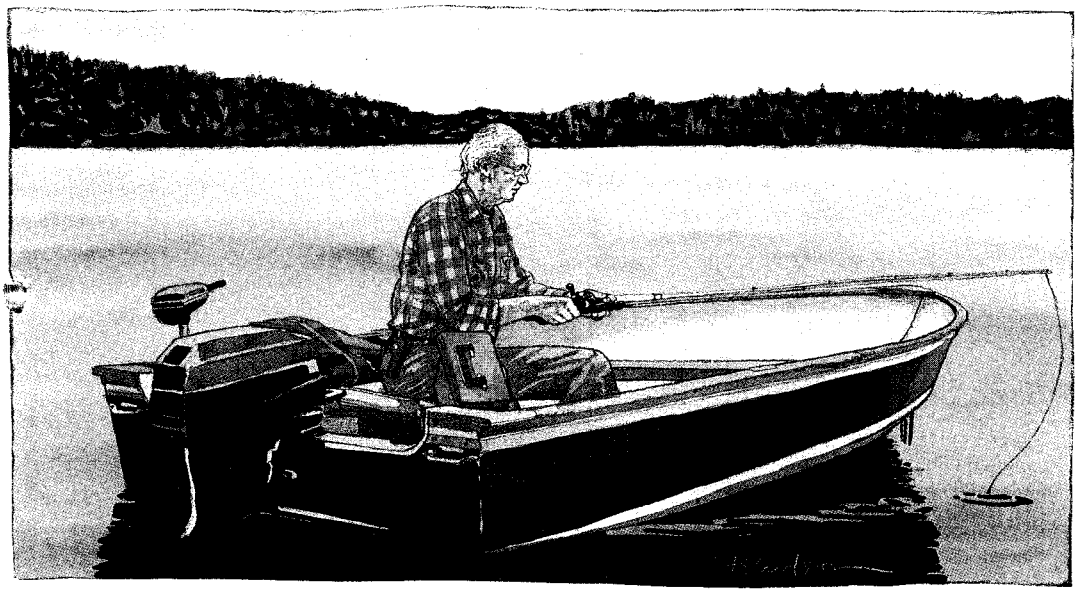

tried to wean her off the ventilator. As expected, the effort was unsuccessful. Her lungs and chest wall were all but destroyed. Thus it came to be that, two months after the initial diagnosis of breast cancer, Mrs. Bowman lay in a MICU bed as a pure "pulmonary" case—and a disposition dilemma. Where could we send a 60-year-old, ventilator-dependent woman?

Ordinarily we would have looked for one of the rare nursing homes that accept ventilator patients. She would not consider it. Neither she nor her husband wanted her to be in a nursing home. Mr. Bowman had the solution.

"I'll take her home with me."

Before Mrs. Bowman's case, all of Memorial Medical Center's ventilator-dependent patients either died in the hospital or went to a nursing home. I knew that other hospitals had sent a few ventilator-dependent cases home, but those patients were wealthy. The Bowmans barely made ends meet on Mr. Bowman's modest pension.

Artificial ventilation at home requires an oxygen supply company able to manage the ventilator and someone to care for the patient around the clock. The first requirement is easy, since third party payers will cover the ventilator care at home (it is cheaper than in a hospital). The second requirement is the usual stumbling block. Continuous nursing care is prohibitively expensive, and insurance companies will not pay for it. Family members can theoretically do the job, but who has family that can dedicate to such extraordinary care? Mrs. Bowman did: Mr. Bowman.

I had my doubts. Mr. Bowman was devoted to his wife, but could he alone do the tasks that, in the hospital, require several shifts of workers? We would not discharge Mrs. Bowman until she was stable, but even then she would require almost constant attention. She needed to be suctioned often, given a bedpan when necessary, and fed three meals a day; the ventilator had to be checked instantly if any alarms went off; and calls had to be made if something went wrong.

Yes, yes, yes, Mr. Bowman insisted. He could do whatever was needed. All we had to do was show him what and how. Having no reasonable alternative, we agreed to send Mrs. Bowman home with a ventilator.

It took about a week for the oxygen supply company to set up a ventilator in their home. To make things easier we insisted on the same model used in the hospital. The company first surveyed the house and decided the only place for the machine was a tiny first-floor den. It could not go into their larger second-floor bedroom because the connecting oxygen tanks were too heavy for any area but the basement. To properly connect the ventilator to the oxygen tanks required that the machine be located on the first floor. (Hospitals use a built-in oxygen system with outlets in every patient room.)

After two weeks of discharge planning, during which Mr. Bowman received instruction from therapists and nurses, Mrs. Bowman was ready to leave the hospital. On the trip from MICU to the emergency room, where the ambulance was waiting to transport her home, a respiratory therapist breathed her lungs manually with an AMBU bag. In the ambulance she received ventilation from a portable, battery-operated ventilator. Besides the two ambulance attendants, a nurse and respiratory therapist also came with her. Mr. Bowman followed the ambulance in his car and I followed in my car. I also took along our head of Respiratory Therapy; this was a first for him as well.

Mr. Bowman still lives in the same house, alone, although his grandchildren visit often. And after a five-year hiatus he is back fishing regularly for walleye.

I had never been to her neighborhood and knew only that it was in a blue-collar district about five miles south of the hospital. We followed Mr. Bowman off an expressway exit that I had passed many times before. Less than 500 feet from the exit the ambulance stood in front of an aging, two-story wood frame house. Across the street were a gas station and a bar.

She lived on the fringe of a poor working-class section of town, in a house that was modest even by neighborhood standards. On the lot

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Aïda

THE STORY

A celebrated opera diva recounts the tale
of a beautiful princess who sacrifices everything for romantic love.

Long ago in the faraway land of Ethiopia there lived a royal princess named Aïda. She was gentle as moonlight, beautiful as the morning star, and more than anything else she loved her father King Amonasro and her country.

Here, in one of the great love stories of all time, Aïda, the proud princess, is captured by Egyptian soldiers and forced into slavery by her country's worst enemy. A terrible emotional struggle begins when Aïda falls in love with Radames, leader of the Egyptian army. Should she forsake loyalty to her father and her country for her true love—a warrior destined to destroy both?

Giuseppe Verdi is said to have based this powerful tale on an actual historical incident brought to light during an archaeological excavation in Egypt. And who but Leontyne Price, known worldwide for her operatic portrayal of Aïda, could do justice to the princess's intimate emotions?

As the story unfolds, Radames has been chosen by the Pharaoh to lead the Egyptian army in a final decisive battle against the enemy. The Pharaoh's daughter Amneris, who is also in love with Radames, suspects he may have secret feelings for another.

Amneris sat before her mirror. Surrounded by slaves and adorned in her most beautiful gown and jewels, she was pleased with her reflection. Surely today when Radames returned, he would be struck by her radiance. Yet despite her vanity, she secretly burned with jealousy to think that Aïda, a mere handmaiden, might truly be loved by Radames.

So Amneris decided to test her privileged slave.

Excerpted from AIDA as told by Leontyne Price, illustrated by Leo and Diane Dillon. Text copyright © 1990 by Leontyne Price. Illustrations copyright © by Leo and Diane Dillon. Published by arrangement with Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, Inc.

And when gentle Aïda entered the royal chambers, Amneris sobbed, pretending great grief.

"Oh, Aïda, Aïda!" she cried in a shaking voice. "Egypt has lost its finest warrior. Radames has been killed in battle!"

Immediately Aïda wept with the pain of one whose heart has been broken forever. There was no longer any doubt in Amneris's mind.

"It is all a lie!" she shouted. "Radames was not killed. He lives!"

Aida's tears of sorrow turned to tears of joy.

Overcome with fury, Amneris hurled Aïda to the floor. "How dare you, a lowly slave, love the same man loved by the Princess of Egypt?"

But Aïda, too, was a Princess. She rose proudly. She was about to tell Amneris the truth, but she stopped herself. Instead, with great difficulty, she asked to be forgiven.

"Have mercy on me," she begged. "Your power is unquestioned—you have all that a person could want. But what do I have to live for? My love of Radames, and that alone."

Aida's plea only fueled Amneris's rage. She stormed out of the chamber, leaving Aïda to fear the worst.

Flags flew, and the entire city gathered to see the grand spectacle of the victory parade led by the Pharaoh, the Princess, and the High Priest. Trumpets blared, and dancing girls threw rose petals to form a welcoming carpet before the magnificent chariot of Radames.

The handsome warrior dismounted and knelt before the royal throne. When Amneris placed a laurel wreath on his head, the crowd was wild with joy.

"Hail to the conqueror!" they roared. "Hail to Radames!"

The Pharaoh proclaimed, "Radames, you are my greatest soldier. As a reward, whatever you wish shall be yours."

by Leontyne Price

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ILLUSTRATED BY LEO AND DIANE DILLON

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When Radames rose, he saw Aïda. Amneris saw the look of love on his face, and she was consumed with jealousy. Yet he dared not ask for Aïda's hand, not at that moment in public court.

"Mighty Pharaoh," he said instead, "I ask that you allow me to call forth our prisoners of war."

The Pharaoh granted Radames's request, and the Ethiopians were led to the square in chains. One tall, proud man stood out above the rest. Aïda gasped. It was her father!

The crowd was shocked to see her run and embrace him, but he whispered to her, "Do not betray that I am King."

Amonasro addressed the Pharaoh. "I am Aïda's father, and I have faithfully fought for my sovereign, who died in battle. I am prepared to die for him and my country, but I beseech you to have mercy on those who have been defeated."

With outstretched arms, Aïda joined the Ethiopians. "Let the prisoners go free," she begged Radames and the Pharaoh.

So moved by her appeal, the Egyptian people joined in, and their cries urged the Pharaoh to allow the captured soldiers to be released.

"No!" the High Priest, Ramfis, cried. "The Ethiopians are a threat and should be put to death."

"Their freedom is my wish," Radames told the Pharaoh.

"Unchain the Ethiopians!" the Pharaoh ordered. "But you, Aïda's father, must remain my prisoner as a pledge of your people's good faith."

An even greater reward was now to be bestowed upon Egypt's greatest warrior. The Pharaoh led Amneris to Radames.

"My daughter will be your bride," he proclaimed, joining their hands. "One day, you shall be Pharaoh, and together you will rule."

Radames was horrified. He dared not refuse the Pharaoh. He bowed and pretended gratitude, but his heart was filled with sorrow. Amneris looked scornfully at her handmaiden.

Aïda wept into her father's arms as the triumphant Egyptian Princess held Radames's hand and led him to the palace.

"Do not lose faith," Amonasro whispered to his daughter. "Ethiopia will soon avenge our conquerors."

It was the eve of the great wedding, and a full moon shone on the dark waters of the River Nile beside the Temple of Isis. By boat, the High Priest, Ramfis, brought Amneris to the Temple. There she was to pray that her marriage be blessed. Little did she know that Radames had sent a message to Aïda, who was waiting to meet him nearby.

Aïda sadly watched the moonlit river and longed with all her heart and soul to return to her beloved homeland. Suddenly she heard Radames approach. But when the man came closer, she was stunned to see that it was her father, King Amonasro.

"Listen carefully, Aïda," he said sternly. "My plan will bring both you and Radames back to Ethiopia. Our soldiers stand ready to attack when I signal. There is a secret, unguarded road, but only Radames knows it. It is your duty as Princess of Ethiopia to make him reveal this path."

"Father!" she cried. "I *cannot* betray Radames!"

With anger and disdain, King Amonasro forced her to her knees. "You are no longer my daughter! You are nothing more than a lowly slave of the Egyptians and a betrayer of your country! Have you forgotten your loved ones who were slaughtered without mercy by these, your enemies?"

"You are wrong! I am *not* and will *never* be a slave to anyone! I am the Princess of Ethiopia, and I have never forgotten my royal blood. My duty to you and my country will always be first in my heart!"

Even as she swore to obey his command, she cried inside for what her father and her dear country would cost her. Amonasro embraced her to give her courage, and he hid in the bushes to listen.

When Radames finally came, he was breathless with love. But Aïda turned on him scornfully.

"How could you betray me and marry Amneris as your reward?"

"Aïda, you have always been my love. My passion for you is deeper than the Nile, deeper than life itself," Radames told her.

"Then show me," Aïda demanded. "You have betrayed me. And if you truly love me, you will leave Egypt tonight and flee with me to Ethiopia. Only there will we find happiness and peace."

Radames was torn. The thought of leaving Egypt was unbearable, but the thought of living without Aïda was even more painful. At last, after much persuasion, he agreed to flee.

"The roads are heavily guarded by your soldiers. How will we escape?" she asked.

"All the roads are guarded except one," he told her. "The Gorges of Napata."

"The Gorges of Napata!" a voice rang out. Amonasro sprang from his hiding place. He was ready to attack with his army.

Radames could not believe it. "You, Aïda's father, are King of Ethiopia?" He was overcome. "I have sacrified my country for the love of you!" he cried to Aïda.

"Come with us now," Amonasro told Radames.

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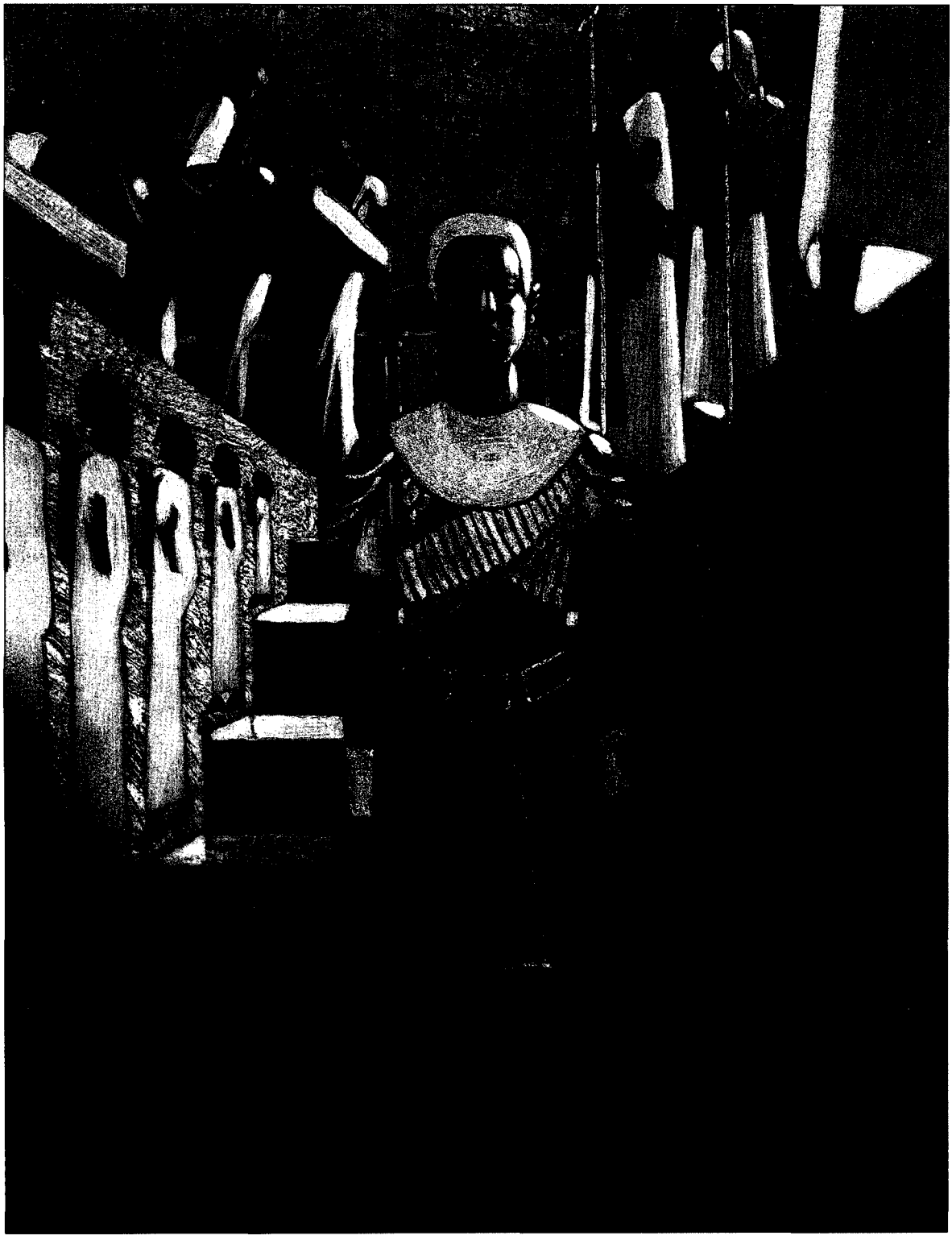

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SNAP, CRACKLE AND WHAM!

Amid hubbub of mice, baby birds, and dear wife mowing the stumps, the writer longs for the quiet of a boiler factory.

by Maynard Good Stoddard

Illustrated by Don Trawin

I don't mind things that go bump in the night so much as I mind things that go *snap, crackle, crash, whine, whimper, scratch, thwack,* and *crump* in the daytime. Oh yes, and *wham.* We mustn't forget *wham.* We mustn't forget *wham*—much as I'd like to.

Why anyone in their right mind (which is open for debate) would move to this hilltop convention center for termites in the first place is a good question. Actually, it wasn't in the first place, it was in the second place. In the first place I wanted to stay in our snug apartment in Indianapolis, where the only disturbing noise was the sound of the morning paper hitting the porch roof. But when the lathered-up real estate person assured us this view represented the highest point in Sweet Owen County, we fell for it. What the real estate person failed to mention, this is also the point where lightning forms.

My bride of yesteryear, however, was overjoyed at this serendipity, as she had been brought up to view

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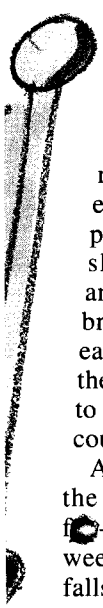
electrical storms as merely God's way of jump-starting the cowardly. Thus while bride is at the window observing whatever it is lightning does, I am under the bed with the dog and cat, making more noise than both of them.

As of this writing, our termite B & B still stands, but only because it once was surrounded by five towering black locust trees. I say once was, because there are now but two towering black locust trees. The others? . . . yup, wiped out by God's handiwork. And upon each of these thrilling occasions, in addition to the racket, lightning followed the tree roots to the water line, where half the volts made a hard left to burn out the hot water heater in the root cellar, the other half going gaily down the 248 feet of well pipe (at nine bucks a foot) to wipe out the jet pump. We now have both appliances on standing order.

After the remaining two trees get theirs, it's good-by house, as we sometimes jokingly call it. It is hoped, however, that the mattress may spare the gathering under the bed. As for the termites, they may have to go to the barn. Or maybe the neighbors will take them in. I'd hate to see the poor things go hungry.



One thing in our favor is termites don't make noise smacking their lips while chewing up the supporting timbers. The mice are not so considerate. They have this exciting game of storing dog food pellets in the master's summer shoes stored in the attic. The amount of plaster a contestant can bring down between the walls on each trip from kitchen to attic, where the shoes have been stored in a box to keep them out of harm's way, also counts heavily in the scoring.

After the little fellers move out in the spring, the walls remain silent for—oh, sometimes for an entire week. Then a clumsy starling chick falls out of its nest under the eaves. And does it fall to the ground for the cat's amusement? Never. It falls between the walls, from where it begins sending up distress shrieks that are answered by every matronly bird within the township limits.

"You've got to do something!" yells bride, after two days of trying to do housework with fingers stuck in her ears.

"Such as?" I queried. Upon getting no answer, I pulled a finger out of one of her ears and said I'd try dangling a worm on a string in hopes it would grab hold and I could pull it up. Dumping asbestos insulation on the squawler to give it an allergy that would force it to come up didn't work equally well (if you can figure that out, let me know). By day three we were longing for the days when mice were screeching their toenails down the plaster.

"Either it goes or I go," was dear bride's tempting threat on day four.

"How about running a garden hose down there and performing mouth-to-bill resuscitation?" I suggested.

That shut *her* up, but the chick squawked for another day and a half.

"While bride is at the window observing whatever it is that lightning does, I am under the bed with dog and cat, making more noise than both of them."

I like to think the mother then came and lifted her bumbling baby like a cat carries its kittens, bill to back of neck. If I hadn't shut up my bride she'd have said, "That's ridiculous!"

Then there's Lump, her obese cat, who isn't satisfied with the nightly noise of scratching on the La-Z-boy, clawing the sofa, and shredding the clothes hamper. She is only honing her talons for the bagging of a mouse, a mole, a bird, a rabbit or a chipmunk, with which to pay for her board and room by delivering the thing through her private entrance as an offering for our table. Eat the victim herself? She wouldn't dream of it. Not when she can get a can of high-priced store-bought food every time she opens her yap.

Just this week I'm at my desk punctuating up a storm when she comes in with this live chipmunk, which she deposits at my feet and goes over to lie on the rug, her duty done for the day.

"There's your lunch, old master of the mountain," if I interpret her attitude correctly. "You can bake it, broil it, or barbeque it, but as for me, I'm too pooped to be interested."

This leaves me with the choice of having a chipmunk for a house pet or drawing on a pair of gloves and trying to run the uninjured little varmint down. Not only uninjured but now hyped to a speed of at least 20 miles per hour. The path I wore making a circuit from the cubbyhole I call an office to hallway to kitchen to living room to bedroom and back to cubbyhole will be in the carpets long after I'm gone (an event that's not far off, the way things are going).

Had the cavorting little critter not firmly established its fangs into a finger of my glove when I finally nailed it in my cubbyhole window, we might be going around yet. I'm holding my breath that my dog Brutus doesn't drag in a moose to liven up the place the day the cat comes in from hunting empty-mouthed.

Speaking of Brutus, we are speaking of a senior citizen animal that has honed his repertoire of commands and pleadings until he can make more sounds than a ruptured bagpipe. I refer to a *woof* the second he hears my eyelids go up in the morning, a *whine* if I don't leap immediately from bed, a *whimper* of desperation, then a *howl* that says you can let me out *now*, buddy, or take the consequences. Upon stubbing my toe on the end of the bed, a family tradition, we howl in unison all the way to the door (no; not my toe and I, my dog and I).

Which brings us to my dear wife. There is no sweeter sound to a man forming sentences at his desk than to hear through an open window the sound of her working outside. Except when she's mowing the lawn with his brand new bright red 11-horse Murray mower. It's like trying to form sentences on a firing range. *Whing*, she's just hit a stone . . . *whang*, a fallen tree limb . . . *whung*, a stump.

Until last Thursday I felt free to dash out and express myself concerning her carelessness in not removing the obstacles before running my brand new bright red etc. Murray mower over them. I further pointed out that I operate the cherished appliance over nothing but the most tender grasses.

Because the front wheels have a

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PORTRAIT OF A POST COVER ARTIST

The American Illustrators Hall of Fame honors Constantin Alajalov, whose light-hearted paintings brought a refreshing new look to The Saturday Evening Post.

Constantin Alajalov came onto *The Saturday Evening Post* like a breath of fresh air. The *Post*, with a pedigree dating back to Benjamin Franklin, had long been dependable for its pointed look at the foibles of the human scene. But this immigrant upstart, with his eager brush and an unbiased eye on our society, would produce a series of covers that were to give a nation of readers a new and delightfully humorous picture of themselves.

In Alajalov's first cover for the *Post*, Oct. 6, 1945, the scene is of soldiers dancing in loving embrace with their dates. The artist, however, concentrates on a soldier sitting at a table, arrogantly boring his girl with talk of battle strategy.

Constantin Alajalov's mischievous if cartoonish approach to the frailties of that time would become a popular style. People loved the way Alajalov's keen eye discerned the delicate ironies that fill our daily lives. They especially appreciated his way of illuminating the gap that existed between our dreams and our realities, the differences between the way we think of ourselves and the way we are perceived by others. It was said of Alajalov that, "As a satirist he paints, quite kindly, what in words would be too cruel to say. As an artist in his genre, what he really draws are conclusions." From 1945 to 1962, Constantin Alajalov illustrated 73 covers for *The Saturday Evening Post*.

Alajalov first began sketching at the age of five in the small Russian town of Rostov on the Don, where he was born Nov. 18, 1900 to a comparatively well-off Czarist bourgeois family. His early schooling made him well-versed in literature and fluent in French, English, German, and Italian, but art remained his true passion.

To encourage his endeavors and broaden his understanding, Alajalov's mother supplemented his education by taking him to art exhibitions and museums. By the age of 15, he had enrolled in the University of Petrograd, where he pursued his love of literature and art. Unfortunately, his studies there were terminated by the Russian Revolution.

Alajalov then joined a government-sponsored art group and eked out a

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Although he didn't arrive in this country until the age of 22, Constantin Alajalov soon became an astute observer of American characteristics. His ability to satirize our habits was best reflected in his 73 illustrated covers for The Saturday Evening Post.

The summer of this painting Alajalov resolved to paint from 7 a.m. to 1 p.m., then knock off and go swimming. But his plans to paint his first cover for the Post *were disrupted when the flock of turkeys next door got up at 5 a.m.*

Answering a ring on a party-line phone, Alajalov listened for a half-hour to a suitor making romantic statements to a young lady. On the second ring it was a different man but the same girl. Though by this time the eavesdropper himself was in love with her, he did nothing about it but paint a picture.

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The Saturday Evening
POST
June 7, 1952 – 15¢

IS AMERICA GOING ISOLATIONIST AGAIN?

By SAMUEL LUBELL

Red China's War Against God

By PEGGY DURDIN

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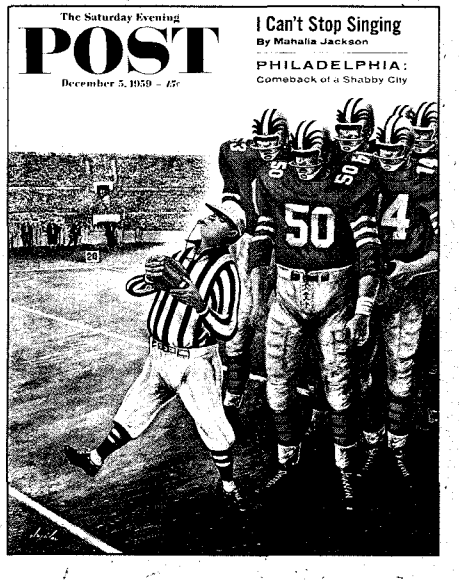
Before beginning this painting the artist first visited a real fortuneteller, upsetting her to no end by making mental sketches of her studio and paying no interest in what she was telling him. When she said, "I see you have a wife and lovely children," and he replied, "I'm a bachelor," the relationship deteriorated even further.

Mr. Plumpski pictures himself involved in the fanciest sort of downhill derring-do, while Spoilsport, the salesman, visualizes the hill-hero at the end of a well-executed eggbeater. Alajalov uses this subtle scene to tell us that all enthusiasts of this sport—even ski salesmen—focus their daydreams on the mountaintop.



Artist Alajalov here depicts one of those gridiron moments when all eyes turn from the beefy gladiators as the little geezer in zebra stripes enjoys his flash of glory. Colossus number 50, culprit of the indiscretion, must refrain from giving the ref a punt in the pants, but there is no rule against toying with the idea.

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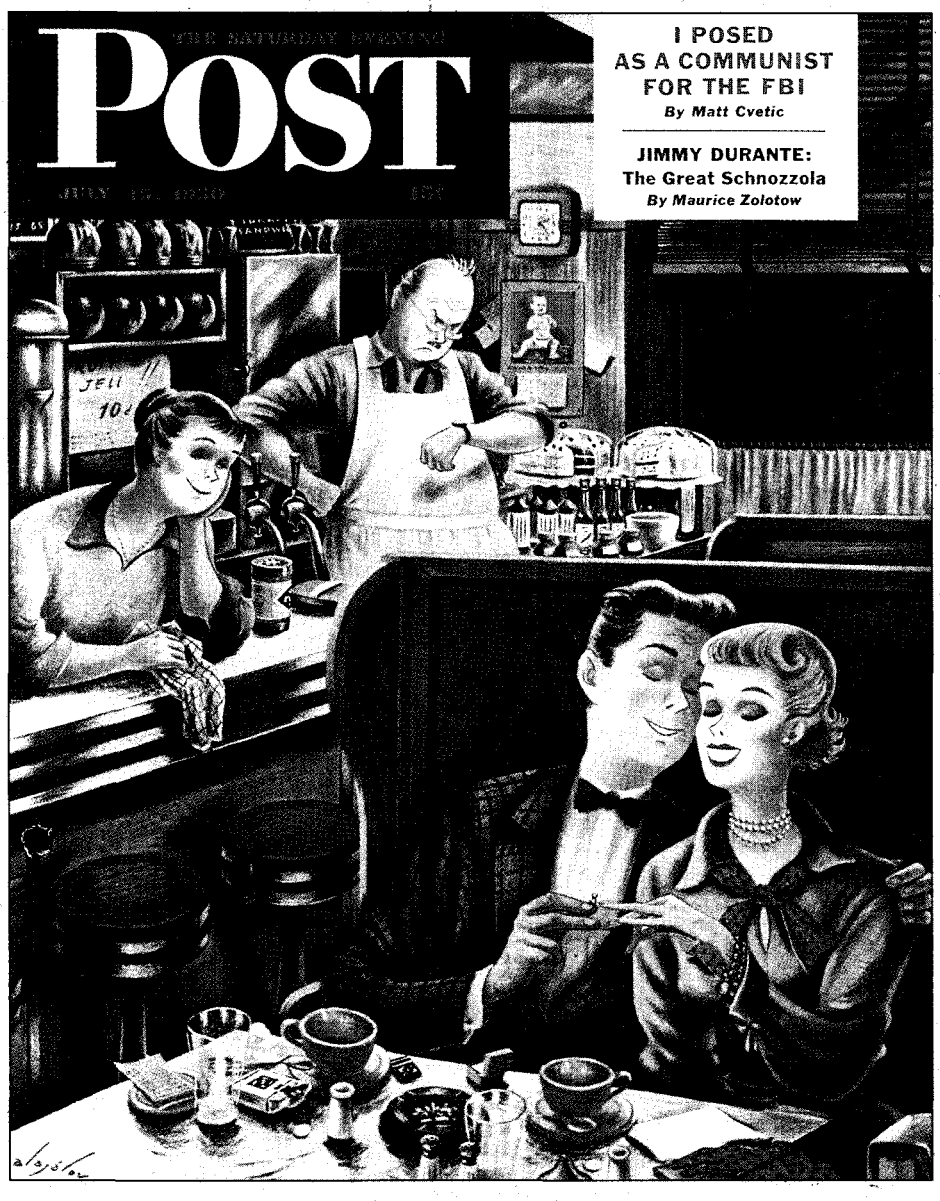
In this cover, which might be titled "From Beethoven to Bacon and Eggs," artist Alajalov would seem to be moralizing on the folly of "finishing" females. While it's a question worth debating, could not harmony in the music room instill a talent for harmony in the kitchen?



A game of hearts at a restaurant table has not been concluded at closing time. Alajalov subtly presents the dilemma of the proprietor of this makeshift love bower who wants to close up and go home. If he turns out the lights, the two troth plighters would only stay longer.

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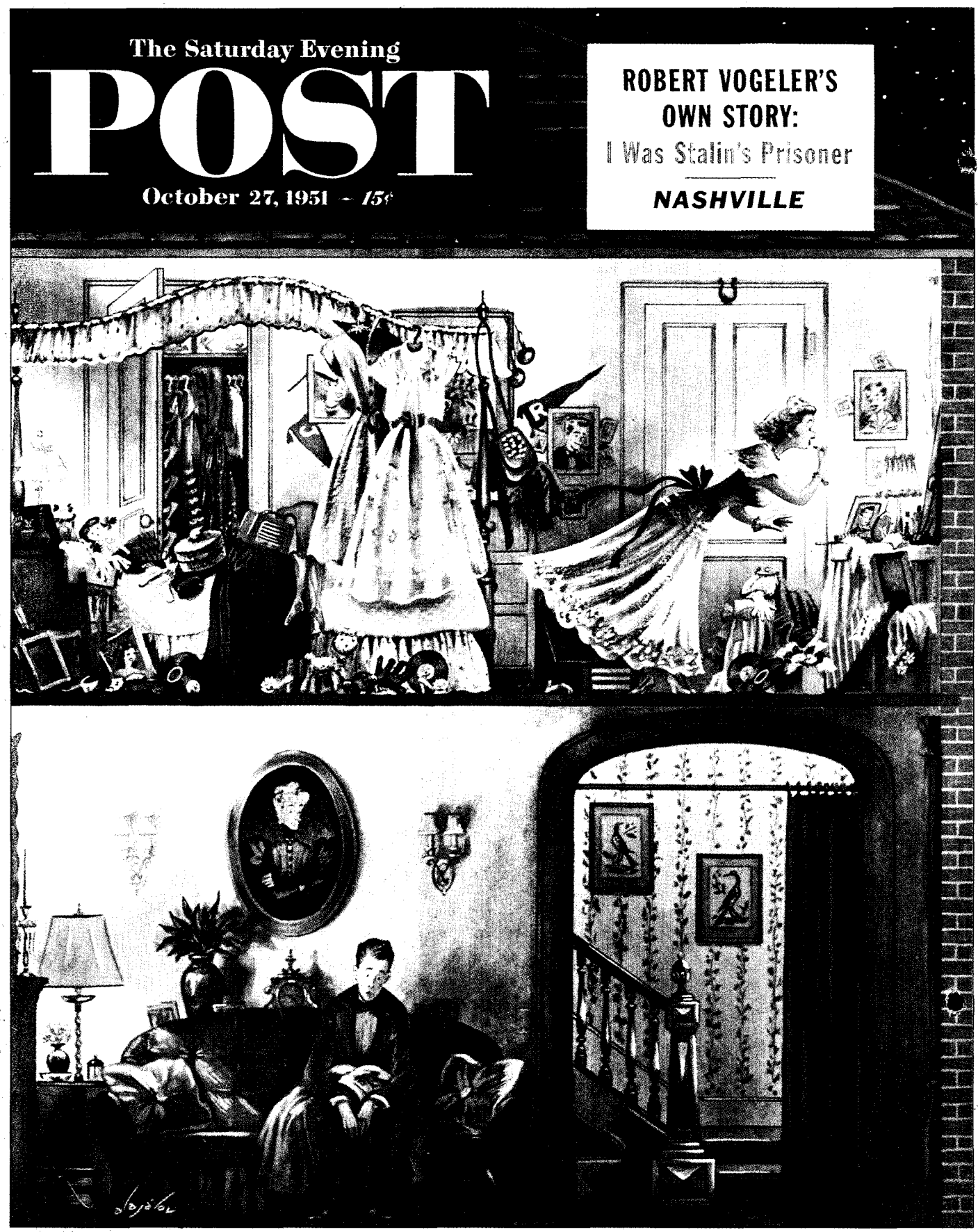

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Sketching this scene of a conflict in diamond size took the artist to the ritzy atmosphere of Cartier and Company, where he was told that the price of a certain necklace was one million dollars. In disbelief, he asked to see the price tag—only to be told they never tag anything over a hundred thousand dollars.

When in Florida, the illustrator observed that a fisherman will go fishing regardless of the weather, and will stay out there until he catches something. But Alajalov needed a rainstorm in order to check on a few points. For this he had to wait out three full weeks of sunny days.

Many younger—as well as older—men will relate to this picture of the eternal wait for a date to get it all together and finally emerge in lavendar and lace for the big party. It is, as artist Alajalov depicts, but one of the ways of a maid with a man.

Though space limits the illustrator to only one wedding vow that is later to come into contention, the argument over whether it was the bride or the groom who promised to serve the other one breakfast in bed represents many a prenuptial declaration that goes down the drain with the first dishwater.

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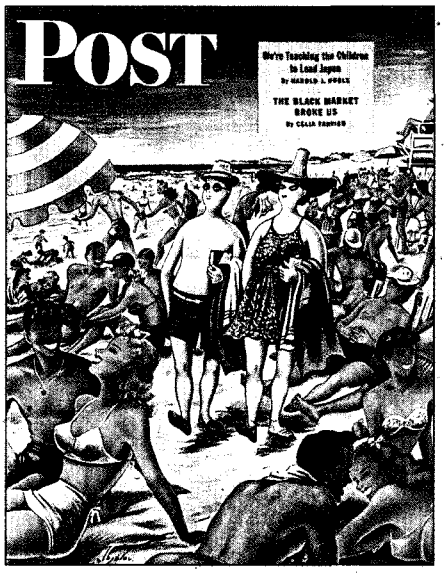

Can anyone imagine a group of shore-leave sailors ogling the painting of Officer of the Imperial Guard *while two unattended damsels go unnoticed? Illustrator Constantin Alajalov could—and did—for this* Post *cover of August 12, 1961. Sadly, his final* Post *cover, December 1, 1962 was the end the wonderful era of humorous overtures until the magazine was revived in the '70s.*

Where else but in Palm Beach, Florida, would Alajalov base this cover scene of pale-skinned late arrivals strolling conspicuously among the sun-tanned regulars? In a few days, of course, the victims will in turn be sneering at even later arrivals. While taking the sun here, the artist also took the opportunity to experience a fishing trip that would result in another Post *cover.*

For this Post *cover of a sleepless bridge player, the artist interviewed a famed expert of the game, who explained to Alajalov that in her greed to get three tricks instead of two, the poor woman now lying awake made a misplay and lost five tricks by doing so.*

Here, Constantin Alajalov traces the history of chivalry, from Saint George to a duel over a fair young maiden. Then he brings this age of gallantry to a jarring halt with a scene all too familiar to riders of today's public transportation.

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The Saturday Evening
POST
August 12, 1961 – 15¢

CHICAGO'S

By PETER WYDEN

PETE MARTIN
BY BING CROSBY

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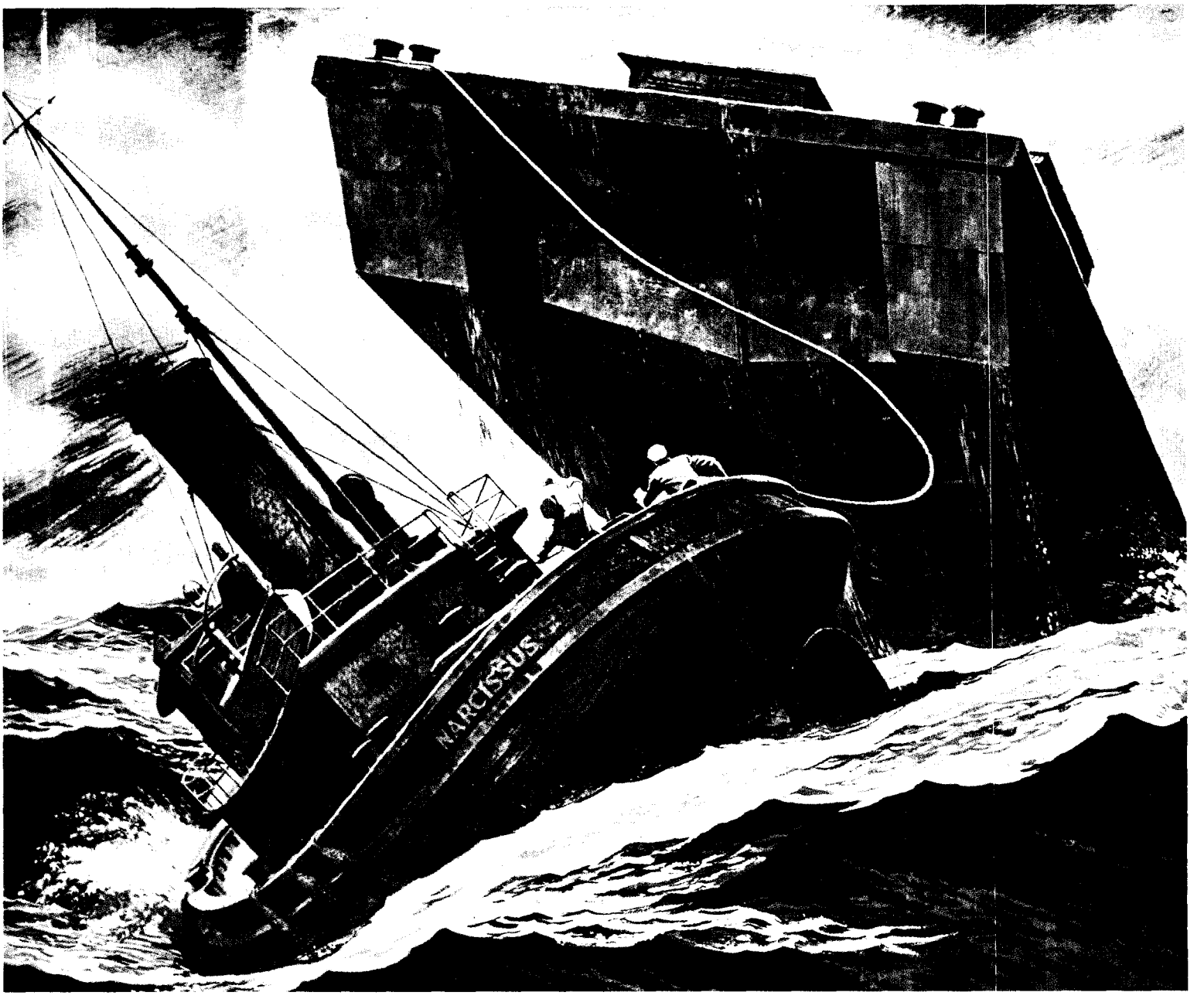

The barge was drifting out of control, and it was loaded with explosive radioactive material.

TUGBOAT ANNIE'S HOT CARGO

By Norman Reilly Raine

Illustrated by James R. Bingham

Under a full Pacific moon the little Inland Passage harbor of Port Chilkat was the scene of tranquil beauty, disturbed only by the splash of a fish, a chugging purse seiner, the faint nostalgic wail and beat of a shore dance band, and the raucous hawking of Capt. Horatio Bullwinkle, master and owner of the big salvage tug *Salamander*, as he leaned over the fantail rail and spat in the eye of an inquisitive crab.

"Sore?" he rasped angrily as he stared again into the flabby, impassive face of Jake, the vessel's paunchy mate. "Why wouldn't I be sore? Look!"—and he pointed to another powerful deep-water tug alongside the fuel-oil wharf across the slip. "There's the *Narcissus*, all fueled up and ready to sail when that fat old witch of a Tugboat Annie gets through stompin' holes in the dance-hall floor!"

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For one terrifying moment the barge soared high above the Narcissus' *rail with its potential death.*

"So what?" said Jake sardonically. "Just because she's got a towin' job ya wish you had, ya're poppin' yer skull."

"That one job ain't the point, stupid! It's who it's for—that new Williwaw Island Atomic Power Plant! Look at the installation the government's puttin' in there! Heavy-construction stuff! That means bi~-time towin'. There's only two tugs up here big enough to handle it—us and the *Narcissus*. And Annie tears up here from Secoma with her tail afire and grabs it—right out from under me nose!"

"How long a nose you got?" asked Jake. "When ya first heard o' this deal she was already halfway up here. So relax!"

"Yeah—relax. I'll relax when I figger a way to skunk——" He stopped suddenly, then leaned forward. "Look, Jake, if Annie fouled up this first job, them atomic-plant boys might get mad and start lookin' for somebody else to do their towin'. Right?"

"Meanin' us, o' course. But how the devil could she foul it up?" Jake said derisively. "Way I heard it, all she's gotta do is hook onto a loaded barge alongside their dock, tow it across the passage an' out through Totem-pole Pass, then dump it off soundings. Where's the trick in that?"

"I ain't sure, yet." Thoughtfully Mr. Bullwinkle scratched his ginger-bristled skull. "All I know is, when them oil-dock boys finished fillin' the *Narcissus'* tanks this evenin', I heard old Fatso Annie say she had to pick up her Williwaw Island tow in time to hit the start o' the ebb tide at Totem-pole Pass, an' ride it through. That means she'd reach the pass about 2 a.m."

"If you're plannin' to snatch that tow tonight," Jake said, "forget it! It's quite a trip out the pass an' back. That's why Annie filled her tanks. But we just got in from Secoma—remember? We ain't got oil enough left even to take to Williwaw, an' no way to get any till mornin'. So what would ya run the *Salamander* on—beer an' belches?"

"I'll figger it," said Mr. Bullwinkle confidently. "An' when——"

He broke off, suddenly tense and watchful, as the *Narcissus'* messroom door opened and Shiftless, a deck hand, stepped out and stood by the rail, head uptilted, while draining a pint flask. Then he faced townward, listening as the faint dance music swelled and waned, flung the empty bottle violently, rebelliously overside and lurched back into the messroom.

"Get that, Jake?" Mr. Bullwinkle asked softly. "Shiftless is sizzlin' because he has to mind ship while the others are up at that dance. It ain't right! It ain't fair!"

Jake said nothing; and for a time there was silence, over which, on a vagrant breeze, the lilting brass of the band carried a message of fun ashore. Then, "I feel sorry fer him," Mr. Bullwinkle said.

"Sorry fer who?" Jake asked, nonplused.

"Fer pore ol' Shiftless, ya silly jerk! Gettin' stinkin' over there all alone!" said Mr. Bullwinkle, nobly indignant. "So we're gonna visit him and cheer him up. Go get that fifth o' bait I seen ya sneak under yer bunk when I walked in on ya today."

"Wha-at?" yelped Jake.

"Go get it," said Mr. Bullwinkle severely, "afore I fetch ya a kick in the rudder."

In sharp contrast to the peaceful water front was the jiving cacophony of the Port Chilkat Cannery Workers' Monthly Ball, for the building shook, and dust puffs arose from under the pounding feet and cavorting limbs of the swirling, merrymaking crowd. And second to none in energetic enjoyment was Tugboat Annie Brennan, master of the *Narcissus* and senior skipper of Secoma's Deep-Sea Towing and Salvage Company fleet, with blowzy hair flying wild, face shining with sweat and bliss, blue eyes sparkling, and massive frame bounding and prancing in the resentful grip of a giant Dutch Harbor whaling captain.

"Wow-e-e-e!" she chortled as she manhandled her dizzy partner into carefree collision with a crowd of jolly neighbors. "Ain't nothin' like bein' swang in the arms o' Twerpsichord! Sa-ay, Cap'n—yer nose is bleedin'! Don't ye feel good?"

"Ya butted me that last round, ya gallopin' hippo!" snarled her gallant partner. "An' climb down offa me left foot. It's toted ya round this floor five times now!"

"Pooh!" said Annie complacently. "I ain't even began hoofin' yet. Hey—there's Peter! I gotta talk wid him!" And inexorably she cantered him through the doorway, from which Peter, the *Narcissus'* mate, urgently had been beckoning her.

"Come on, Annie. It's near 11 o'clock," he told her hurriedly. "We gotta get back to the tug an' under way."

"OK, OK," she said, resignedly, and mopped her streaming face. "Scrape the boys together. Them what can't walk we'll carry!"

Presently the crew of the *Narcissus* was streaming back to their wharf with Annie, her energy only whetted, waddling happily ahead of the others.

But when she had dropped from the wharf's stringpiece to the deck of the tug she stopped abruptly and

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stared. "Hey," she said, puzzled, "ain't that Shif'less lyin' under the towin' drum?"

Big Sam, the engineer, investigated. "Sure is!" he reported, and dragged the sleeper forth. "Drunk as a skunk too."

"He can't be!" Annie protested, hastening aft. "I shook him down good afore we left. An' what he had in his bottle wouldn't give him no more glow than a firefly's starn! But by gollies"—she bent over the supine, heavily snoring Shiftless—"ye're right, Sam! He's passed out! An'—Oh-oh!"

Stooping quickly, she picked up an empty fifth and sniffed it. "H'm'm-mph! 'Ol' Faithful,' Sam!" and instantly her glance shot across the slip to the dark and silent *Salamander*. "They's on'y two bellies I know of what kin hold this stuff widout corrodin' their backbone!"

"Ya mean Bullwinkle gave it to him?" Big Sam shook his head. "I doubt it. He wouldn't give ya the time o' day without collectin' ten seconds interest."

Annie nodded. "Ye're right, Sam. Shif'less probably snuck over there and stole it. Well, you an' Peter throw him in his bunk, an' we'll git under way."

Minutes later the *Narcissus* surged away, her running lights gleaming like jewels in the clear, starry night; and within the hour, after checking identification with the Navy picket boat that patrolled the restricted waters of Williwaw Island, she was gliding alongside the atomic power company's sentry-guarded, floodlighted wharf.

Waiting to greet Annie when she stepped ashore was a burly, pleasant-faced United States Navy officer who introduced himself as Cmdr. Owen Beam, and the tall, ascetic-looking civilian with him as Professor Langley, the physicist in charge of the plant.

"Pleased to meetcha!" said Annie affably, then stared at Langley with unabashed interest. "So you're one o' these eggshell perfessers I bin hearin' about," she said, impressed. "Well, well! It's a small world! But where's yer lead suit?"

"Oh, we—er—eggshells only wear that when we're working," he said, eyes twinkling. "But let's look your tow over, captain, while Commander Beam briefs you——" and he led the way on board a nearby barge.

It was a specially designed, steel, pontoon type with a decked-over hold and heavy, protected hatch covers clamped down and locked, and a compressed-air dumping mechanism under a small housing. One turn of a valve handle, Beam explained, caused the divided hold bottom to swing down and out and void its contents; and a reversed twist closed it again and pumped out any sea water, ready for another load.

"So all you do," Beam concluded

Annie spun the wheel hard over, wrenching the tug around.

as they returned to the *Narcissus*, "is take her offshore over the thousand-fathom depth, drop the cargo and close the hold. And if you follow instructions exactly, there should be no risk."

"What's she carryin'?" Annie asked curiously. "Platonic bums?"

Smiling, Langley explained. The cargo was a number of metal containers, each 6 by 21 feet and weighing more than one ton apiece, filled with "hot" sodium—the radioactive waste left over from construction, in the plant, of atomic units for nuclear-powered government vessels and submarines.

"Every container," he told her, "is rigged to explode when it hits sea bottom, and the sodium is carried harmlessly away. But any accident in dumping them," he warned, "can be extremely dangerous!"

"Accident?" Annie replied. "What kinda accident?"

"Anything that might punch a hole in a container if it's improperly dropped. Because the second that water reaches that sodium it might explode. And——" He stopped, looked at Beam.

"And you, and everybody else within quite an area, captain," Beam finished for him soberly, "will have had it! But with common-sense precaution, that's not likely to happen. And now"—he shook hands—"goodbye and good luck!"

Two hours later, with the barge latched securely alongside, the *Narcissus* plowed steadily across the smoothly heaving, island-studded waters toward Totem-pole Pass, a wide, deep, gently curving channel between high, densely forested hills. Along the 20-mile length of the channel were scattered totem poles of unknown antiquity, abandoned Indian villages, and decayed funeral platforms built up in the trees.

The moon was gone now, the night brilliant with stars; and as Annie left her cabin to relieve Peter at the wheel, automatically her practiced glance swept sea and sky, noting, just a few miles ahead, the flash of the Totem-pole Pass entrance beacon, and astern the running lights of a following vessel, while close abeam was the rugged shore of Squaw Island. Then, drinking in the pure, fresh sea air, and filled with happy energy, she joined Peter.

"Looks kinda dark out now wi' the moon down," he commented.

"Yeah. But they's plenty o' starlight. Know what my old ma used to call the stars when I was little, Peter? The bright, laughin' eyes o' God's children. Ain't that sweet?"

"Sure is, Annie." He added, as she poured herself a mug of steaming coffee from the carafe, "Bullwinkle still followin' us?"

Annie choked, spraying coffee. "Wha-what's that?" she demanded.

"You heerd me," said Peter calmly. "Hank spotted him skulkin' behind Cedar Point back along Squaw Island there, near an hour ago. After we passed and he took out after us—an'

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don't tell me he ain't tailin' us, Annie, because when I change speed he does too."

"Jingle Big Sam fer more revs!" snapped Annie; and as the engine-room signal sounded she dashed outside and stared astern, while the propeller beat sharply increased. Then, almost at once, it decreased and, after a rumbling flurry, ceased altogether.

"We're stoppin'!" Peter yelled. "What goes on, here?"

But already Annie was pounding down the ladder to the engine room, where she collided with Big Sam, who was hastening topside.

"Don't blame me, Annie!" he blurted, red-faced and sweating. "Them bunkers was full when we went up to that dance!"

"Blame ye fer what? Why have we stopped?"

"We're plumb out o' fuel oil! And I can't figure why! The oil-dock boys even stayed late to give us all we needed! I remember that because Bullwinkle yelled at them to bunker him before they quit, and they told him he'd hafta wait till mornin'!"

"Bullwinkle!" Instantly Annie had the answer. "Him wid no fuel—an' he's way out here—astarn of us—right now! O-oh brother!"

Before Big Sam could answer, they were deafened by the hoarse roar of the *Salamander's* siren. Pushing a huge bow wave, she surged up close alongside and stopped, while Mr. Bullwinkle, stepping from his wheelhouse, swaggered to the rail and calmly surveyed the helpless *Narcissus* and her tow. Then, "Ah, there, Fatso!" he cried. "Fancy seein' you here! What happened—yer bottom rot out?"

"Ye know dang well what happened, ye thief!" Annie roared furiously. "Gittin' Shif'less drunk, then pumpin' our fuel oil into yer *Salamander*——"

"Try an' prove that!" he jeered.

"——an' leavin' just enough so's we'd have a breakdown an' you could take over our tow! Of all the crawlin', creepin'——"

"Well, now ya mention it, I might just do that. Because—let's face it, dear—who else can? So ya better quit steamin' and start thinkin'!"

"He's right, Annie," Big Sam muttered. "Anythin' happens to that barge wi' the cargo she's got, we'll be in muck up to here! Ya better let him have it an' settle in court later!"

But Annie, blind with rage, violently refused until, suddenly spying Shiftless hovering nervously in the background, dealt him a flying kick that shot him clear up to the fantail; and, with pent-up feelings thus discharged, she gloweringly consented to deal with the perfidious and grinning Mr. Bullwinkle, while Peter and the others got the anchor down.

"That's my girl—always agreeable if ya have to be," her rival commented calmly after he boarded the *Narcissus* and followed Annie to the messroom. "Got any cold beer?"

The men seek shelter from the approaching barge.

"Yeah, I do have," she answered, stony-eyed. "Why?"

"Nothin'! Skip it, ye nasty-tempered old dugong!" he rasped.

"That," said Annie grimly, "is more like yer ugly self. Now, then—what's yer terms—the usual take-it-an'-like-it bit?"

This, he agreed, was exactly it. So he demanded, and Annie bitterly had to concede to him, the barge job, including towing fee and a like sum in lieu of salvage which, he cheerfully admitted, no admiralty court in its right mind would ever award him. Also—which gagged her most—he must be proclaimed innocent in the matter of the peregrinating fuel oil. "Furthermore," Mr. Bullwinkle stipulated as he got up to go, "ya gotta stay away from them atomic-power-plant guys and leave their towin' jobs to me!"

"Git goin'!" Annie snapped, "afore I sock ye one an' bounce ye on yer brains!"

Flashlight in hand, she took him to the barge and parroted Professor Langley's instructions. But Mr. Bullwinkle, anxious now to be under way, paid scant attention and hustled back to his tug. Then, with one leg over the rail, he turned back to her.

"But say, pal," he said, with elaborate concern, "what about the *Narcissus*? Where yore anchored here is poor holdin' ground; an' when the tide comes tearin' back outta the pass tomorra ya'll drag your hook fer sure! But look!" he pointed to nearby Squaw Island. "About three, four mile along there is Deep Cove, with a dock where some big fish-liver-oil storage tanks is. You know—the fishermen discharges their oil into 'em for transshipment——"

"How come you know these waters so well?" Annie interrupted.

"There's a drug-manufacturin' company in Secoma uses the oil in makin' vitamin pills, an' I towed a few tank-barge loads down to 'em from here coupla years ago. Well, I could tow ya to the cove—it's on the way to the pass—an' pick ya up tomorra an' take ya back to Port Chilkat——"

"An' all it'll cost me is a extra 500 bucks! Is that it?" Annie demanded wrathfully. "Well, I wouldn't take a tow from you if I had to stick a fedder in me tail an' fly back!"

Belligerently she watched his hasty retreat along the deck; for he knew from past experience how far he could goad her without actual physical retaliation. Then she returned to the *Narcissus* and, after setting a deck watch and ordering Clem, the radio operator, to raise Port Chilkat and arrange for dispatch of a refueling barge in the morning, Annie trudged dispiritedly to her cabin.

Less than an hour after she was startled awake by frantic banging on her door and Clem's urgent voice. "Annie! Annie! Wake up! The *Salamander*'s in trouble!"

continued next issue

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You'll know it's THE 21ST

By knowing what to look for you can begin your strategy now—be it business, family, career, retirement, or a happier and healthier lifestyle.

by Judith Waldrop

The Americans of the 21st century are today's children. Their values are being shaped by mothers who work outside the home, neighbors who speak different languages, and teachers who preach about the environment. Their destinies are being determined by the amount of money we set aside for their college education and for our own retirement. They will live in a world quite different from ours.

How can you prepare for that world? If you know what to look for, you can plan your strategy now. This article tells you where today's trends will lead you. How will you know it's the 21st century?

You'll know when...

Everyone belongs to a minority group.

As the 20th century closes, white men are already less than half of the labor force. By 2010, married couples will no longer be a majority of households. Asians will outnumber Jews by a margin of two to one, and Hispanics will lead blacks as the nation's largest minority. But it will take until 2039, the year the youngest baby boomer turns age 75, for that generation to cease to dominate consumer markets.

By 2020, immigration will become more important to U.S. population growth than natural increase (the growth that occurs because births outnumber deaths). The population will diversify even more rapidly.

You'll know when...

Parents no longer dream of better lives for their children.

In 2000, most new jobs will require schooling beyond high school. This will drive unemployment rates up among less-educated workers. The cycle of poverty will become even more vicious as low-income parents find themselves unable to send their children to college. If there is no attempt to stop current trends, half of all children born in New York City this year will face the same problems. Businesses will lose both customers and skilled workers—two groups they will desperately need.

You'll know when...

Full-time homemakers approach extinction.

As the new century begins, more than 80 percent of women aged 25 to 54 will be in the labor force. Most of the rest will be out of work only temporarily. Women will account for nearly half of the labor force, and businesses will be utterly dependent on their skills.

But women will still be the family's principal caretakers. Employers will have to adapt to keep them on the job. Parental leave and flexible working hours will be the rule for all but the smallest businesses.

You'll know when...

The family must be redefined.

By the year 2000, more than half of all American children will spend part of their lives in single-parent homes. Though divorce rates will be stable, an increasing number of babies will be born to unmarried mothers. By 2010, about one in three married couples with children will have a stepchild or an adopted child. Interracial marriage and adoption, encouraged by increasing immigration and growing social tolerance, will darken the face of the average American family. Most children will never

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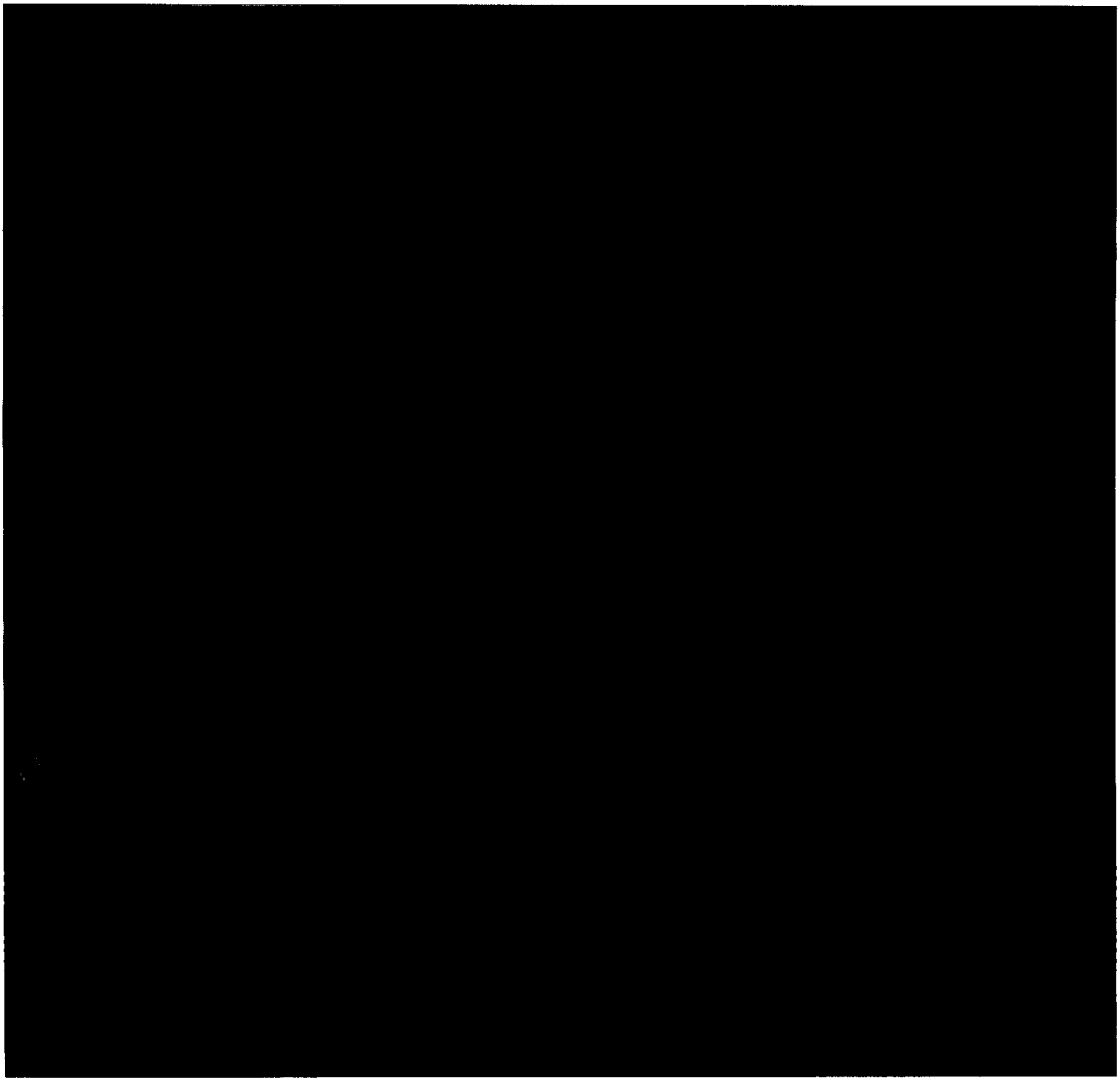
CENTURY

when...



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know a time when their mothers did not work outside the home.

In the 21st century, alternatives to marriage will be sought not just by young singles, but also by other people. Households that the Census Bureau now defines as "nonfamilies," including unmarried heterosexual couples, homosexual couples, and friends who live together, eventually will receive legal recognition as families in all 52 states.

You'll know when...

The boss learns to nurture.

Retaining good workers will be a top corporate priority in the 21st century. Slow population growth will make skilled entry-level workers even more difficult to find. Turnover will be even more expensive because many new workers will have to be trained in-house for highly specialized jobs. Relocating skilled personnel will be even more difficult, because people in two-career marriages won't want to move unless their spouses can also find work. In the year 2000, one employee in four will come from a minority group. Many will not speak English. Most larger corporations will have special offices that deal with minority concerns.

Today, nearly all major corporations have job training programs. In the 21st century, most workers will have access to company-sponsored support networks that include mental health programs, drug and alcohol counseling, and fitness programs.

You'll know when...

The workplace shrinks.

In the 21st century, manufacturing jobs will continue to decline as service jobs grow. Because service businesses are generally small local operations, the size of the average workplace will shrink—both in the number of employees and in the total square footage of space. Increased specialization will also make manufacturing plants smaller; the size of wholesale and retail outlets will shrink along with them. Businesses no longer will need to stock large inventories.

Working won't always mean going to the office, either. With advanced communications equipment, employees on the road or in smaller satellite offices will be able to work closely with the main office. Many others will work at home. The workweek will be shorter, but flexible work schedules will keep offices and shops open longer. As a result, customer service will improve.

You'll know when...

There's nowhere to go but sideways.

In the year 2000, one-fifth of the American labor force will be aged 45 to 54. Many will expect to move into top management jobs, but most will be disappointed. Some companies will soften the blow by creating positions with top-level pay but not the authority. Other companies will offer alternative rewards, including long paid vacations and free education. But many disgruntled employees will leave their firms to begin their own small businesses. Job specialization will increase, and competition will intensify.

You'll know when...

Career paths have side tracks.

By the year 2000, dual incomes and forgiving employers will make it easier for skilled people to slip in and out of the work force. Many people will work part-time while going to school, raising a family, or after retiring from a lifelong career.

Higher education will be expensive but jobs will be plentiful, so many young people will work before they go to college. By 2000, half of all college students will be aged 25 or older. Adult education will continue to grow.

Early retirement may tempt executives who have topped out, but many 21st-century employers will have eliminated retirement incentives as they try to retain skilled workers. And the high cost of retirement will keep many workers on the job. One retiree in three will return to work within two years. To retire in 2030 on today's equivalent of $1,000 a month, workers will have to save $4,800 a year starting now.

You'll know when...

The retirement population explodes.

Between July 2008 and July 2009, 3.5 million people will celebrate their 62nd birthday as the first baby boomers pass this milestone. That's 37 percent more than in the previous year, and 63 percent more than in 1990. Economic incentives could push the average age of retirement up as much as seven years. But despite delayed retirement plans, the boom will continue for several decades and peak around 2020. People who postpone retirement will receive more benefits, and their Social Security checks will reflect cost of living increases. Retirement homes will be hot sellers. And the travel industry will benefit from an increased market for year-round vacationing.

You'll know when...

Life becomes leisurely.

In the 21st century, Americans will becomes preoccupied with leisure time—not just because they're growing older, but also because there's a crack in the work ethic. A majority of Americans already believe that their leisure time is more important than the time they spend at work. This feeling will be fueled by growing job dissatisfaction, limited promotional opportunities, and conflicts between worklife and homelife. Because a large share of population will be in their peak earning years and because many older workers delay retirement, the leisure industry will benefit from an unusually affluent market. Time-constrained vacationers will be willing to pay top dollar for the relaxation they crave.

You'll know when...

America's health kick becomes the doctor's orders.

By the early 21st century, the United States will face severe shortages of hospital beds, physicians, and nurses. Staying healthy will become a priority. Half of Americans will be aged 40 or older in 2015, and many

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will be under doctors' orders to eat better and exercise more. Shoppers will depend on labels and seals of approval when buying food. Health products, from exercise machines to self-help books, will enjoy record sales. Home diagnostic products and services will include everything fom AIDS tests to 900 numbers for instant nutritional consultations. The U.S. alcohol and tobacco market will continue to decline.

You'll know when...

People will live longer than they want to.

In June 1990, the Supreme Court established the right to die for terminally ill patients who make their wishes clear. A few days later, Dr. Jack Kevorkian shocked America by helping a woman use a "suicide machine" he had invented. In the 21st century, these will be recognized as landmark events. The right to die will become increasingly important as life expectancy continues to advance beyond the ablility of medical science to provide a comfortable existence.

By 2000, fewer than 2 percent of Americans will be aged 85 or older. Over the next 50 years, however, this group's share of the population will triple. Businesses will openly provide medical, legal, financial, psychological, and spiritual servies for people who want to die. Most of their clients will be elderly, but some will be younger people suffering from cancer or AIDS.

You'll know when...

Cooking from scratch means pushing the right buttons.

Turning gray won't turn baby boomers into old-fashioned cooks. But that doesn't mean they won't want good food. Twenty-first-century homemakers will want dishes fresh from the oven in ten minutes or less. The microwave will be America's most popular cooking appliance, used primarily to heat prepared foods. The fastest-growing segment of homemakers will be unmarried men who live alone or head families.

You'll know when...

More people read computer printouts than books.

The children of the 21st century will be on intimate terms with computer chips. They will earn to use computers in grade school, and their homes will be filled with programmable VCRs, remote controls, and other computerized gadgets. Unlike many 20th-century adults, the new generation will be computer literate. And people with only a high school education will be just as likely as college-educated people to use personal computers in their daily lives.

Computer games will still be a favorite pastime in the 21st century, but a new product—"Virtual Reality"—will dominate the American market. "Virtual Reality" allows users to see and experience places and events as though they were actually there. Most users will play for fun, but the product will also have educational and therapeutic uses. For many it will replace drugs as an escape from reality.

You'll know when...

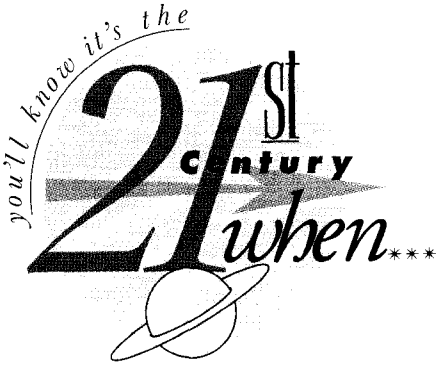
People create their own news.

In the 20th century, television advertisers were frightened when remote controls and proliferating channels gave audiences more control over their viewing. By 2000, newspaper advertisers will be coping with computerized, menu-driven newspapers that allow subscribers to order only the news that interests them. On-line services will extend to banking, ticket, and catalog purchases, referral services, brokerage services, and social networks.

You'll know when...

Consumers have it all.

Many 21st century products will be "smart" versions of products that now exist. Smart cards will carry magnetic strips containing your financial or medical information. Smart televisions will know what you want to watch before you turn them on. They will even record programs you forget to watch. Smart houses will allow you to control all of your appliances with one device. Smart pill bottles will beep when it's time for you to take your pill, then automatically record time and dosage.



You'll know when...

All of the Sierra Club's wishes come true.

By 2010, the generation born after Earth Day 1970 will be in control of the country. Nearly all 21st century Americans will consider themselves environmentalists. Yet most consumers won't voluntarily switch to green products; instead, green products will be mandated by environmental legislation. Before the U.S. population hits 300 million, in 2029, strict national laws will govern recycling, packaging standards, and waste disposal.

You'll know when...

Big cities suffer big disasters.

Population and jobs will continue to move out of central cities to surburban locations, as telecommunications equipment allows people to work and live where they want. Corporate headquarters, research and development offices, and sales staff will no longer need to be located near one another. A city's "quality of life" will be the best predictor of its ability to attract skilled employees. Rapid population growth will force many Sunbelt cities to add infrastructure. But funding for public works will lag even further behind public need in the 21st century. Entire sections of northeastern and midwestern cities will be vacant while southern and western cities will face chronic housing shortages. Shifting populations will erode the corporate tax base and generate service delivery nightmares. Traffic jams will take to the air. Airlines will serve approximately 800 million passengers in 2000, almost twice as many as in 1990. But airport expansion will not have kept pace with the increased traffic. Passengers will experience constant delays at major airports. To avoid air travel, many businesses will turn to telecommunication links for conferences and sales.

continued on page 111

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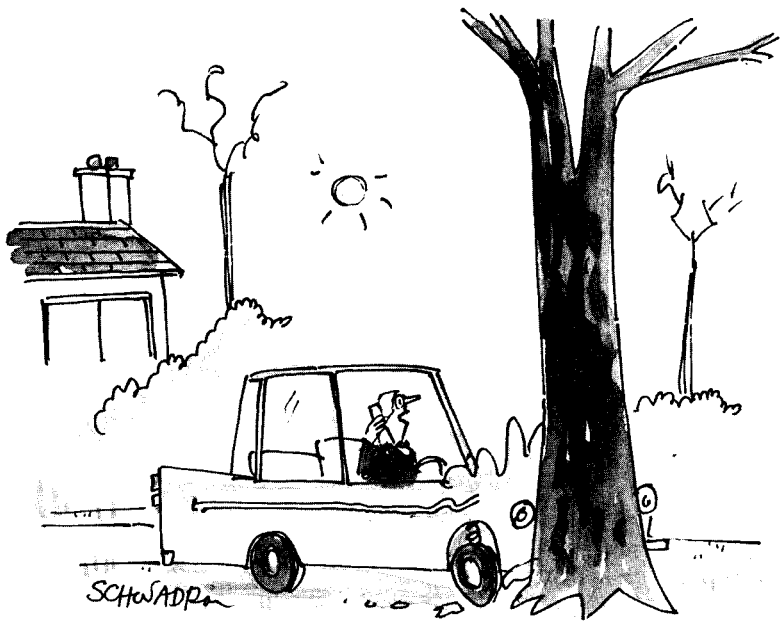
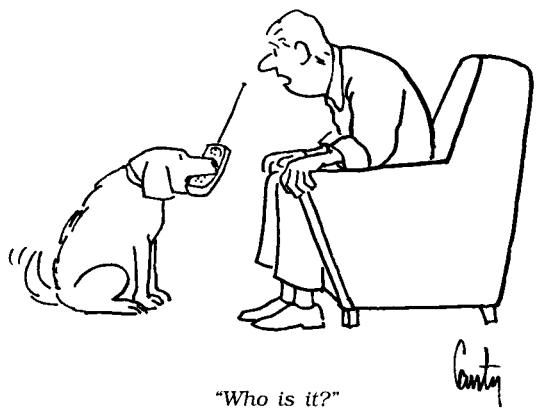


"Hello, operator? I was suddenly disconnected!"

PHONE-Y BUSINESS



"Who is it?"

"I've got to go. There's someone at the door!"

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Portrait

continued from page 56

living from commissions painting murals on the walls of government buildings and workman's clubs. But when the political scene became too volatile for his sensitive nature, he decided to abandon his homeland and seek a new life in Constantinople, now known as Istanbul.

Here he painted signs and did murals on the walls of restaurants in exchange for meals. After turning out two life-size portraits of Georges Carpenter and Jack Dempsey for a fight film, he landed a job doing posters for a local movie house. His portraits stopped traffic and helped fill the theater.

Within two years Alajalov had saved enough money for passage to America, arriving in New York in January 1923. His lean days here were shortened considerably by the chance meeting of a boyhood friend who told him of a restaurant about to be opened by a Russian countess. Alajalov quickly convinced the countess that he was the right one to decorate the walls. His murals were so successful that he began getting commissions from other restaurant owners as well as from hotels and wealthy art patrons who wanted Alajalov's creations brightening the rooms of their lavish homes.

This type of work was, of course, far from magazine illustration. This new career began when a friend encouraged Alajalov to submit a selection of his drawings to *The New Yorker*. To his surprise they were accepted, and his first cover appeared on the magazine's September 1926 issue.

Though readers would be attracted to *The New Yorker* by its Alajalov covers for the next 20 years, his illustrations also decorated the pages of other popular periodicals such as *Vanity Fair*, *Vogue*, and *Town and Country*. In addition he illustrated many widely read books. Among them were George Gershwin's *Song Book*, 1932; *Our Hearts Were Young and Gay*, by Cornelia Otis Skinner, 1942; Alice Duer Miller's *Cinderella*, 1943; and a collection of Alajalov's work, titled *Conversation Pieces*, with text by Janet Flanner.

The now highly regarded illustrator's relationship with *The Saturday Evening Post* began when Ben Hibbs replaced Wesley Stout as managing editor. Hibbs' many changes were to include the first alteration of the *Post* logo in nearly 50 years, shorter stories, more pictures, and more cartoons. Among the reader-friendly additions that survive today are the "Map Game," "You Be The Judge," "Perfect Squelch," and "Post Scripts." Stevan Dohanos, John Atherton, John Falter, and George Hughes, as well as Alajalov, were the well-known names among Hibbs' stable of cover artists.

Although Alajalov's work appealed to men and women alike, the artist proved to be a special champion of the ladies. His insight into their plight and position in American society was especially sharp. He was ahead of his time in realizing that the skills and abilities of the "weaker sex" were by no means weak. Other subjects that inspired his covers were derived from his favorite pastimes: travel, fishing, golf, and museum hopping.

In addition to his light-hearted illustrations, Alajalov also displayed considerable talent in more serious painting. Among his numerous portraits were those of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor. He also found time to teach and lecture at two New York art schools for many years.

Alajalov's final cover for the *Post*, Dec. 1, 1962, featuring a woman fretting over her play of cards in a late night game of bridge, was the last humorous illustrated cover on the magazine until it was revived in the early '70s.

Unknown at the time, this sad event ended a 60-year tradition of making light of the American public's often illogical psyche.

Constantin Alajalov died Oct. 24, 1987, at his home in Amenic, New York. Many of his *Post* cover paintings can be viewed at The American Illustrators Hall of Fame in Indianapolis.

—Maynard Good Stoddard and Steve Pettinga

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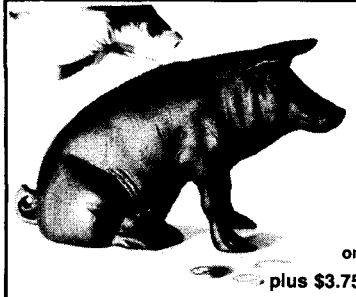
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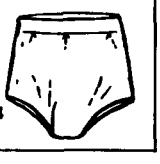

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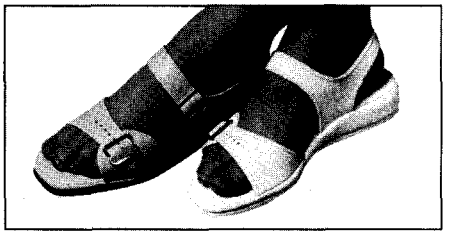
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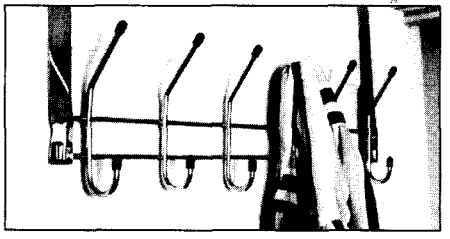
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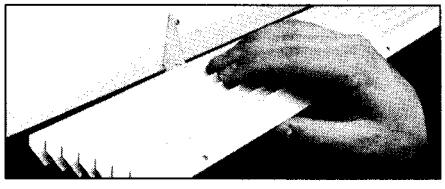

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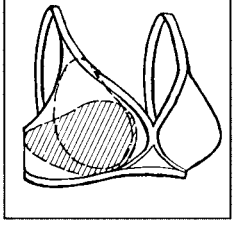

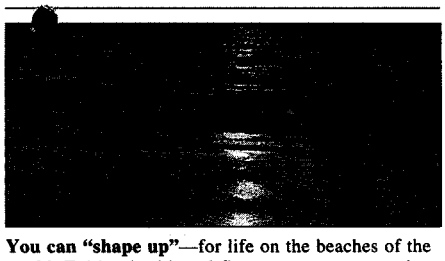

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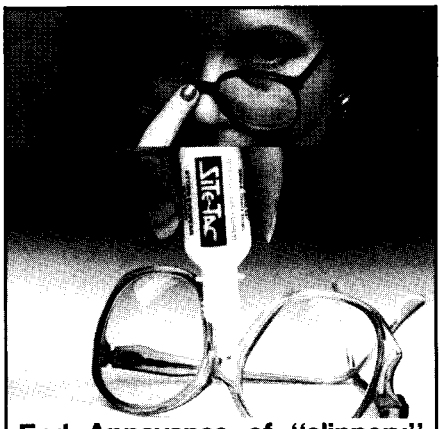

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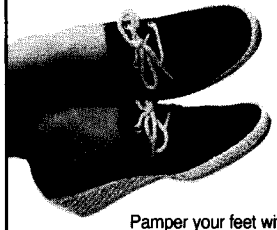

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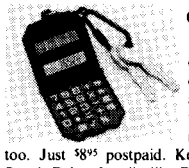

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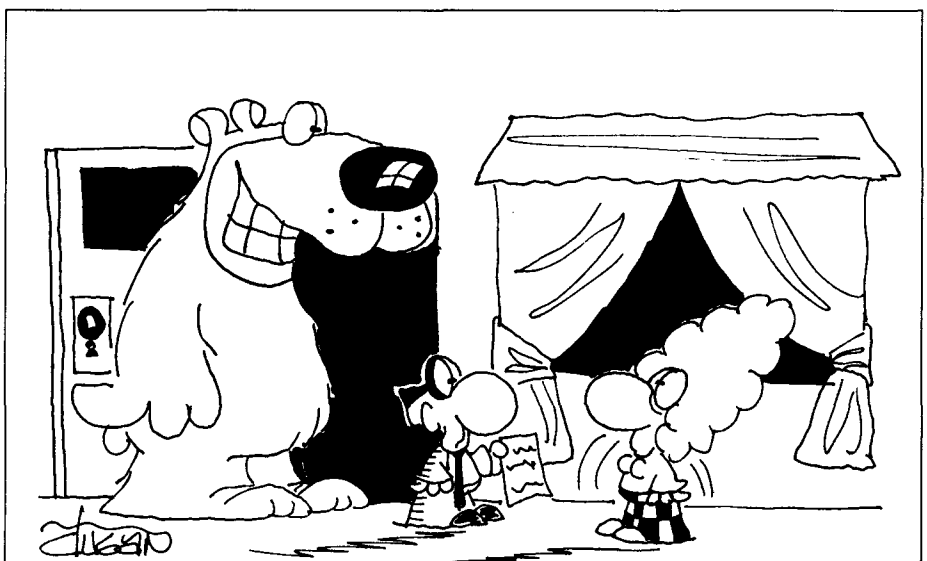

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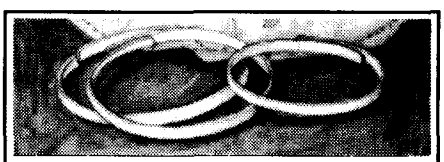

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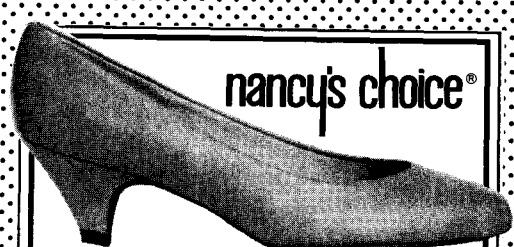

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Aïda

continued from page 53

"You and Aïda will reign happily in Ethiopia."

But as the King took Radames's hand to lead him away, a shout rang out in the darkness. "Traitor!"

It was Amneris. She and the High Priest had come from the temple and had overheard the plot.

"Traitor!" she screamed again.

Amonasro lept to kill Amneris with his dagger, but Radames ran between them to shield her.

"Go quickly!" he warned Aïda and Amonasro, and the King ran, dragging Aïda with him.

Radames stood before Amneris and the High Priest. He did not try to escape. Instead, he threw down his sword.

"I surrender!" he cried. "I am your prisoner!"

The treason of Radames shocked and infuriated all of Egypt. Guards locked him in the deepest dungeon in the palace. Soon his trial would begin, and he would be sentenced to a horrible death.

Amneris was in a state of grief. Her love of Radames had not diminished. Deep in her heart, she knew he had not meant to betray his country. Her own jealousy had made the mighty warrior a prisoner. She longed to beg her father, the Pharaoh, to release him, but she knew Radames still loved Aïda. She also knew soldiers had killed Amonasro, but Aïda had escaped and was still alive—somewhere.

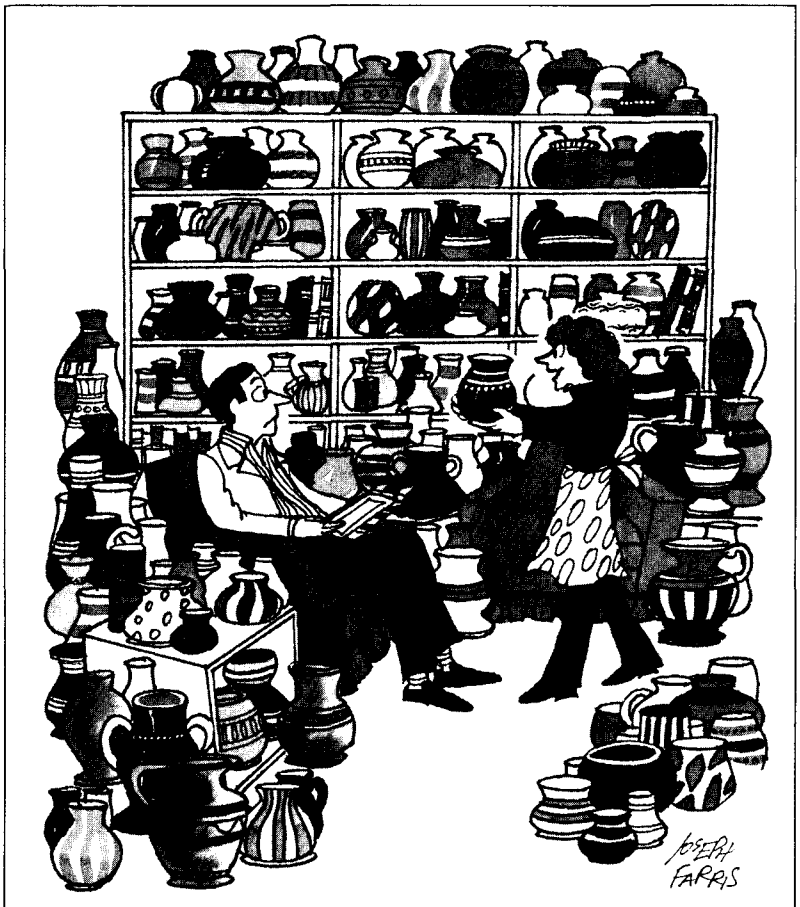
In desperation, Amneris commanded the guards to bring Radames to her. She humbled herself and pleaded with him to forget Aïda.

"I will find a way to set you free, free to marry me and share the throne of Egypt," she said. "But you must never see Aïda again."

Radames refused. "You are Princess of Egypt, my country; and you have all that anyone could ask for. Yet I will always love Aïda, and there will never be room in my heart for anyone else."

The more Amneris begged him, the more strongly he refused.

When the priests came to take Radames, Amneris was in a rage of anger and jealousy, and she made no attempt to stop them. But when he left, she fell to the ground in tears, cringing as she heard the priests loudly accuse Radames of betrayal.



"Look, honey, I made another pot!"

"Traitor! Traitor!" the High Priest, Ramfis, shouted again and again, but Radames never uttered a word to defend himself. Louder and louder the cruel accusations were hurled at him.

Amneris prayed to Isis and the other gods of Egypt to show mercy and save the man she loved, but the gods were silent.

The tribunal of priests pronounced Radames guilty of treason and sentenced him to be buried alive.

As the priests passed from the trial, Amneris flung herself before the High Priest. She insulted him and threatened revenge, but her cries were in vain.

"Radames, the traitor, will die," he said coldly.

Only the priests and guards were allowed to watch Radames walk into the deepest vault below. They sealed the last opening, shutting out all light and the last breath of fresh air. Alone, waiting quietly for death, Radames thought only of Aïda. He would never see her sparkling eyes and gentle smile again.

Suddenly, in the darkness, he heard Aïda's voice. At first, Radames thought it was a dream. But no—she escaped and was hiding in the vault, waiting for him.

"Aïda, my love, you are too young and beautiful to die."

Radames pushed in vain, trying to open the vault.

But Aïda gently placed her arms around him. With a tender kiss, she told him to stop:

"Remember, we will never be separated again. For eternity, we will be together."

And with all the love in the world, they held each other close—so close—as if they would never part.

Above their tomb, dressed in black, Princess Amneris prayed to the gods to forgive her and to grant heavenly rest to Radames, her love.

The gods granted her wish, but not as she hoped. For as she prayed to the gods and wept, a peaceful death had come to the Ethiopian Princess Aïda and Radames, the greatest warrior of Egypt. Finally they were together—forever in each other's arms.

Storyteller's Note

Aïda as a heroine—and Aïda *as an opera—has been meaningful, poignant, and personal for me. In many ways, I believe Aïda is a portrait of my inner self.*

She was my best friend operatically and was a natural for me because my skin was my costume. This fact was a positive and strong feeling and allowed me a freedom of expression, of movement, and of interpretation that

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other operatic heroines I performed did not. I always felt, while performing Aïda, *that I was expressing all of myself—as an American, as a woman, and as a human being.*

Vocally, the role was perfectly suited to my voice in every respect—lyrically, dramatically, and in timbre. The role presented no difficulties, and because my voice was infused with the emotions I felt about Aïda, I sang with vocal ease and great enjoyment.

My first Grand Opera performance of this noble Ethiopian Princess's story was on the stage of the War Memorial Opera House in San Francisco in 1957. Totally prepared, eager and excited, I performed my debut Aïda *with great success. I went on to perform* Aïda *at the Chicago Lyric Opera House, the Arena di Verona and La Scala in Italy, the Vienna Staatsoper, the Paris Opera House, Covent Garden in London, the Hamburg Staatsoper in Germany, and my home opera house, the Metropolitan Opera House in New York City—where I performed the role more often than in any other opera house.*

Aïda has given me great inspiration onstage and off. Her deep devotion and love for her country and for her people—her nobility, strength, and courage—are all qualities I aspire to as a human being. I will never forget her.

—Leontyne Price

Snap, Crackle and Wham!

continued from page 55

tendency to leave the ground when mowing up the hill that forms our front yard, I handle this tricky assignment myself. And once before mowing over a few twigs from a locust tree, I got off the Murray to pick them up. But not before wisely turning the mower sideways to the hill and turning the front wheels upgrade.

How the thing turned itself around, I haven't figured out. But I was picking up the twigs and humming happily to myself (I seldom hum to anyone else), when my brand new bright red 11-horse Murray shot past me at about 40 miles an hour. I, naturally, dropped my twigs and started to run after it. But as I can now do only 35 miles per hour, I soon gave up. And had to stand there and watch it pick up speed as it approached the board fence bordering the road.

I did get one break. My beautiful mower *whammed* one of the posts head-on. Otherwise, it would have gone through the fence, over the road, and disappeared down the embankment on the other side. In which case we'd probably still be looking for its remains. As it was, it took out the post and two sections of fence.

The mower still runs, although with a concave front end. As for the headlights, they are not just right for hunting coon. As far as I can see, that's the only advantage of having a mower hit a fence post.

My dear wife is out mowing right now. So far, I've heard only two *whumps* and a *thwack*. Oh, oh, there goes a *crump*. Oh well, what's another stump in the life of a mower?

Best Buddy

continued from page 27

of the mentally disabled population is mildly retarded, with I.Q.'s ranging from 52 to 70. These people are not, Shriver says, eternal children. They grow into mentally handicapped adults with needs for adult friendship.

But what happens to these friendships when the college buddy graduates, heads off into the real world and perhaps an out-of-town job? Certainly the relationship changes; most buddies, in fact, get new matches. But each new match extends the mentally handicapped person's network of friends "in a positive way," says Shriver.

Kathy Parker, who participates in the University of California-Santa Cruz program, is a good example. Her first college buddy, Rachel, went to Israel to study Hebrew, but she still contacts Kathy by postcards and letters. Her second, Rebecca, probably will be moving on soon. Kathy confides that Rebecca is getting married to a young man named Todd, who has come to visit from out of state. "I even danced with him," she says proudly.

Keep in mind, too, that these friendships are not likely to be easily forgotten. Tony VanTiem's parents are confident that their son will be perfectly capable of flying cross-country to visit buddy Elizabeth at her new job in Boston next year. And Elizabeth is making plans to play tour guide and show Tony all the sights.

"We don't make friends just to lose them," says Carol VanTiem. "I'm sure we'll all be in touch."

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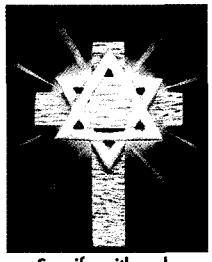

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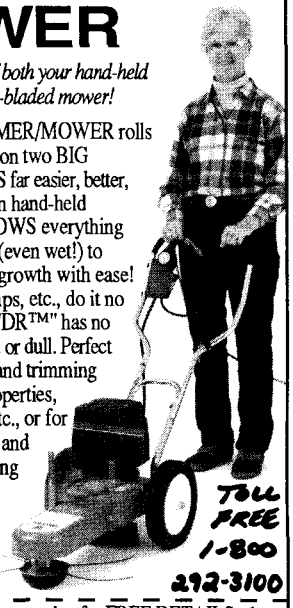

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Nincompoopery

continued from page 22

Surely you and your fellow outdoorsmen say things like, "All at once I found myself right in the middle of this gang of elk," or maybe, "Look, Fred! Here comes a sloth of bears! Run!"

I myself use all of the above terms, although it has been some time since I've come upon a leap of leopards. Actually, when it comes to group terms, I prefer "a whole mess of," which is easy to remember in tense situations, such as when a sloth of bears is heading your way.

Sadly, there are no group names for outdoorsmen, who deserve their own group terms just as much as do other wild creatures. In the interest of lexicography, I have invented my own group terms.

Let's begin with Cub Scouts. As with geese, the group terms vary according to what the Cubs are doing. If they are meeting at someone else's house, for example, they are referred to as a *den*. If they are meeting at your house, they are a *din* of Cub Scouts, a very important distinction, believe me! A group of den mothers, the adult leaders of Cubs, is a *frazzle*. Collectively, the husbands of den mothers are *the weekly poker game*.

There are different names for groups of fishermen in different situations. A group of fishermen driving out to begin a day of fishing is an *exuberance*. If the day turns out to be unsuccessful, the group is variously referred to as a *sulk* or a *grumble*. Fishermen surprised by a herd of mean cows (sometimes known as a *mayhem* of cows) become a *panic* of anglers or sometimes a *skein* of anglers. A group of ice fishermen is a *chatter* or a *chill*, although the term *loony* is often used, particularly by wives of ice fishermen.

As a group, spouses of fishermen off on a three-day lark, or even an exaltation of larks, are variously a *crash* of wives, a *leap* of wives, or sometimes a *murder* of wives. Often a single wife will appear to be a whole group under these circumstances and it is all right to use the appropriate group term, if you get the chance and think it will do any good.

Strangely enough, there are few interesting group names for hunters. For example, a group of lost hunters is referred to as "a group of lost hunters," although wives will occasionally refer to such a group as a *nincompoopery*. A *boast* of hunters refers to any group of hunters larger than one. A *tedium* is any group of hunters who get started talking about their first deer, first elk, or any of their other firsts, of which there are whole exaltations.

"I'll take it."

As a child, I once joined a *berserk* of kid campers heading for home after a mountain lion screamed near our camp. It might have been a whole *pride* of mountain lions, for all I know, but even one was excessive.

A *whiff* of skunk trappers is one of my favorite group terms, as is a *cramp* of camp cooks.

But what's that? Did I just hear a lark beckoning me? Gee, it may even be several larks, a whole exaltation of them. It's been a long time since I've gone off on an exaltation. If there's not a leap of wife outside my door, I might go investigate.

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Home-baked Bread

continued from page 20

heat to between 105° F. and 115° F. Pour into large warm mixing bowl and add yeast; stir until dissolved. Add honey, oil, onion tops, parsley, garlic, and salt; mix well. Add 1 cup flour and stir until smooth. Stir in more flour until a firm dough is formed. Knead on a lightly floured board about 5 minutes. Shape into a ball and place in a large greased bowl; turn to grease all sides. Cover bowl and set in a warm place to rise for 1 hour or until doubled in size. Punch dough down and divide into 2 equal parts. Shape each piece into a loaf and place in a greased 9" x 5" x 3" pan. Cover and let rise in a warm place about 1 hour or until doubled in size. Bake at 400° F. about 30 minutes or until loaves have a hollow sound when tapped and crust is brown. Remove from pans and cool on wire rack.

❖ ❖ ❖

Molasses Brown Bread
(Makes 2 small loaves or 1 regular loaf; 14 slices)

½ cup all-purpose flour
½ cup whole wheat flour
1 teaspoon baking soda
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon cinnamon
2 egg whites
1 cup bran cereal
2 tablespoons vegetable oil
⅓ cup molasses
¾ cup hot water
½ cup raisins

Stir together flours, soda, salt, and cinnamon. Set aside. In medium-size mixing bowl, beat egg whites slightly. Add bran cereal, oil, molasses, hot water, and raisins, beating until thoroughly combined. Add dry ingredients, mixing only until combined. Portion into 2 greased metal cans, 4 inches deep and 3 inches in diameter or spread batter evenly in one greased 8½" x 4½" x 2" loaf pan.

Bake at 350° F. about 40 minutes for bread in cans or about 35 minutes for loaf bread. Bread is done when wooden pick inserted near center comes out clean. Remove from cans or pan and cool. Serve warm or cold. Keep refrigerated.

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MOVIE REVIEW

THE KID WHO STAYED HOME ALONE

He has been labeled the male Shirley Temple, but until Home Alone *hit the big screen, Macaulay Culkin had just been a promising 10-year-old in a family of actors.*

by Maynard Good Stoddard

Macaulay Culkin's magic has made him the hottest property in Hollywood. His next movie will fatten his piggy bank by an estimated $1 million.

Kevin McCallister was mistakenly left home alone when his family took off for a vacation in Paris. But it's a cinch that Macaulay Culkin, who played the part, will find being alone again rather difficult after his endearing role in this box office bonanza of late 1990 and early 1991. If figures are required, the handsome sum of $15 million that the movie *Home Alone* cost 20th Century Fox to produce pales when compared to box office receipts that so soon surpassed $200 million.

If you haven't seen the film, your excuse may be that you don't have kids. But don't wait to have kids. If your kids are grown, that's still no reason for missing out on the comedy hit. In the words of the circus barker, it's a movie for "kids of all ages."

Oh, you might question how a family could accidentally take off on a trip and forget one of its members. And how Kevin could possibly come up with all the gimmicks he uses in thwarting a couple of dimwitted robbers: the hot doorknob, booby trapping the front steps with ice and the back steps with tar, the sound effects of gunfire, converting Christmas ornaments into land mines, and so on. But in the fun of watching the efficacy of these innovations until the confidence of the villains is completely shattered, along with parts of their anatomy, these questions are limited to only the severest of critics.

Kids of all ages will easily relate to a child's fantasy of taking over the house and becoming a hero through his ingenuity in defending it. Amid the slapstick results and the mother's wild escapades in returning home to her "vulnerable" baby, the viewer will find three subtle messages to take home.

First, Kevin is the underdog in daily competition with his older brother, who never misses a chance to belittle his younger sibling. Now it's the underdog's day, and he makes the most of it by proving that he is no wimp.

Second, a boy gets mad at his family and wishes it would go away—which it does—then feels responsible for his family's disappearance. Ultimately, having been taught a lesson of responsibility and consequences, he is loved.

Third, a bearded neighbor, reported by his brother to be the "South Bend Snow Shovel Slayer," meets Kevin in church on Christmas Eve and turns out to be a kindly grandfather who takes the boy's advice and resolves a long-standing feud with his own son.

"The movie is a true mirror of our society," says Allen Bohbot, whose advertising company specializes in the children's market. He estimates that two-thirds of all children Kevin's age are alone at home after school. "That child had to grow up quickly," Bohbot says. "Kids love Kevin, and Bart Simpson, because they do it with humor and irreverence. You've got to be cool, but you can't be bad."

For all the several heart tugs among its riotous action, *Home Alone* might have left many a potential viewer at home but for the magic charm of its budding new star, Macaulay Culkin, wisely chosen for the role by director Chris Columbus. As it was, the film took off running and perched at the top of the hit list for more than two months. To the surprise of even John Hughes, who wrote and produced the film, it successfully fended off the big boys: Robert Redford (*Havana*), Clint Eastwood (*The Rookie*), and even Arnold Schwarzenegger (*Kindergarten Cop*).

But who is this David that brought

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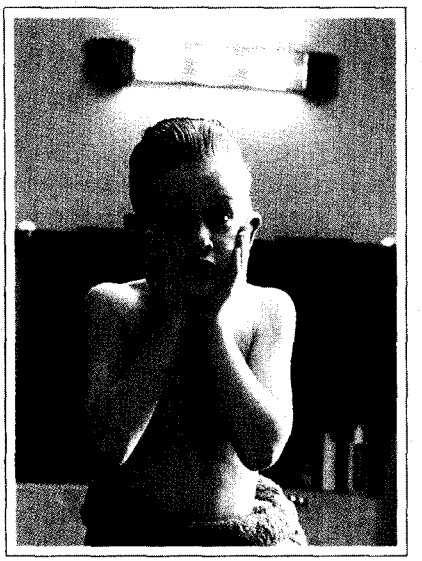
Said to have more presence than any child actor since Shirley Temple, Mac puts it to good use welcoming his mother, who has dashed home to save him.



Being cast as a boy home alone came as a unique experience for 10-year-old Mac, who in real life shares a bedroom with four brothers and two sisters.

From age four, Mac has appeared in six films, but by thwarting these two thugs he has become an instant hero to kids of all ages.

down the Goliaths with a slingshot loaded with charm?

Macaulay Culkin is just an average Tom Sawyer-type kid. Instead of another obnoxious Dennis the Menace so common on the screen today, his family background left little leeway in making his Kevin character a totally endearing, Nintendo-loving little boy. Macaulay began acting at age 4. And why not? His father, Christopher, has appeared in off-Broadway plays; Bonnie Bedelia, his aunt, played Harrison Ford's wife in *Presumed Innocent*; and three of his five siblings are actors, with the other two lacking in years rather than talent. Macaulay's biggest previous role was as John Candy's nephew in *Uncle Buck*.

Although Macaulay has become Hollywood's newest little big man, the accomplishment hasn't been accompanied by the usual big head. "He may push more buttons with women than Mel Gibson," says *The Washington Post*, "but his roving eye goes no further than Nintendo games." Macaulay is perhaps the only Hollywood star who doesn't have his own bedroom. He is quite content to share it with his four brothers and two sisters in the family's Manhattan apartment.

Viewers will be leaving the theater asking how anyone so young could acquire so much clout so suddenly. Enough clout, at any rate, to become what the trade calls a "hot property," with every studio in town scrambling to make a deal with him. The answer, as one critic phrased it, is because he is so "toothachingly *adorable*." Enough clout that the low six figures he was paid for *Home Alone* will be fattened to an estimated $1 million for his next movie, in which he plays a precocious kid who befriends a frightened, motherless girl next door.

And how does this skateboarding fifth grader handle all the hoopla and fame? Very well, thank you.

On a trip to London for the launching of *Home Alone*, the male Shirley Temple (one of several sobriquets he has acquired) was asked if his newfound success had spoiled him. He modestly said he didn't think so, pointing out that he had been acting since the age of 4, and he hoped that

continued on page 110

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RETURN TO EDEN

"Soft Adventure" is the lastest travel trend that has physically fit tourists walking on the wild side.

Text and Photography by Marda Burton

As the world becomes more accessible and comfortable—hardly a corner without its Big Macs—I find myself leaving home looking for adventure rather than a lazy week on the beach. And I'm not the only one. Close encounters with nature are a growing travel trend, providing deeper and more exhilirating glimpses into an expanded world—and more sophisticated traveling companions with different expectations.

I assumed the people who would go along with me on such adventures would be younger and fitter than I. As it turned out, they're fitter, maybe, but younger, no. The average age is 50, and many are older. What I like is called "soft" adventure; participating in *some* physical activity but not too much of it. My favorite adventure trips usually involve animal encounters in the wild. Here is a sampling of three of the best.

THE WHALES

Spy hops, soundings, flukes, baleen, breaching—this is the language of whale-watching.

Water churning with dolphins, desolate islands either lost in the mist or shimmering in the sun, colonies of quarrelsome elephant seals, clouds of swooping seabirds, "picket fences" of whale spouts—these are the sights.

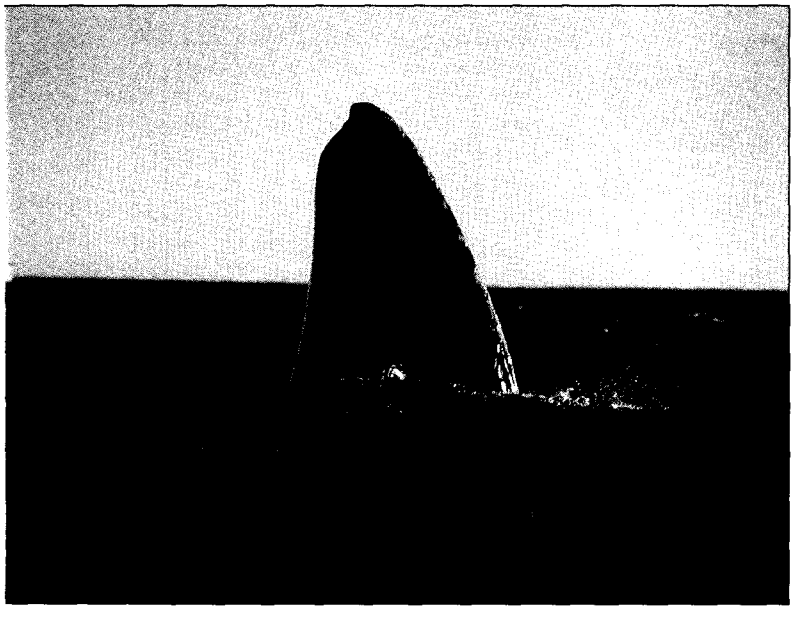
Young and young-at-heart enjoy the "time out" aspect of adventure travel.

A wild, 40-ton creature approaching to get his head stroked or to eyeball your boat rather than turn it over—this is the adventure.

When I began whale-watching—the first time was off the coast of Maritime Canada—I assumed (logically, I believed) I would be watching whales. But I quickly realized the term most often means watching for whales, a different and somewhat iffy proposition.

I did find my original assumption to be true after all when I cruised on the *Searcher to Mexico's* Laguna San Ignacio. In this sheltered lagoon, where whales once were slaughtered by the thousands, it's not only possible to watch whales but also to reach out and touch one—an unforgettable and somehow transcendental experience. So many whales inhabit the lagoon that at times the horizon is laced with spouts, a sight called a "picket fence."

The whole drill is possible because California gray whales journey to the warm waters of San Ignacio lagoon each winter to breed and give birth before eventually launching their big babies on the procession back home to the icy Bering Sea near Alaska. Said to be the longest animal migration in the world, the annual 15,000-mile round trip offers humans an unmatched opportunity to observe large numbers of whales running loose in the ocean. As a result, whale watching excursions are



Camera-carrying passengers leave their cruise ships in favor of quiet skiffs that do not disturb leaping whales or lazy seals. This "family" was spotted on the shore of San Benito Island.

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now big business up and down the Pacific coast.

Nowhere else can you see more whales up close than on the ultimate whale-watch devised by Biological Journeys, a respected wilderness tour company. It commissions the 30-passenger *Searcher*, a basic 105-foot sport-fishing boat with pint-sized cabins, for weekly seven-day cruises during the whale season (Jan. 26-March 24).

While whales star, there are plenty of splendid opportunities during the week to observe the other flora and fauna that occupy the wild, unspoiled Baja Peninsula and its tiny offshore islands. Daily nature walks and boat rides with a naturalist guide take passengers past elephant seal and sea lion rookeries, along guano-covered cliffs teeming with seabirds, and through sand dunes and mangrove swamps.

The Mexican goverment allows only two cruisers at a time into the wildlife refuge of San Ignacio lagoon, and *Searcher* spends three memorable days anchored there. Outfitted in wet gear, passengers leave the cruiser by day, going out in small motorized skiffs that don't disturb the whales but offer many chances to observe and photograph at close range.

What brings "friendlies" to the boats? Nobody knows for sure, and the whales aren't talking. Some think it's curiosity, but it's a fact that some whales completely ignore the boats, and others don't. They aren't fed, and wouldn't eat anything that was offered them anyway. I prefer to believe the gentle giants come alongside looking for love.

For more information: Biological Journeys, 1696 Ocean Drive, McKinleyville, CA 95521 (1-800-548-7555 outside California, or 707-839-0178 in California).

THE BEARS

Before leaving for Manitoba, I took out an insurance policy against death or dismemberment and hung a St. Christopher's medal around my neck. Touching all bases, I also slipped in a mustard seed and my lucky Elvis keychain. Since you're reading this, you know something worked.

Yoga Bear strikes a winsome pose; but don't let his cuddly looks fool you. The "Lord of the Arctic" is only vulnerable to high-powered rifles.

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Polar bears were to be the main objects of our observation, and I shivered at the thought of meeting the giant critters common to Canada's semi-frozen north.

Those deceptively cuddly carnivores migrate through Churchill, Manitoba (billed as "The Town That Loves Polar Bears"), while waiting for Hudson Bay pack ice to freeze over enough to hold their weight. During the thaw they become ravenous for their usual diet of ringed seal. In the meantime, they might be glimpsed dining inelegantly in Churchill's garbage dump or strolling along the streets begging for handouts.

In the cold, isolated town, I look over my shoulder while strolling past bear traps and signs warning "Polar Bear Alert!" But the only one I see is a stuffed giant in the Inuit Community Center.

Our conveyance, the *Tundra Buggy*, is a fancy name for a jerry-rigged truck/school bus contraption with giant tractor wheels but without shocks. It's a rough ride over ice-covered tidal flats out to Gordon Point, also known as Lunch Point because somebody had lunch there, or *was* lunch, I forget which.

Our home for three days is a movable four-vehicle camp up on wheels large enough to keep out hungry polar bears. In addition to a sleeping car, generator wagon, and observation deck, the camp's main hub is *Dan's Diner*, an erstwhile school bus bossed by the famous polar bear hunter, Dan Guravich. Stalking only the perfect photograph, he works incessantly to preserve his furry subjects from the predators who endanger them—men. No other animal is capable of bringing down the "Lord of the Arctic," and then only with high-powered rifles and motorized vehicles.

Here at last we see our first live bear, asleep like a big rock by the bay. As the curious bear moves closer and closer during a snow-flurried day, we risk frostbite and starvation to bear-watch and bear-photograph. Eventually, we name him Yoga Bear because he assumes so many different positions.

He goes surfing for all the world as though the 25-below-zero wind-chill factor is balmy. He stands and peers at us, covering windows with his huge paws. He poses for stand-up pictures, lounges, pokes his nose in a shed window, rips foam rubber off a three-wheeler and eats it. A real ham, he comes close enough to touch, but we don't. Next to man, this is one of the most dangerous creatures alive.

As a bonus we watch other tundra species including Arctic fox, ptarmigan, snowy owl, and countless other birds, as well as learn to appreciate the subtle beauty of their seemingly inhospitable habitat. After a regretful departure I realize that my adventure consisted of spending three days in a school bus without my feet ever touching the ground. Yet it was an experience to remember for a lifetime.

Victor Emanuel Nature Tours feature tundra adventures mid-October through mid-November. For

Lions drink from swimming pools at some posh safari lodges. Kenya outlawed hunting a decade ago; now visitors come armed only with camera, film, and tripods.

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more information contact them at Box 33008, Austin, TX 78764, (512) 328-5221. Or contact Dan Guravich, P.O. Box 891, Greenville, MS 38701.

THE LIONS

The story is told in Kenya of the passing of a lion and a Masai warrior, each on opposite sides of the road and each respecting the rights of the other. "If I had been walking there instead of the Masai, it would have been the end of me," says my Kikuyu guide, who explains Africa's delicately-balanced ecosystem as we jounce around Kenya's vast Masai Mara Game Preserve, the largest and to me most beautiful of Kenya's game parks.

Here in the cradle of life as we know it, where the bones of the first man were discovered, an extraordinary number of wild creatures are left to pursue life just as they have since the beginning of time. For the animals in a Kenyan game park, Eden still exists.

Kenya's game preserves are like giant zoos in reverse, with visitors staying strictly inside their mini-vans and lodge perimeters and the animals wandering around free and almost close enough to touch. Having outlawed hunting about 10 years ago, Kenya now attracts 600,000 visitors a year—a mere 9% of them Americans—armed only with cameras.

I expected to enjoy the fascination of Africa at the expense of comfort, but I was agreeably surprised. Having chosen the deluxe Micato Safaris to orchestrate my adventure, I land in stylish, comfortable lodges scattered around the country in prime game-viewing areas. At some, game is so close that lions have been known to drink from swimming pools, and at night you leave animal wake-up calls.

Game runs are predictably bumpy, dusty and hot, yet the incomparable close-up encounters are so exciting that such mundane discomforts are ignored and soon forgotten as well-fed safari-goers compare adventures over a congenial nightcap.

A mere week's sampling: One day my vehicle is stuck in the mud underneath a cat-napping leopard; another time it's "bluff-charged" by a rhino and a cape buffalo both on the same day. Along with a veritable

Masai women of Kenya welcome visitors to the vast Mara Game Preserve.

train of other safari vehicles, we circle a lion "kill" and watch lion families laze around practically within arm's reach. Elephants flap their ears at us and giraffes daintily graze on acacia trees like statuesque ladies nibbling on their umbrellas.

An optional sunrise "Balloon Safari" skims over the landscape and its herds of creatures, an hour after an elegant champagne breakfast is served by red-coated waiters on the vast savanna.

A large fleet of small planes operates out of Nairobi, flying to most of the game parks on a daily schedule; transferring from park to park by plane, rather than driving long distances over terrible roads, is worth the extra bucks.

Most safaris begin in urban Nairobi, still the motley town Lady Karen Blixen (Isak Dineson) described in her book, *Out of Africa*. But the dusty sprawl pulsates with life and commerce and imparts an irresistably adventurous feel. By the time my jet-lagged body had journeyed the long distance to Africa, a luxury suite at the chic Nairobi Safari Club was exactly what I needed. A luxurious picnic-tour of Karen Estates, the author's home, soon followed, a fitting beginning for one of the world's all-time greatest travel adventures.

Hundreds of safari tour options are available in Kenya; Micato Safaris' deluxe 15-day Hemingway Safari stands out for high quality of accommodations and itineraries plus personal attention to detail. 15 West 26th St., New York, NY 10010; 212-545-7111.

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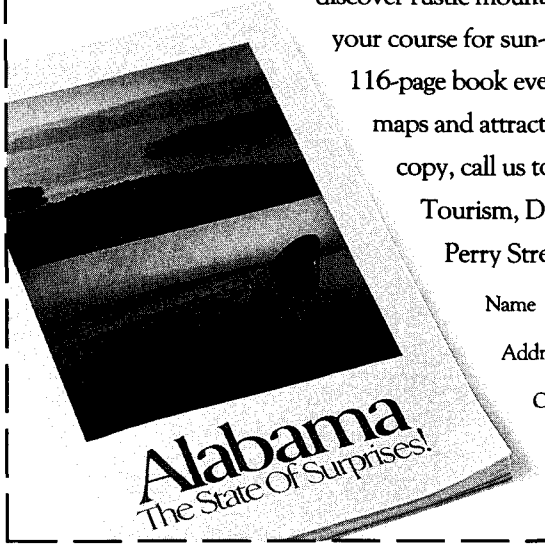

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PLOTTING YOUR VEGETABLE GARDEN

Success in gardening isn't a matter of luck—planning is key to making your garden grow.

Whatever your garden size, successive plantings and crop rotation will help you estimate your harvests and make the most of available space.

Whether yours is a small city garden of, say, 20 x 30 feet, or a country garden the size of a city block, one problem persists. Not only does it concern those confounded zucchinis that keep producing until you have to beat the plants with a club to curb their enthusiasm, but also that the entire garden seems to ripen at the same time. And unless you've got a family of 12, you've got trouble, brother, right there in River City.

What a contradiction, this buggy business of gardening. You till, you fertilize, you sow, you hoe, you weed, you spray, and then you gripe because all 12 cabbages are ready to eat at once, along with a 100-foot row of peas, 50 feet of radishes, wax beans and all the rest. And you have to give half the crop away—*if* you can find someone who isn't trying to give half of his crop away.

But there is a solution: it's called—hold onto your straw hat—Garden Planning.

Length of Harvest Planning

Fortunately, not all vegetables have short harvest periods. If you choose two or three of the short-harvest varieties, you can extend the harvest period. Check the "days to maturity" of the varieties—for instance, there are early, mid, and late cabbages.

These vegetables have long harvest periods:

- Green beans begin producing after 50 to 60 days and continue until frost.
- Eggplant begins in 60 to 70 days and lasts until frost.
- Peppers begin after 60 to 80 days and last until frost.
- Summer squash is harvestable after 50 to 60 days and keeps going until frost.
- Tomatoes begin anywhere from 50 to 90 days after planting and last until frost.

In contrast, a vegetable like corn is picked within a two-week time. And the radish harvest lasts only about two weeks. The shorter the duration of the harvest, the more important small, successive plantings are.

Some root crops will last a long time in the soil, including carrots,

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beets, parsnips, and salsify. Of these, carrots and beets provide a succession of harvests: You can begin harvesting when they are baby-sized and continue up to maturity. They will last in the soil for periods of weeks or months, depending upon the time of year and storage conditions.

Since leaf vegetables such as leaf lettuce and Swiss chard can be picked a leaf at a time, as needed, they have long harvest periods. Depending upon your climate and the time of the year, this period may last several weeks.

Perennial vegetables—asparagus, rhubarb, and Jerusalem artichoke (same as sunchoke)—come back year after year. Measure their duration of harvest in seasons.

The National Garden Bureau, an educational service of the seed industry, suggests five major considerations to keep in mind when deciding what to plant where:

- Do you and your family like the vegetable?
- How many days are required from planting to harvest?

A TYPICAL GARDEN CALENDAR

You can plan the succession planting and harvest in your garden by making a calendar like this of your area. This one is for the Delaware area, taken from the University of Delaware Extension Service.

Plant Harvest

Mar	Apr	May	Jun	July	Aug	Sep	Oct	Nov
	Snap beans				Snap beans			
		Lima beans			Lima beans			
Cabbage			Cabbage					
				Cabbage		Cabbage		
	Cucumbers				Cucumbers			
Carrots			Carrots					
				Carrots		Carrots		
Beets			Beets					
				Beets		Beets		
				Broccoli		Broccoli		
				Cauliflower		Cauliflower		
	Cantaloupe				Cantaloupe			
Lettuce		Lettuce			Lettuce	Lettuce		
Onions		Green Onions			Onions			
Peas		Peas						
		Peppers			Peppers			
Radish	Radish					Radish	Radish	
Spinach		Spinach				Spinach		Spinach
	Sweet Corn				Sweet Corn			
	Squash		Squash					
		Winter Squash				Winter Squash		
		Tomatoes			Tomatoes			
Turnips			Turnips			Turnips		Turnips
		Watermelon			Watermelon			

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- Does the vegetable prefer cool or warm weather?
- How large do the plants grow?
- How many plants of each kind will you need to feed your family?

Succession Planting

The way to a continuous harvest is to make successive plantings of small quantities. For example, if you first plant lettuce in March, you can make another planting in April, and another in May. Successive plantings of snap beans, four to six weeks apart, will give you fresh beans for five months or more. But to get a continuous harvest of a vegetable, you must plant the second planting before you harvest the first.

Garden Planting Schemes

We've imagined a 25 x 30 foot garden area and made plans for it that will bring a succession of crops throughout the growing season. A small-space gardener can either use this scheme as is or adapt it.

Divide the area into three sections, each approximately 10 feet wide. Plant the first block with early, cool-weather crops such as carrots, beets, spinach, onions, lettuce, radishes, turnips, early cabbage, and early potatoes. If you allow for proper spacing between rows, this planting will use a 10-foot depth of that first block. Plant these vegetables in spring, as soon as the soil is workable.

In the second 10 x 10 foot block in the next section, plant the same vegetables, but a month later. Or you could try other vegetables—for example, parsnips, chard, or endive in place of the spinach, onions, and radishes.

Plant the third block with those crops that will mature in fall. Turnips,

continued on page 94

PLANTING TIMETABLE

Early Spring

Plant as soon as ground can be worked in spring: broccoli plants, cabbage plants, endive, kohlrabi, lettuce, onion sets, parsley, peas, radishes, spinach, turnips.

Mid-Spring

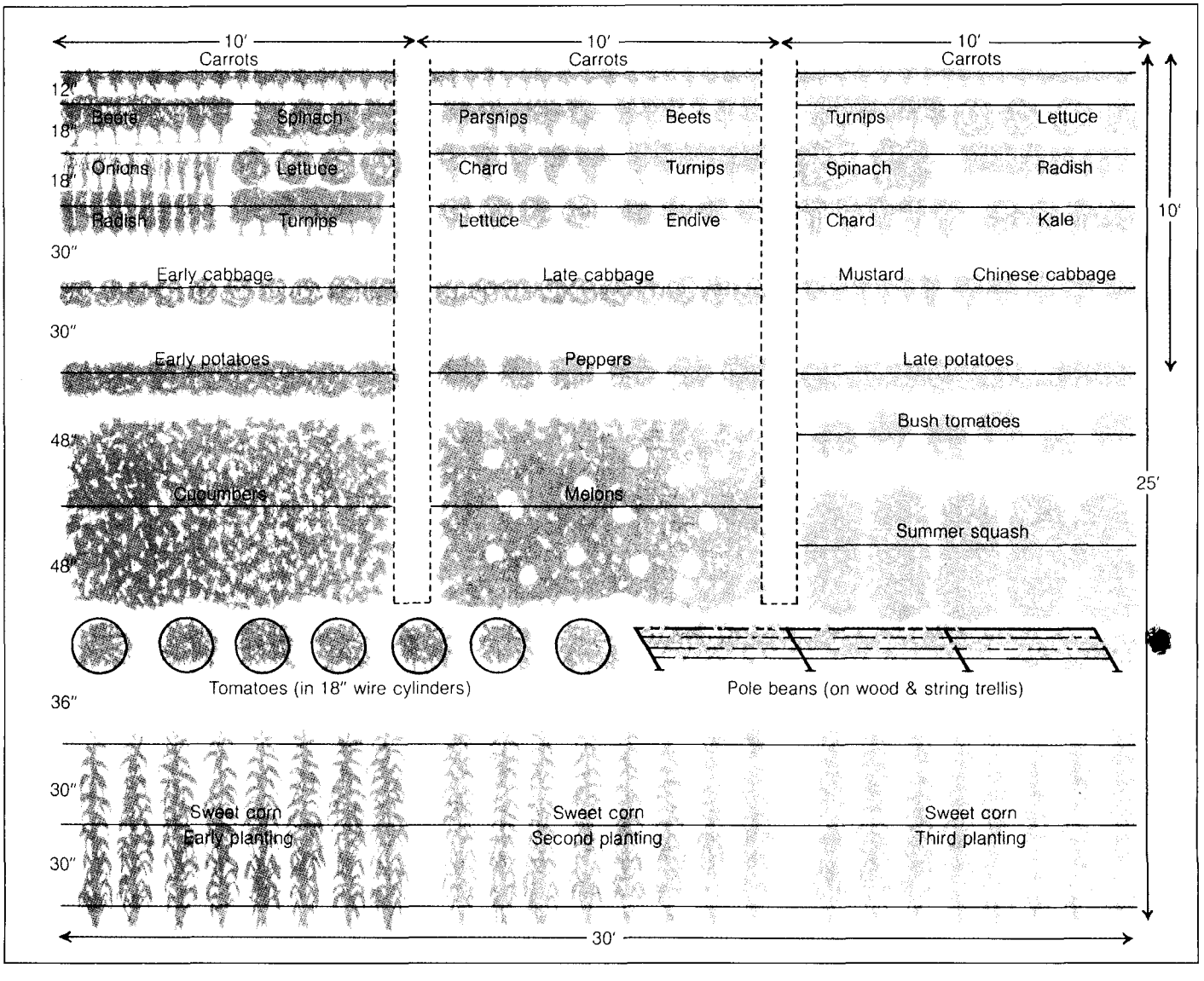
Plant at time of the average last killing frost: carrots, cauliflower plants, beets, onion seeds, parsnips, Swiss chard. Plant two weeks later: beans, corn, potatoes, early tomato seeds.

Early Summer

Plant when soil and weather are warm: lima beans, cantaloupe, celery plants, Crenshaw melons, cucumbers, eggplant plants, pumpkins, pepper plants, potatoes for winter, squash, tomato plants, watermelons.

Mid-Summer-Fall

Plant in late June or early July: beets, broccoli, cabbage, cauliflower, kohlrabi, lettuce, radishes, spinach, turnips.



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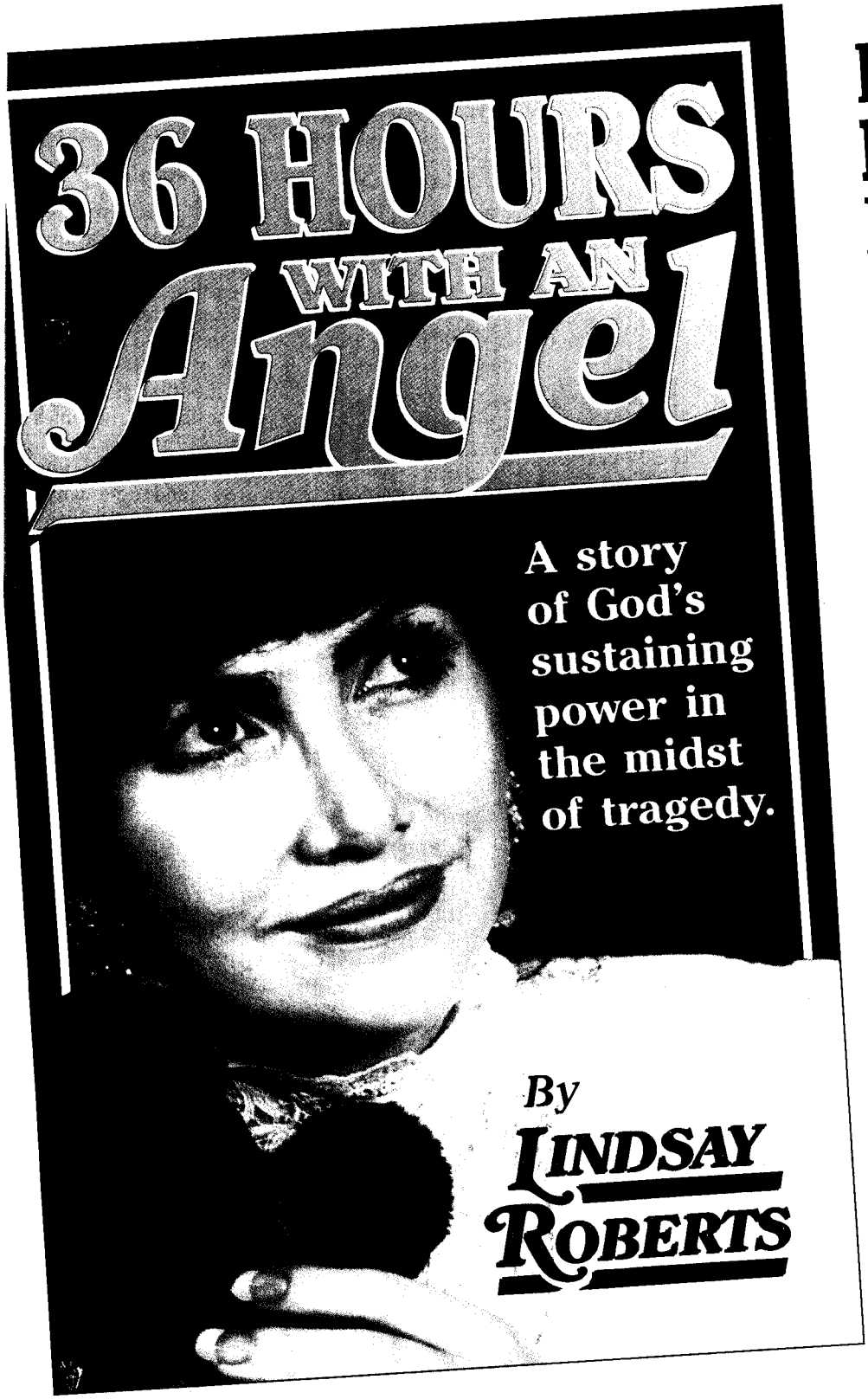

Feel the PAIN... Experience the JOY!

Lindsay Roberts is my daughter-in-law. But more than that, she is a woman of God. As you read this book, you're going to walk with a "flesh-and-blood woman" who has walked through the valley of the shadow of death and still stands tall in her faith.

I like the way Lindsay writes this book, because she tells it like it is. She takes you into each experience and you feel it.

The presence of God runs through every page in a way that you can take hold of.

Oral

Request your own copy of this life-changing book TODAY! We will promptly mail you a copy of this 134-page book by Lindsay Roberts free and postpaid, without obligation. Oral Roberts Ministries has published this book to bless you and help you walk in God's very best through Seed-Faith Living!

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lettuce, spinach, radishes, chard, kale, mustard, and Chinese cabbage are some cool-weather crops that will benefit by being planted after the hottest days of summer and will mature in fall.

Plant the rest of the garden space with warm-season crops, after the soil is thoroughly warm. These crops include cucumbers, melons, summer squash, tomatoes, corn, pole beans, and peppers. Plant the tomatoes in 18-inch wire cylinders. Train pole beans along a wood-and-string trellis. Plant the corn in three blocks of three rows, making three plantings two weeks apart.

Succession Charting

When you start a succession of plantings on paper, the goal of a long harvest season comes within reach. It's easier than you might think—planting times are determined by only four factors: when the soil is workable in spring; the date of the last spring frost; the date of the first fall frost; and the average time the soil becomes frozen, if ever.

Next, look up the vegetables you would like to grow, and note when they should be planted and the average number of days to harvest.

By combining these figures, you'll know what to plant when, about when it will be ready to harvest, and when to replant for a steady harvest. Once you've charted your plantings in this way, you can make adjustments easily that will lengthen the harvest season.

All About Vegetables, *Copyright 1990, Ortho Books; Chevron Chemical Company.*

Can you name this picture?

. . . ***contest:*** *The Saturday Evening Post* will award $100 to the author of the winning caption for this picture. Your entry can be a "one-liner" or a limerick of five lines.

Send your entry *on a postcard.* Do *not* send us a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Entries will not be returned. Enter as many times as you wish.

Send all entries to: Photo Contest, *The Saturday Evening Post*, 1100 Waterway Boulevard, Indianapolis, Indiana 46202.

All eligible caption entries must be postmarked by April 26, 1991.

Our congratulations and a check for $100 go to Mary E. Miller of Chagrin Falls, Ohio for the winning entry in our January/February 1991 caption contest.

They studied those mugs on the wall,
Three cowboys who weren't very tall.
"Good guys they ain't."
"Saddle Old Paint."
"But first give our moms a quick call."

How It Feels

continued from page 40

will now attempt to explain how I could eat so much—as much in bulk as any ordinary person eats on any ordinary day—and lose so much so fast. The reason is, no fats. Fats, it appears, are the villains of the dietary drama. If you want to reduce, fats are regular succession powders, aquae tofanae, poisons of the Borgias, and the Hopkins doctors fixed their diet so that, while you get plenty of lean meats and just enough starch, in vegetables and fruits, to keep up the essential structure of your body, you get almost no fats at all. Incidentally, you also get so you think of sweet butter as a greater delicacy than caviar, and of a plain rare steak, well-grilled, with plenty of juice and brown butter oozing about the plate, as better than ortolans and nightingales' tongues.

You keep up the essential structure of your body simply because your body uses virtually all the food you eat, all the meats and vegetables, to make muscles and bones. Under the circumstances, it has to burn its own fat for energy. Here are the basic daily requirements for this strange diet: For every 11 pounds of your ideal weight, five grams of absolutely

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Advertisement

The Soviet Union

Millions of Scriptures Needed in USSR

Need, opportunity combine to overwhelm Bible providers. Help sought from Western Christians.

While European and American politicians, economists and businessmen continue to try to understand the changes in the Soviet Union, Western Christians are being challenged by one of the greatest opportunities for evangelism in this century.

The Soviet Union's present openness to the West makes it possible to bring Bibles in larger quantities than thought possible only a few months ago. In fact, Bibles are even being printed on government-controlled presses inside the Soviet Union.

But it is the spiritual hunger of the people themselves that has turned this openness into an opportunity for evangelism.

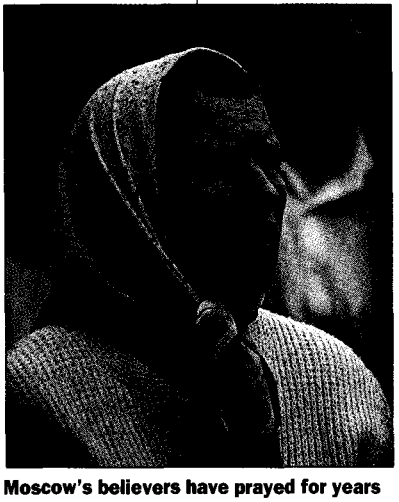
This hunger for the gospel was clearly demonstrated at a Moscow book fair when Russians received New Testaments and began tearing out individual pages and sharing them with others. Men and women were seen with tears in their eyes, clutching the precious pages to their hearts.

International Bible Society was providing Bibles for Eastern Europe even before the communist walls began to crumble.

A colorful video—"A New Day in Eastern Europe"—shot on location and available from the Bible Society, shows dramatically how gifts for Scriptures are meeting the unprecedented demand for God's Word in Europe's former "Eastern Bloc."

Today, International Bible Society is involved in one of its largest projects ever as it attempts to meet that demand in the USSR.

The goal of the massive MOSCOW PROJECT is to deliver 4 million Russian New Testaments to the capital city in the next few months. From Moscow, the Scriptures will be sent out across this vast nation to small towns and large cities—anywhere there are men and women waiting for a copy of God's precious Word.



Moscow's believers have prayed for years that they could have copies of God's Word.

"We have discovered," notes Bible Society President James R. Powell, "that while there is still a certain need for Scriptures in Moscow, the greatest need is out across Russia and the other republics that make up the Soviet Union.

"The people of the USSR are scattered across 11 time zones. To cross the nation by train takes ten days of continuous travel. Taking God's Word to the people of the Soviet Union will not be complete until every person on that 6,000-mile rail line has the Scripture in his or her own hand."

Cooperating with other ministries, the Bible Society has agreed to underwrite half of the $1.6 million needed for THE MOSCOW PROJECT Scriptures.

Commenting on the importance of this project, Bible Society Vice-President of Ministries Eugene F. Rubingh said, "The future direction of the Soviet Union—and the rest of Eastern Europe—is now being decided. These Scriptures will help show the way!" *—by Larry Jerden* {AD}

You can place New Testaments in 65 Russian homes for only $26.

(. . . and see the "New Day in Eastern Europe" for free!)

To make your gift (and order your free video), just fill out the coupon below and mail with your check today. Or pledge your gift by calling International Bible Society TOLL FREE at 1-800-448-0456.

Yes! I want to send New Testaments to the men, women and children of the Soviet Union.
Enclosed is my gift of:

- ☐ $26 for 65 Russian New Testaments
- ☐ $____ to do even more
- ☐ Please send me the free video, "A New Day in Eastern Europe."

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lean meat; 40 grams of carbohydrates in low-starch, high-mineral-content vegetables and fruits; vitamins A, B, D and E in pill form, and, on alternate days, half a tumbler extra of orange juice and half a glass of whole milk.

There you are. My loss of two pounds every three days was by no means abnormal on that diet, and my total loss of 65 pounds was picayune compared to the poundage others have said good-bye to at Johns Hopkins. The prize patient was an elderly ex-policeman, who came into the hospital with a weak heart, short breath, bad liver, swollen ankles, and pretty nearly every other intimidating symptom possible. He weighed 340 pounds when the doctors put him on the diet. In six months he'd lost 120 of his pounds; his symptoms had disappeared, and he's a well man today, enjoying his ex-policeman's pension.

On the Edge of Starvation

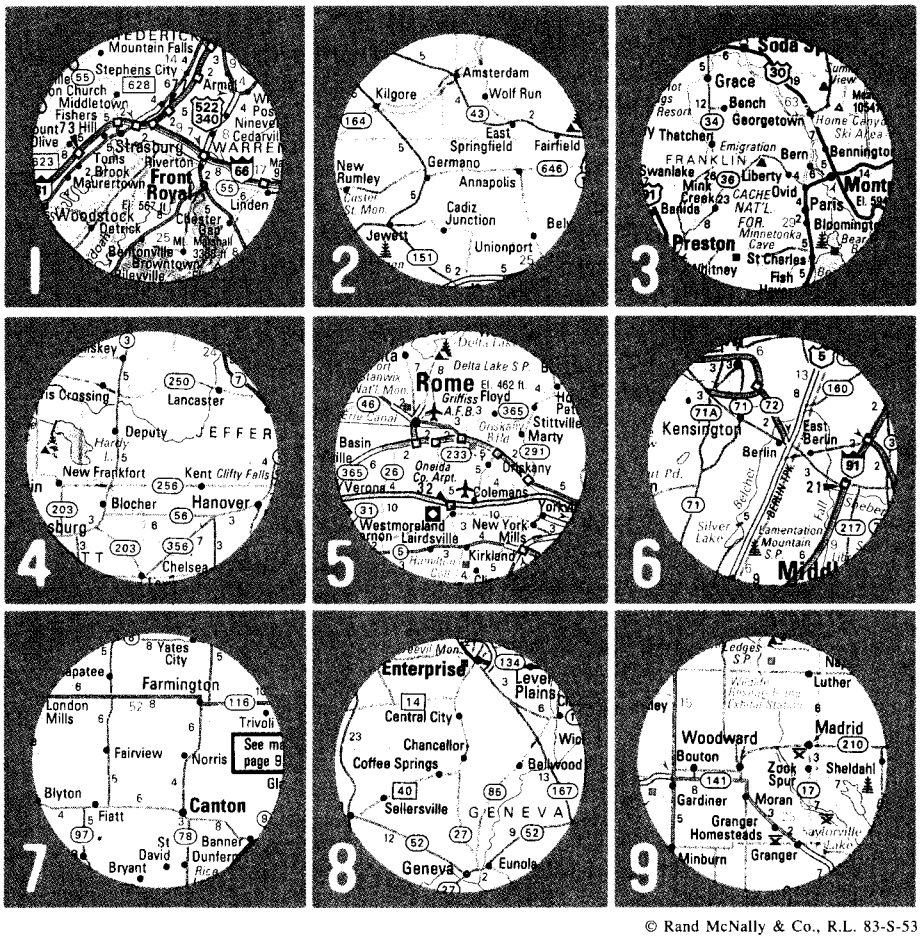
But while you ponder the case of the lucky ex-policeman, remember one thing: If you take the specifications I've laid down and try to work them out with a homemade scale on the kitchen stove, you will certainly become a prompt victim of excessively painful acidosis, and most likely the glanders and the botts, too. The Hopkins diet keeps you hovering on the narrow edge of starvation, and only the closest supervision will prevent you from going over. I don't mean that the principle of the Hopkins diet can't be applied in home reducing. It certainly can, and it should be, because getting thin by avoiding fats is the easiest and safest way to get thin, but go to a doctor first, and let him work out the modification of fat-free eating best suited to your case. And remember, if you do go, that fat-free eating isn't the most delightful thing in the world.

If it hadn't been for avoiding fats, I'd have passed a quite normal, happy three months at Johns Hopkins. Keeping your starches low is easy enough. You simply have to give up breads, potatoes, sweets, the three best summer vegetables—green peas, corn and lima beans—and heavy-bodied fruits, like apples. But avoiding fats deprives you of all food cooked, as most good food must be, with butter; of olive oil and any other oil or lard, vegetables or animal; of all the pleasant organs of animals, like livers and kidneys; of all good cuts of meat, like steaks and chops; of any fish whose flesh is at all greasy. You're condemned to a perpetual round of fowl, poor meat and the lower forms of seafood, and you can't drown your sorrows in drink, because alcohol turns out to be just so many calories in sinister disguise. As nearly as I can describe it, the Hopkins diet is like feeding freely on boiled rugs. You get as much rug as you want.

Glutton by nature, something of an Epicurean by education, I gave a good part of my three months to vain imaginings. If it hadn't been for my imagination, my time in Baltimore would have been most agreeable. The Maryland races are good, the Baltimore book shops are first-class, the surrounding countryside is ridiculously pretty, and Marylanders are genial people. But every time I settled down to enjoy myself, my imagination would get to work.

Dark, spicy marinated lamb, beautiful steaks with homemade green-tomato pickles, the new paprika chicken, so delicate, so wickedly rich with cream—they haunted my mind, until I wished to be a boy again, at home on the farm with my family, eating my little head off. I thought of oyster crabs, of guinea fowl in casserole with juniper butter, at the Lafayette. I didn't want to, but I couldn't help it. I thought of Josephine's incredible seafood dish, all ocean's lovely flavors suspended in one white wine-tinct cream, at Lily and Bill's. I thought of Foyot's raspberry soufflé, like an Olympian's dream of the fruit, in Paris among the senators.

continued on page 106



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Where do you think you are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the map of a single city, state, or province. In terms of routes, state parks, mountains, and memorials, there is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify these locations? If you or a friend finds the game too easy (but you won't), try to guess the theme of this month's map game.

(Answers on page 111)

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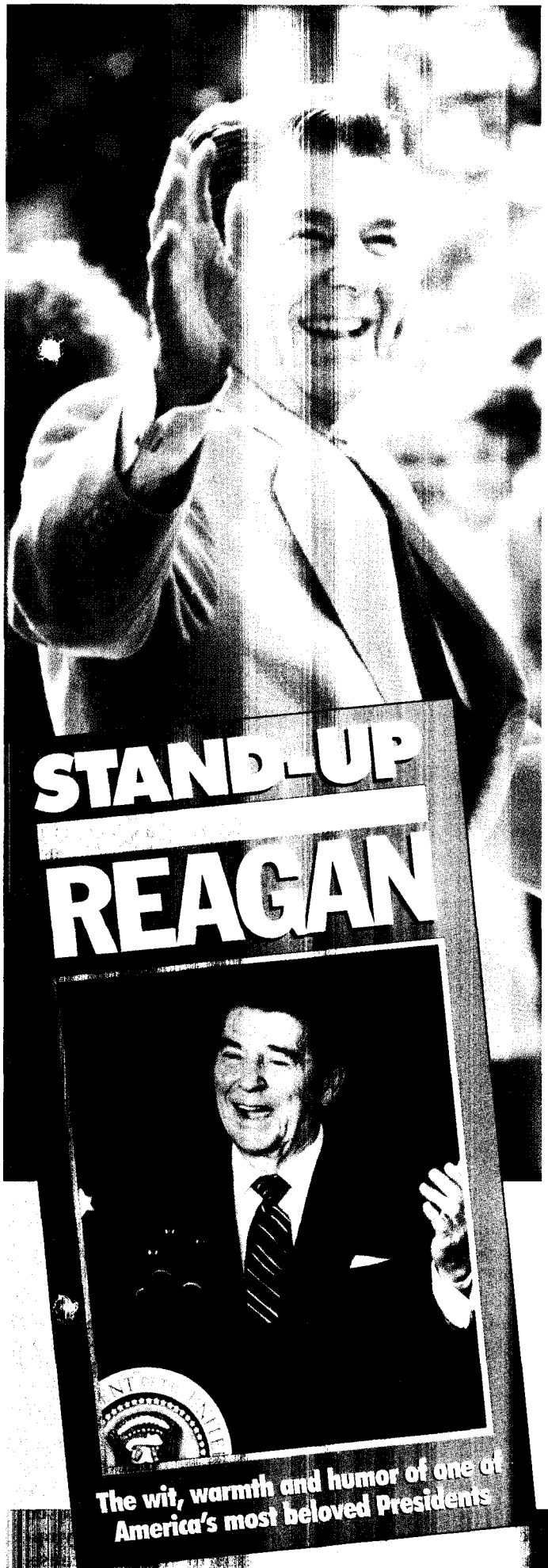


The Reagan everyone loves.

He's the Great Communicator...the soft-spoken man with the twinkle in his eye who made America feel good about itself again. He's Ronald Reagan, one of the country's most beloved leaders.

And one of its greatest storytellers!

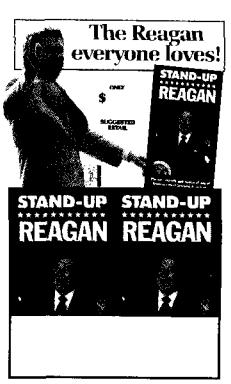
Now, for the first time, Reagan's most humorous tales and most amusing anecdotes are combined on one delightfully entertaining collector's video—*Stand-Up Reagan*.

Whether he's with the press or the public, at conferences or official dinners, the Reagan warmth and congeniality shine through—and *Stand-Up Reagan* is the man at his affable best. He jokes with Congress, takes good-natured potshots at the media, and spins witty stories with the legendary master's touch. He even enlists Nancy as his partner in mischief!

There's never been a video like this for the millions of Reagan admirers across the country. It's an ideal keepsake that his fans will cherish for a lifetime.

Stand-Up Reagan will be available in *February*. Don't delay—order now so your customers can get their hands on it immediately. They'll snap it up!

SPECIAL COUNTER DISPLAY



Order four copies of *Stand-Up Reagan* and you'll receive them in an appealing counter display topped by a traffic-stopping, four color header card. Put it right next to the cash register—you'll generate dozens of impulse purchases!

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MEDICAL MAILBOX

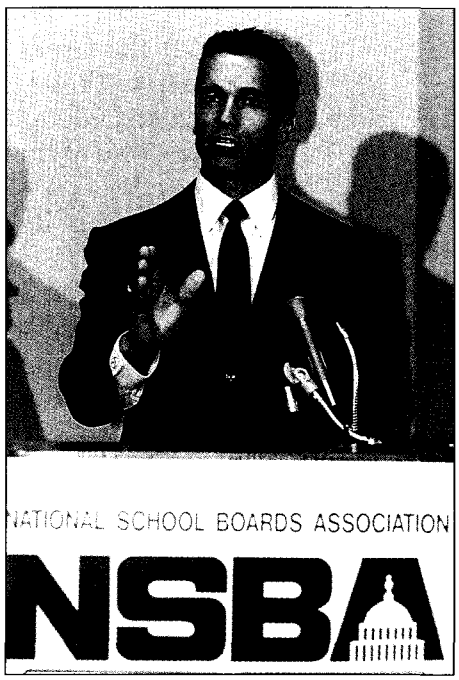
by Cory SerVaas M.D.

The real solution lies in intervention, which leads to the elimination of the problem. —*Dr. Fraser Mustard*

Arnold Schwarzenegger, Motivator With a Cause. He Promotes a Serious "Mind and Body" Education

We watched Arnold Schwarzenegger enthrall a Saturday night audience of National School Boards Association leaders at its convention in Washington recently. Anyone who thinks this young man is anything like the characters he plays in the movies has another think coming. Dead serious about his crusade, he uses his motivational talents to the fullest. His message to the school board members: "Insist on allocating funds for physical education. Total education should include *mind and body*!

"It is up to the local school administrations to make those decisions. No matter what the President says or the state legislators say, not much will happen until it's handled locally. In every community in the United States the school boards need to take the lead with the school principals and the parent-teacher organizations."



Arnold Schwarzenegger, chairman of the President's Council on Physical Fitness and Sports, flexes his charismatic muscles to persuade the National School Boards Association members to allocate funds for fitness training in schools.

Arnold spoke of a pleasant surprise in a state where physical education wasn't a high priority. "I went to one school, and to my surprise I found out that they had a fabulous, outstanding physical fitness program and the students were in incredible shape. I was shocked about that, and so I went to the principal and asked him 'What's the secret?' and he said 'The school board.'"

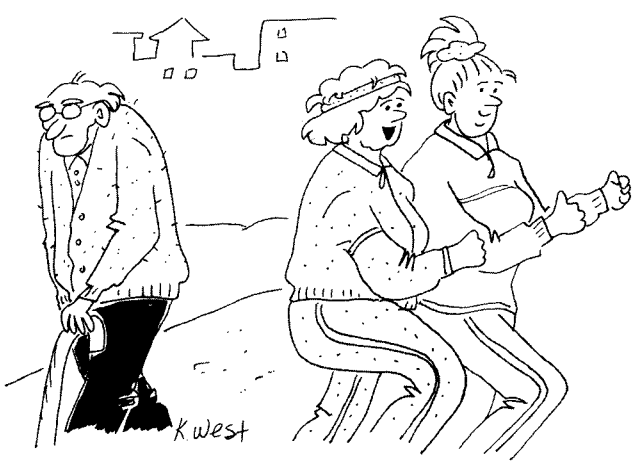
This school corporation happened to have a board that persuaded the parent-teacher organization and the principal to take physical education seriously. Their concern helped them to overcome all bureaucratic opposition.

The school board delegates listened to this motivator as he explained the aims of the President's Council on Physical Fitness and Sports: To mandate one hour of physical activity daily for every student, kindergarten through 12th grade.

If our kids aren't physically fit, we'll all share the burden of their high risk for heart disease and adult obesity with its attendant health problems. "This country can only be healthy if we have healthy people," Arnold said.

In Indiana we have a bill before the General Assembly that we refer to as the "Arnold Bill." If passed it will mandate all schools to require one hour of physical education activity each day through grade 12.

Find out if your state has an "Arnold Bill" in its legislature. If it does, let your representatives know that you support fitness training for healthier kids. If you would like a copy of our proposed Indiana bill, write Dept "A," *SatEvePost*.



"Hey! Wasn't that old Fred Simmons? We used to be his age!"

Ulcerative Proctitis Helped with Niacin

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

A report in "Medical Mailbox" (Nov./Dec. 1990) regarding the use of Nicorette gum for ulcerative colitis caused me to try niacin.

I had suffered from ulcerative proctitis, a milder form of ulcerative colitis confined to the rectum, for years. Since my first day's use of niacin, I have had no problem with proctitis. I take 25 mg of niacin four times a day. The small doses help to prevent flushing of the face.

My success with niacin for the past two months is like a miracle. I had been to numerous doctors, including a gastroenterologist. They did not know what caused proctitis, and their prescriptions only treated the symptoms after an attack. Niacin seems to treat the cause. Foods I couldn't eat, like grapes, raisins, prunes, and pineapple, I now can eat.

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Good news for the 1 in 4 adults who can't digest dairy food.

Now you can.

New DAIRY EASE® lets you enjoy dairy food without distress.

Do you experience gas, bloating or diarrhea after eating the dairy food you loved as a child? This common problem is called Lactose Intolerance, and its cause is simple.

Typically as we enter our teens, our bodies produce less lactase, the enzyme that aids in the digestion of the milk sugar called lactose. This results in the distress we feel when we eat dairy food.

Antacids and other non-prescription products are the wrong solution.

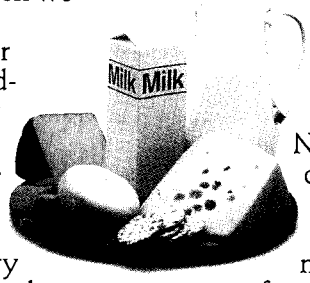
Dairy Ease—The Right Solution.

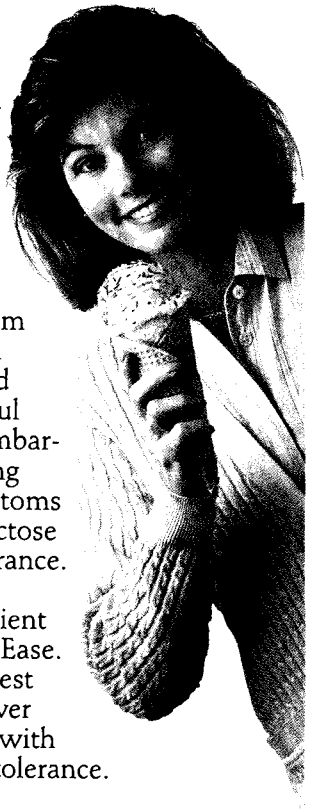
Dairy Ease is a pleasant-tasting, chewable tablet that contains lactase, a natural nutritional supplement.

Taken when you eat dairy food, Dairy Ease aids in the digestion of milk sugar. It's safe and non-habit-forming. So now you can eat all the dairy food you want, when you want it.

Pour On The Milk—Again.

With Dairy Ease you can enjoy the dairy food you've either had to pass up or pay the price for. Now you can have milk, cheese, ice cream and cereal with milk again. And avoid the painful and embarrassing symptoms of Lactose Intolerance. Natural, convenient Dairy Ease. The best news ever for people with Lactose Intolerance.





DAIRY EASE

Enjoy Dairy Food As Naturally As Everyone Else.™

Look for Dairy Ease in the digestive aid section.
For more information and a free sample* call

1-800-233-7500, ext. 136

*Limit one per household.

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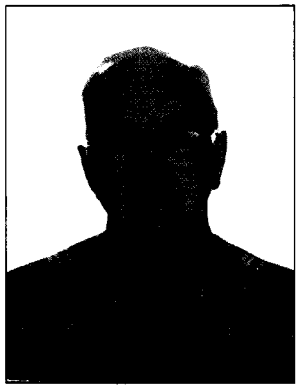
No prescription is needed for niacin; and the cost is quite insignificant compared to the cost of Nicorette.

There's a strange twist to all this: I got reacquainted with the *Post* in my doctor's office years ago and started taking it at once. The office now is supplied with numerous expensive magazines like *Sports Illustrated* and *People* but no *Post*!

Robert Dew
Oak Ridge, Tennessee

Congratulations, Mr. Dew, on finding relief from your ulcerative proctitis. The cause of ulcerative colitis has eluded the medical profession for many years. We welcome hearing about your success in this area.

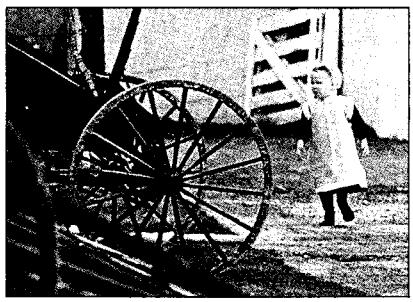


Niacin helped Robert Dew's ulcerative proctitis.

Niacin, also known as nicotinic acid, is a water-soluble vitamin of the B complex group and it occurs in various plant and animal tissues as nicotinamide. It functions as a coenzyme necessary for the breakdown and use of all major nutrients. It is essential for healthy skin, normal functioning of the GI tract, and maintenance of the nervous system. Niacin is not stored in the body. Any excess in the diet is excreted.

Doctors recommend niacin as a useful and inexpensive method of lowering cholesterol. For both lowering the bad LDL cholesterol and raising the good HDL cholesterol, niacin is better than many of the more expensive prescription drugs on the market. Plain niacin is less likely to produce abnormal liver enzymes than is the time-released niacin. Those who routinely take niacin should have their liver functions checked periodically by their physician, and of course they should let their doctor know they're using it.

Another useful vitamin in the B complex that should be further investigated is *riboflavin*. Dr. Holmes Morton has unraveled the medical mystery of a rare, fatal childhood illness called *glutaric aciduria*.



Riboflavin, a B vitamin, prevents a fatal Amish childhood disease.

For many years the horror of this illness has plagued members of the Amish community in Pennsylvania, and it was here that Dr. Morton's breakthrough occurred. He found that if given riboflavin and a low protein diet, a child with this genetic disease is spared a devastating illness and an early death. His fascinating story will appear in the next issue of the *Post*.

Less Calcium in Cottage Cheese

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

I read recently that there is not as much calcium in cottage cheese and yogurt as in other products because the calcium remains in the whey upon separation.

Many people depend upon cottage cheese, yogurt, and buttermilk for their calcium intake. If the calcium is in the whey, and not in the curds, we all really need to know this.

Can you help us, please?

Norma S. Simpson
Tulsa, Oklahoma

It is true that, when making cottage cheese, most of the calcium remains in the whey portion when the curds and whey are separated. Cottage cheese retains only one-seventh of the calcium that was in the milk from which it was made.

Yogurt and buttermilk do not undergo a separation process like that of cottage cheese, and they retain all of the calcium that was originally in the milk. Dairy products like yogurt, buttermilk, sour cream, and most cheeses are excellent sources of calcium, but one should be sure to monitor the fat content of these foods because many dairy products are high in saturated fats.

Skim milk probably has the best combination of high-calcium and low-fat content.

Relief for Lactose Intolerance

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

I have been an avid reader of the *Post* for many years and have had countless hours of enjoyment and learning from its contents.

My son has recently been diagnosed with having a milk intolerance, that also includes corn syrup and eggs. His symptoms are stomach cramps, which last for days from air being trapped and his inability to release it. He is only six years old, and dietary restrictions when he is not at home are difficult.

He usually will not eat something rather than take the risk of feeling ill. I try to make his lunches as interesting and colorful as possible, and I try to serve meals that he is able to eat, which sometimes causes difficulty

"It's our health insurance bill. I'm afraid to open it."

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© 1936 The Curtis Publishing Company

11" x 14" frame not included.

Weighty Matters

When it came to marketing, Grandma really knew how to throw her weight around. But the butcher could put his finger on a couple of handy tricks himself—so it's up in the air in whose favor the scales finally tipped.

This whimsical balancing act was first painted in 1936 as a cover for *The Saturday Evening Post.* Now this wonderful scene has been reproduced on artist canvas and is available for your pleasure.

Although this 11 x 14 print is perfect for your kitchen decor, it will add a touch of humorous warmth to any area of your home. Suitable for framing, it's a great gift-giving idea for house-warmings, showers and birthdays.

Armchair Shopper
P.O. Box 130—Indianapolis, Indiana 46206

Please send _____ Weighty Matters Print(s) @ $6.95 plus 75¢ for postage and handling for each canvas ordered. (Allow 3 weeks for delivery.)
☐ Check enclosed ☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard
Card No. _____ Expires __/ __

Signature _____

Name _____

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Indiana residents add 5% sales tax. M91

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with my other three children.

Could you provide any information on this allergy as well as any dietary tips? I am trying to get library books, but there are few on this subject. His doctor says that he has to live with the daily stomach discomfort. I don't agree. I want a happy boy again. Please help. Thank you.

Victoria Jean Parapugna
Bronx, New York

Intolerance to lactose, the major carbohydrate found in milk, occurs when an individual cannot produce enough of the enzyme lactase to digest the lactose consumed. Symptoms such as bloating, diarrhea, and stomach discomfort occur after consuming dairy products.

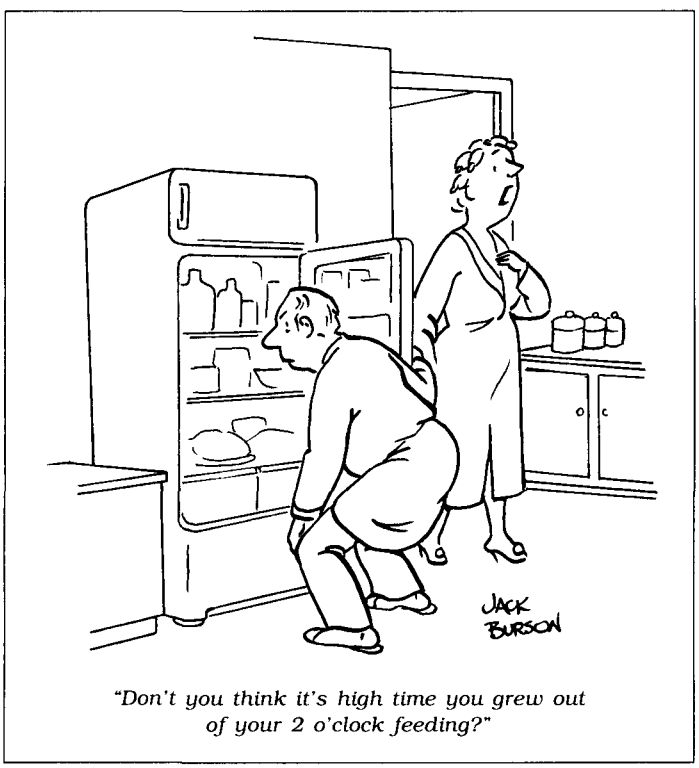
There are many things a person with lactose intolerance can do. One of them would be the use of enzyme supplements, which replace the missing lactase enzyme that helps to digest lactose. Lactaid™ and Dairy Ease™, for example, are available in many stores in liquid or caplet form.

The liquid drops can be added to milk, and the caplets can be taken when dairy products are being consumed. Milk that contains lactase is also available in some stores. The entire family can drink it, even those who aren't lactase deficient.

Dieticians recommend using yogurt and processed dairy products because often they're less apt to cause the gas, bloating, and diarrhea resulting from lactose intolerance.

This is a common problem with people who aren't of Northern European extraction. Dr. Connie Weaver, professor of foods and nutrition at Purdue University, says that on a worldwide basis lactose intolerance, or lactase deficiency, is not only very common, but it is also considered the norm rather than the deviation.

Dr. Weaver says this condition occurs in 75% of the people who aren't of Northern European descent. Many American do have ancestry originating in Northern Europe, and this gives the impression that lactose intolerance is abnormal.



"Don't you think it's high time you grew out of your 2 o'clock feeding?"

Another Enzyme to the Rescue

Over the years we have received many letters from readers who've experienced gas or flatulence after increasing their intake of high-fiber and complex carbohydrate foods in their diets. Fortunately, for those people, there is now help in the form of an enzyme, *alpha-galactosidase*, available in a new product called Beano™.

Gas and bloating are often the result of partially digested or undigested carbohydrates that reach intestinal bacteria and result in fermentation and the release of gas. The most common food culprits are beans, cabbage, broccoli, cauliflower, oats, and soy foods. Beano breaks down the gas-producing sugars in the stomach before they reach the intestine, thereby preventing bloating and gas.

Three to eight drops of Beano are added to the first bite of food, and the rest of the meal can be enjoyed as usual. It cannot be added to food before cooking because high cooking temperatures render it ineffective. Fortunately, Beano has no taste. It is available in the antacid section of drug stores and supermarkets.

Facial Hair Can be Safely Removed

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

I am 72 years of age and have a lot of facial hair. I have had it all my life, but it has gotten so much worse in recent years. My doctor has given me all kinds of blood tests and finds nothing wrong. She is giving me Premarin .625 once a day and 50 mg of Aldactone twice a day and did give me 5 mg of Prednisone once a day, but it aggravated my glaucoma and I had to quit it. I had electrolysis once a week for two years and that didn't help.

I have now been taking treatments called "Removatron" (electrical) twice a week for one and a half years. That costs $30 a treatment and only lasts from one treatment to the next and not too well at that. I am ashamed to go anywhere. I am in good health and would like to go places. Have you any suggestions as to what I might take or do?

Velma Tong
Marion, Ohio

Abnormal hair growth, known as hirsutism, can have many causes. Dr. Ora Pescovitz, associate professor of endocrinology, physiology, and biophysics at the Indiana University School of Medicine, said that the problem could indicate a structural or enzymatic abnormality of either the ovaries or the adrenal glands, or some other endocrine disorder, and may require the attention of a specialist such as a reproductive endocrinologist.

If the hair growth is not a manifestation of an underlying endocrine disorder, then electrolysis, performed correctly, should be an effective treatment.

Electrolysis involves inserting a needle-like probe down

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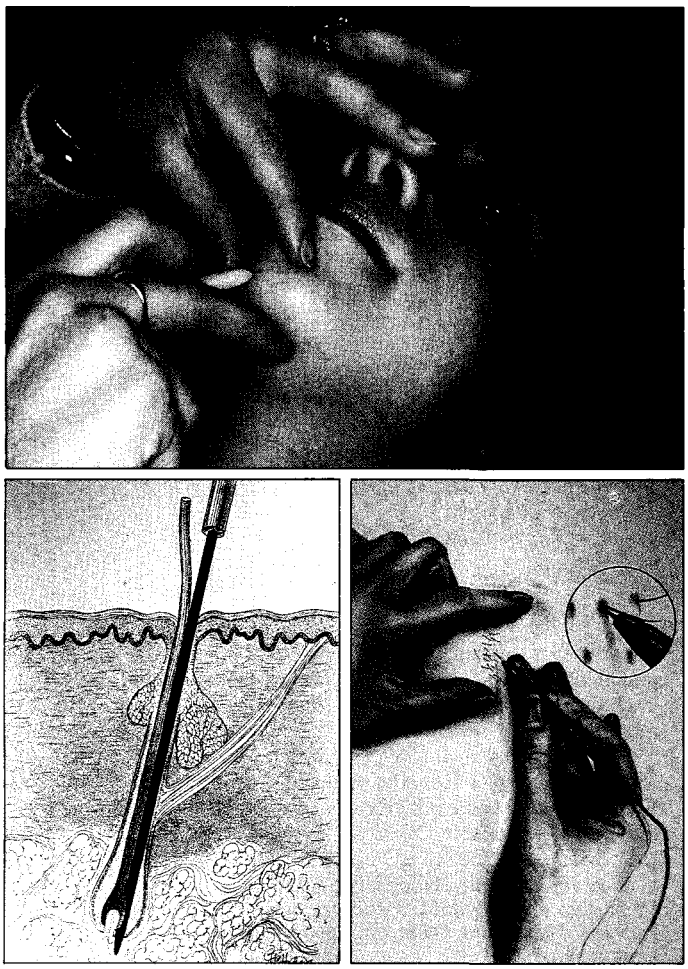
to the hair root and destroying the root. A small, flexible needle, the diameter of a hair, is inserted about 1/4 of an inch down to the papilla. Each hair has to be individually treated, and some may need more than one treatment to be effective.

Women who have a considerable amount of hair growth should expect a dramatic improvement within a year's time, and only periodic maintenance visits should be necessary from then on.



courtesy Dr. James Schuster/ERC

In electrolysis, a small flexible needle is used to destroy the hair root and permanently remove the unwanted hair.

It is important to seek an electrolysis operator who is at least state-certified, and it would be best to find one who has passed a national board certification test and is accredited by the American Electrolysis Association.

On the other hand, the *Removatron* hair-removal device was the subject of an FTC investigation in 1985. The FTC complaint charged that the company lacked substantiation for its claims that Removatron treatments remove hair permanently and are an effective alternative to electrolysis. It is our understanding that they are no longer permitted to make these claims.

In addition, hirsutism is an adverse reaction (side effect) listed in the Physicians' Desk Reference for both Aldactone and Premarin.

Smoker's Reaction

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

I am offended by those who, upon hearing that I have emphysema, respond with, "Did you smoke?" I wonder if these people ask the same question of those who have bladder cancer, heart attacks, strokes, and a host of other health problems.

No one knows better than I how stupid it was to smoke, but does everyone out there take all the precautions they should when exposed to health hazards?

Those of us with lung problems are no less deserving of recovery than most who are ill, but this attitude causes me to wonder if that is why so few lungs are donated for transplant. I hope not. I carry a donor card, and if I have anything anyone can use when I leave, they're welcome to it—no questions asked.

Janell Slattum
Joice, Iowa

Bless you for offering your organs when you are finished with them.

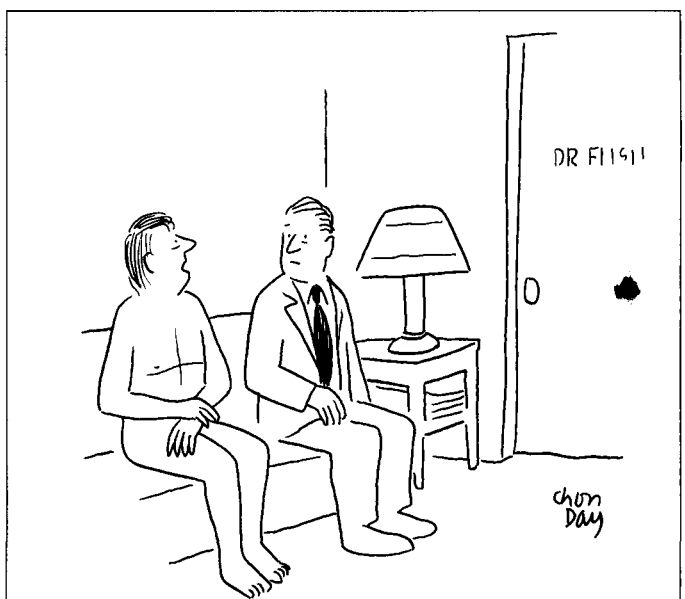
Because all heavy smokers and former heavy smokers are at high risk for lung cancer, we believe it is a good idea to have a lung "pap smear" at least yearly. Early morning sputum can be collected and then mailed to St. Mary's Hospital in Grand Junction, Colorado, where evidence of early lung cancer might be detected while it can still be removed surgically. We have found Dr. Geno Saccomanno, pathologist at St. Mary's, to be the most serious champion of this test.

A recent study has shown a seven-fold higher yield of unsuspected occult lung cancers in people with obstructive lung disease. Dr. Tom Petty of Denver reported that by using the sputum test, three unsuspected lung cancer patients were discovered in 110 patients with air flow obstruction. Fifty unsuspected lung cancers have been found by Dr. Joel Bechtel using the lung "pap smear" at St. Mary's in Grand Junction. Surgery prognosis is better with early detection. We believe this test is especially important for emphysema patients.

Some Sexual Viruses Can be Transmitted at Birth

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

I am interested in any new information you might



"Prickly heat. What's your problem?"

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have about a condition called condyloma caused by papillomavirus. This case is in the vagina of a 64-year-old woman who has been married to one fine man for 40 years. Both have been faithful to each other. The couple is my husband and I.

According to my gynecologist, treatment is difficult (laser or an acid-like treatment), and this virus often recurs. How can a couple like us get it?

We are least susceptible since we run our lives, and always have, in an orderly, Christian manner. We have 10 grandchildren.

Thank you for any help or advice you can give me on this situation.

I also need to know, please, the name of a women's clinic or doctor who might specialize in this sort of thing.

You have been helpful to me in other matters, and I thank you for whatever advice you can give in this.

Name withheld
Newnan, Georgia

We spoke with Dr. Robert Rogers, the chief of gynecology at the Indiana University School of Medicine, about your questions. He felt that it was important for people to realize that this sort of situation is not as bad as often feared.

Dr. Rogers said, "Because human papillomavirus (HPV) is usually a sexually transmitted disease, this question comes up frequently among our older patients. I try to get them out of this 'It's your fault, not my fault' type of thinking because it's an explosive thing that can destroy a long-time marriage. I simply tell them that this virus can remain latent in tissue for a long time and that it may be something that had been there for many years and leave it at that. *Transmission at birth has been found in some patients.*"

Dr. Gerard Nuovo, a pathologist at the State University of New York at Stony Brook who has done valuable research on the human papillomaviruses, pointed out that 40% of the women who come to him with suspected condyloma do not in fact have these lesions, but rather yeast infections or chronic irritation that can mimic condyloma. In these cases, the problem can often cure itself.

Dr. Norman Dahm, a gynecologist on the East Coast, is especially interested in the papillomaviruses. When we went to Norfolk, Virginia, to talk with Dr. Dahm, he told us that in his practice, the majority of such lesions, if on the cervix, can be treated by simple cryotherapy—freezing with nitrous oxide. "It's an office procedure that takes only a minute—you get an excellent cure rate," he told us.

Dr. Dahm showed us the nitrous oxide tank in his office. He stressed that it is an extremely easy method of treatment and that patients should be faithful about returning in case reinfection occurs.

Dr. Norman Dahm uses this nitrous oxide tank to freeze off papillomavirus infected cells.

Another method of treatment is with a laser and is preferred in cases where the lesion is on the vaginal wall or is very large. This used to be an expensive hospital procedure but since many physicians have these lasers in their offices, the time and cost are now much less prohibitive.

Dr. Dahm said, "If a husband is giving his wife this infection, he must be treated." Treatment for men is just as simple, by freezing or laser, and it can be done by a urologist. This is very important to prevent reinfection.

Dr. Nuovo told us that papillomaviruses 16 and 18 can become cancerous if untreated. With treatment, however, the lesions are no longer able to evolve into cancer. Papillomaviruses 6 and 11 behave very differently and do not go on to become cancerous lesions.

Dr. Dahm and Dr. Nuovo stressed that the yearly pap smear is particularly important for women who have had papillomavirus in the past. Early detection and treatment can prevent HPV from developing into cervical cancer.

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How it Feels

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Against my will I remembered restaurants, the little place near the Madeleine where you lunch for an hour and a half on fantastic hors d'oeuvres and top them off with wood strawberries in sour cream; the Cavendish of the old days in London, when all the dishes you got there were Edward VII's particular favorites, and half a dozen others. I even invented dishes myself; the best was tiny hot pastries of smoked turkey, to be served with *Crème Vichyssoise's* iced white velvet embroidered with chives' green. And I thought of wines—but this way madness lies, and I mustn't go on.

Poise Through Avoirdupois

Possibly I sound a bit greedy, but I'm unashamed. The scorner of good food is a natural barbarian, to my way of thinking, and very likely a fratricide, false speaker, and potential defaulter into the bargain. Don't believe most people who say they care nothing for food. They're pious frauds. But when you do find a man who honestly dislikes eating, suspect that man of simony, grand and petty larceny, barratry, and every other crime on the calendar.

One of the great pleasures of being really fat is that you can eat just as much as your digestion will stand. If you're really fat, you're past petty repairs, and you watch unhappy calorie counters with a detached pity. I know. I was fat from my first year until my recent ordeal at Hopkins and, from my wealth of experience, I've concluded that being fat is just a way of letting yourself go—that is, of course, if your glands are all right. It's a form of beachcombing without a beach, a self-indulgent man's way of going native without the discomforts of a grass skirt.

Sooner or later, being fat colors every aspect of your life, and not altogether unpleasantly either. When you are young and fat, you give yourself up to orgies of doing nothing. In summer you read endlessly in the cool house on hot afternoons, or, while the others have a quick swim and are up and doing, you float for hours in the languid waters of a summer river, watching the kingfishers dart for perch almost as lazy as yourself, keeping to the banks where the sun, filtered through the green shades above, only dapples the brownish waters. In spring and autumn you watch the wonders of the year's birth and death at your leisure, and in winter, when the year is dead indeed, you are under no compulsion to stray from the warm hearth. You need worry about nothing, be bothered by nothing except your elders' reformist spasms. And in the end your fat passive resistance will always defeat these efforts to make you walk a mile before breakfast, or learn to ride when your flesh gives you a seat like a bifurcated balloon.

"Can you describe it?"

Sins of Omission

Later on, the compensations for being fat take a less idyllic form. You must work, if you want to support your fatness undiminished, but you can always let boring letters go unanswered, or let troublesome bills go unpaid, or fail to perform all sorts of other dreary duties. If you're fat, your conscience hardly troubles you about sins of omission, and I've always thought that sins of omission could be almost as tempting as the more lurid variety.

One of my favorite sins of omission was not keeping accounts. This is a matter with which thin people are much harried by their consciences. I once knew a Boston woman who kept her accounts and did her checkbook faithfully for 30 years, without ever coming out right with the bank at the end of a month. The accounts and the checkbook took her two days each month, and the row with the bank, which the bank always won, took another day. Late in life she married a fat husband, who persuaded her to give up arguing with the bank. She still kept her accounts, but she used to take the monthly difference between the bank's figures and her own, write it into her books as "Error by Bank," and go on from there with the bank's figures. Of course, she was a very thin woman, and she had a shockingly cruel conscience.

As for me, I've never kept accounts, and besides all the time I've saved for better things, I've had the keen annual pleasure of answering the government's income-tax-blank question, "How do you keep your books?" with the simple negative statement, "I don't." That always made me feel as though I'd heroically shot a tax collector.

Curiously enough, I find that once you are thin, the sins of omission lose their savor. I haven't got to the point of keeping accounts yet, but probably I shall soon, and take a nasty pride in it too. There are signs. Take exercise, for example. In the Bible, as I recall, Jeshurun waxed fat and kicked, but when I was fat, my impulse always was to move no muscle unnecessarily. The only exercise I can remember liking was baseball in my first year at school. I was unquestionably the worst player at that school—I could neither catch, throw, bat nor run—and I was the only substitute on the very lowest team. The very lowest team had the very poorest field, behind which was an interesting, cool, swampy wood. As the catchers on the very lowest team couldn't catch much better than I, my duties all that spring and early summer were to sit in the wood and watch for the balls they let pass. I also captured three wood frogs, which earned my election to the Natural

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History Society. But now things are quite changed. I really like exercise. All those awful, old chestnuts I used to hate so on my friends' lips, about "feeling better after a good workout," and "there's nothing better than a good sweat," have amazed me by coming true.

Naturally, I had to exercise during my three reducing months. The doctors warned me that if I reduced without exercising, my muscles would be draped around me with all the tautness of an unoccupied string hammock. So I exercised, at a remarkable place called the Children's Hospital School, a place with a staff of geniuses who could, I really believe, take a muscle and turn it into anything from a tea cosy to a new cable for the Brooklyn Bridge. They gave me "localized calisthenics," which is another name for wiggling one muscle at a time until all the important ones have some slight tension in them. At first my version of localized calisthenics looked like a serious form of convulsions, but in the end I got so I could do them quite well. That was how I found out that you stop seeing spots when you get thin.

In the end, as I've said, I even learned to class exercises among the pleasures of being thin, or, at least, of being in the state that is described by my doctor as "looking like everybody else." ♜

Solution

continued from page 49

next door a rusting 1960s Ford rested on cinder blocks, its wheels and one door missing. Adjacent to the gas station was a vacant lot packed with ten partly-stripped cars. In the air was the din of the expressway, with high-decibel trucks roaring by every few minutes, and a pervasive smell of exhaust fumes. Though not a slum, the neighborhood was far from appealing. I looked around and thought: *This* is where we are sending our first home-ventilator patient?

As for the Bowmans, they were glad to be home. Mr. Bowman made no apologies for the place, either direct or implied. "Come on in," he welcomed with enthusiasm.

The attendants took Mrs. Bowman out of the ambulance on a stretcher and, while the nurse bagged her manually, carried her up two concrete steps and into the house. Mr. Bowman directed everyone to her new bedroom, a linoleum-floored space approximately 12 feet square. Its walls were covered with musty, stained paneling, and a single window looked out on the freeway exit (in the distance I could see a large green overhead sign pointing the way to "Downtown"). In one corner of the room was her bed, really a cot. Next to the cot stood a Puritan Bennett model MA-1 volume ventilator, its hoses arched in the air, ready for connection. What an incongruous sight!

We moved Mrs. Bowman from the stretcher to the bed and connected her to the ventilator. Mr. Bowman fussed with her a little, fixing her pillow and a blanket, while we checked her tracheostomy tube and then connected the ventilator. I turned the machine on. Whoosh! Whoosh! It worked fine. All the alarms were checked. While the therapists gave Mr. Bowman a final review of the machine's functions, I briefly examined our patient. Her vital signs were OK and she was comfortable in her "new" quarters. Careful planning had made the transition go quite smoothly.

The plan was to have the oxygen company's respiratory therapists visit the house twice a week, and for them to call me with any medical questions or special problems. Mr. Bowman planned to be home all the time; he would call for help as needed. On occasion their daughter might be able to help out, but responsibility for round-the-clock care clearly rested with Mr. Bowman.

Before leaving the house I walked around to see the other rooms. All were small, musty, and worn. The dwelling was not dirty; the kitchen, in particular, seemed clean, but I remember feeling depressed about the place and wondering why. Every room, apart from being tiny and cluttered (an ironing board, old TV, fishing equipment, and cardboard boxes filled with magazines occupied half the living room), had that worn-out-linoleum look. No matter how hard you cleaned this house, it would always seem tired and old. Was this place a proper abode for a ventilator-dependent patient?

A half-hour after we arrived, Mrs. Bowman was safely in her bed and

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stabilized. After making sure everything checked out, we said good-bye and left. Outside, I looked at our chief therapist and he looked at me. We each had the same thought.

"Not very comfortable quarters, is it?" he said.

"No, her room at the hospital was bigger."

"Well, her husband's really devoted. He's learned everything we can teach him about the ventilator."

"It's amazing," I said. "You hear some homeowners complain about their crabgrass, or problems with the swimming pool, or their need for a hot-water tub. The Bowmans don't have a pot to p— in and he brings her home on a ventilator!"

The external appearance of the house, the freeway-exit location, the size of the rooms, and the interior decor all made for a very depressing dwelling. But Mr. Bowman was not depressed, nor was his wife, the woman with cancer and emphysema. *We* were depressed. How long could she live under these circumstances? In this house?

• • •

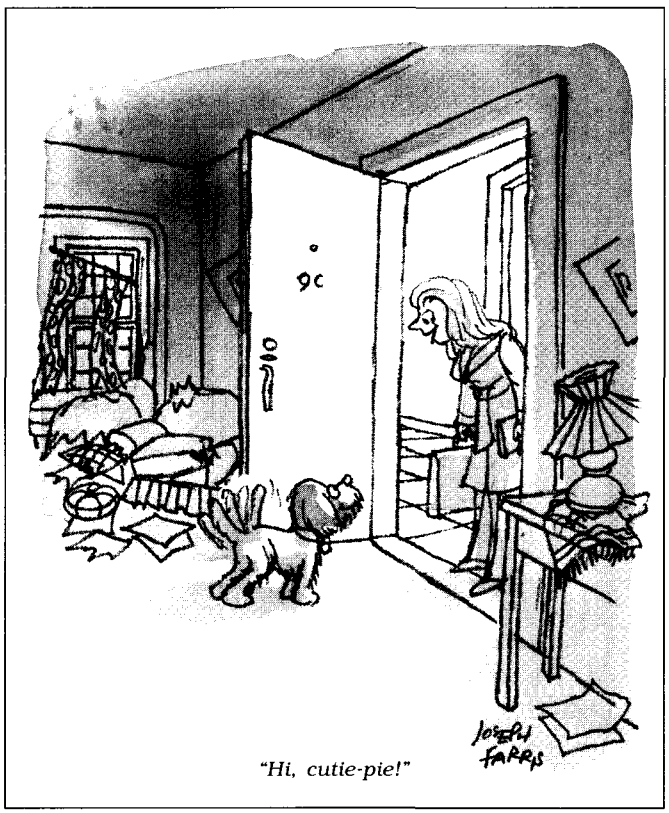
During two months in the hospital, almost all spent connected to a ventilator, Mrs. Bowman had suffered innumerable invasions of her artery for a sample of blood. We needed the blood to check oxygen and carbon dioxide levels and thereby adjust ventilator settings. I had never cared for any viable patient on a ventilator without obtaining at least one arterial blood sample a day.

We had also ordered numerous chest x-rays (once a day while she was in MICU) and many other tests, even when she was stable and only waiting to be discharged.

I did not know how often we would do *any* tests now that she was home. I didn't even know when I would get to see her again. The oxygen company took good care of the machine, and their technician called me once a week to report on her progress. "She's doing well," he said. "No problems with the ventilator. Mr. Bowman is managing things better than we expected. We just go in and do the maintenance checks." Given her benign course, I saw no compelling reason to make a house visit anytime soon.

About a month after she left the hospital I got a call from her husband. "Her tracheostomy cuff is leaking. I think it needs to be changed." The cuff is a small inflatable balloon at the end of the tracheostomy tube; it is normally inflated with air to provide a seal inside the trachea. If the cuff leaks and deflates, the ventilator cannot deliver the proper amount of air to the lungs.

"Is she getting enough air?" I asked.



"Hi, cutie-pie!"

"Yes, right now she is. But I have to keep inflating the cuff about every hour or the ventilator alarm goes off." Changing her tracheostomy tube was the one thing Mr. Bowman did not feel comfortable doing. It required disconnecting the ventilator for a minute, and that made him anxious.

"OK. I'll be out this afternoon," I said, and made plans to stop on my way home. Her house was out of the way but I didn't mind. I welcomed the opportunity to help Mr. Bowman, even with a small service. I arrived about 6 p.m. and found that her tracheostomy cuff was indeed leaking. I had brought two spares and used one as a replacement.

Mrs. Bowman was all smiles when she saw me. After I changed the tube she wrote on her pad: "Thank you."

"Are you having any problems?" I asked. "Anything bothering you?" "No," she wrote. "I feel good." My examination showed that she was about the same as when she left the hospital.

Outside in the yard, where Mr. Bowman preferred to talk, I asked him, "How are you managing?"

"Just fine. I sure am glad you came out. That's real nice of you."

"No problem," I said. "Glad to do it. She seems to be holding up pretty well. Have you been out of the house since we brought her home?"

"No, our daughter does the shopping and I just stay here and take care of Helga."

"Can you do this all by yourself?"

"Sure. Maggie [their daughter] helps with the cooking sometimes, but I'm a darn good cook too. We do OK."

Amazing, I thought. *This man deserves some kind of medal!*

Two months went by before I got another call. Same problem. Well, I thought, that seems about right. These trach cuffs last only about two months even in the hospital. I went out to the house and changed her tracheostomy tube.

By my exam she seemed to be doing well. There were no bedsores that you often see in nursing home patients, and her spirit remained remarkably good. Mr. Bowman was taking good care of his wife. I had thought of bringing a syringe and drawing some blood samples but decided against it. Four months had passed and nothing untoward had happened. What would I do with the results?

Outside I asked Mr. Bowman, "Have you been able to get away yet?"

"I've been to the store a couple of times. Maggie stays with her then, but it's only for a short time."

"Can't you get away more often?" I was concerned about him.

"No. Maggie's got two kids of her own to care for. I'm doing fine," he said. "Don't worry about me. I don't mind staying home."

I decided not to push it.

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Over the next two years I made another eight house calls, all to change her tracheostomy tube. I always found her cheerful and appreciative of my visits. She was never out of bed when I came, although I knew she did sit in a chair on those occasions when Mr. Bowman lifted her out. As for her husband, except for an occasional foray to the store, he did not leave the house. He had not gone fishing since we brought Mrs. Bowman home from the hospital.

During those first two years, Mrs. Bowman did not have a single blood test or chest x-ray. Word began to spread through the hospital of this indomitable woman at home on the ventilator, in whom not a single blood gas had been drawn in two years. I gave all the credit to the patient and her husband.

One day in August 1984 Mr. Bowman called. "She's got some pain and can't see out of one eye," he said. She had become suddenly blind in her right eye and his description made me suspect a detached retina.

"Call the ambulance," I said. "She needs to be seen by an ophthalmologist."

Two years and two months after she left Memorial Hospital she came back to our MICU. An eye surgeon saw her right away, diagnosed a detached retina and recommended surgery the next morning. It would have to be done under general anesthesia.

To prepare Mrs. Bowman for eye surgery I did an arterial blood gas and other routine tests. All were normal or unchanged from 1982. The operation was a success and she went home a week later, her vision improved.

• • •

I followed Mrs. Bowman at home for three more years. During this time I changed her tracheostomy tube about every two to four months. (I always waited for Mr. Bowman's call and always came the same day. I was out of town once, so my partner went to the house.) In those three years she had no blood tests or chest x-rays.

One day in June 1987 Mr. Bowman called. "She's not doing well. Her feet and belly are swollen and she's falling asleep all the time."

"How long has this been going on?"

"Oh, about a week."

"I'll be right out."

I feared the worst, but took some diuretic and heart medicine with me in case her problem was a simple case of congestive heart failure.

Pulling up to the house, I mentally noted the scene: not much different from five years earlier, except that the lot filled with junk cars was now vacant and the Ford on cinder blocks was gone. The expressway hummed as before, and the Bowmans' house appeared about five years more decrepit.

Mr. Bowman greeted me just as I got out of the car. "She looks bad, Doc. Real bad."

I went to the room and found her very lethargic. I shook her gently and raised my voice: "Mrs. Bowman! Mrs. Bowman!" She smiled and acknowledged my presence, but the old cheeriness was no longer there.

Both feet were engorged with edema fluid, but there was a different reason for the abdominal swelling. Her liver was rock hard, the first indication after five years that the breast cancer had spread.

I went outside to talk to Mr. Bowman.

"I'm suspicious that her cancer has come back," I said.

"I was afraid of that."

"There's little we can do if that's the case. She's had therapy and there's nothing else to offer."

"Can she go to the hospital and die there? The grandchildren are always coming over and . . . " He started to cry. I fought the same urge.

"Sure," I said. "Just wait here. I'll take care of it."

I went to the kitchen to use the phone. After making the arrangements I returned to Mr. Bowman, who was still outside the house.

"The ambulance will be here in a few minutes. I've also phoned the hospital. We'll have a bed for her in the intensive care unit."

"Thanks, Doc." He was still crying.

Follow-up

Our tests confirmed that the breast cancer had recurred and spread to her liver. We kept her in MICU two days and then transferred her to a regular ward, where she received routine ventilator and nursing care. We made her comfortable with morphine injections. Mrs. Bowman died in her sleep a week later.

Mr. Bowman still lives in the same house, alone, although his grandchildren visit often. And after a five-year hiatus he is back fishing regularly for walleye.

Remember Grandpa's Tomatoes?

Think back. You may have been just a child. But you still remember the special mouth-watering taste of a fresh-picked, vine-ripened tomato. No one can describe it. But there's no forgetting that incredible taste of summer.

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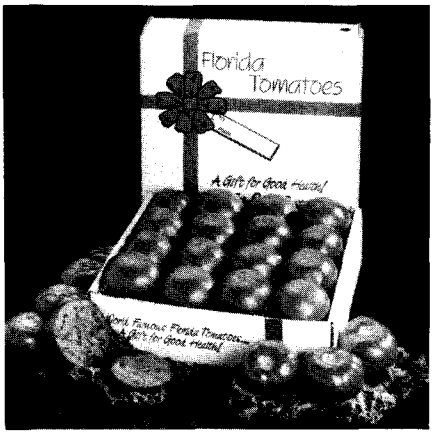

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Happy Feet

continued from page 16

cent, while the growth rate for those under 50 years is only 8 percent," the PFA's Emmel says. But even those younger than 50 are demanding changes, since they've become accustomed to comfortable athletic shoes.

Another element in the shift toward shoes that ease foot fatigue is the application of athletic footwear technology to fashion styles. Skyrocketing sales of lines such as Easy Spirit and Rockport for both men and women reflect these changes.

A *Footwear News* survey of retailers reports that ". . . comfort shoes, which only a few years ago accounted for 20 to 30 percent of business for many stores, now often represents 40 to 60 percent of all sales, and in some cases—particularly independents—has grabbed as much as 85 percent."

The demand for prescription and orthopedic footwear has not been quantified, but Emmel says it has increased. Between 1986 and 1990 PFA membership has more than doubled.

A more direct barometer of growth in the field of problem feet is the increased number of, and enrollment in, postgraduate residency positions in podiatry, the medical specialty devoted to the study and treatment of the lower leg, ankle, and foot. Dr. Thomas BiFulco, a podiatrist and member of the Residency Training Committee of Kern Hospital in Warren, Michigan, says, "Between 1970 and 1990 the number of available residency positions has leapt from 20 to 90. This means the consumer will have a widely increased opportunity to be treated by a podiatrist who has obtained the highest level of postgraduate training available."

The combined trends of more and better qualified professionals who either treat feet or design custom shoes and orthopedic devices (as represented by the increase in PFA membership), mirrors the aroused consumer demand for overall foot health and comfort.

But with the increase in choices, how can the consumer determine which professionals to go to for foot and footwear problems? As a rough guideline, the most competent foot specialists are board certified podiatrists. Dr. BiFulco explains: "Fees for the services of a podiatrist are influenced by a combination of factors: the nature of your problem, your insurance, and geography. But if your complaint is of 'sore' feet or ankle pain, I would estimate treatment would require 4-6 visits, including a full evaluation, with an average fee of $34-$45 per visit. For problems requiring correction with shoes, a device, or surgery, approximately 5-10 visits will then be required.

"One of the most common procedures is bunion correction," Dr. BiFulco says. "Using the most advanced methods, the fee for this surgery ranges from $700 to $1,200."

In the event a doctor prescribes footwear, he or she may refer the patient to a board certified pedorthotist. If protheses or braces are needed, a doctor will recommend fitting by a board certified orthotist. Pedorthotists and orthotists will not charge separate professional fees, but rather the cost of their advanced training is reflected in the products that pedorthotists and orthotists fit the patient for.

Patients might have to make the choice between a fully customized or a custom-adapted shoe. Tom BiFulco of T. O. Dey, a company that specializes in custom shoes, says that in the long run it is preferable to buy a fully custom-made shoe rather than an orthodic accomodated by a ready-to-wear shoe.

"You have to take into account the personality of the foot," he says. "The consumer may end up spending $500 for only 50 percent customization. With a fully custom-made shoe you'll achieve better results."

The Perfect Squelch

Rushing to cover a raging grain elevator fire near Toledo, reporter George Hewes found that the only phone booth available was in a next-door building which was, itself, about to go up in flames. While helpful firemen played their hoses around the booth, Hewes gamely began phoning in the story. He told how the fire started, who detected it, how it was being fought, and what damage it had done.

The rewrite man on the other end of the line, far from being satisfied, began shooting questions. How tall was the grain elevator? How full was it? What color was it?

With flames almost licking the phone booth, Hewes shouted, "The firemen are ordering me out of here! I'll call you later!"

"Hold on," the rewrite man ordered. "I've got one more question: How soon are they going to rebuild?"

"Not," snapped Hewes, "until it cools."

—Carter Townes

Home Alone

continued from page 83

he had improved.

The young star is said to be gracious when people compliment him on the movie and how they loved *him*. And though he would mischievously smart off to the director between takes, when the shooting finally ended it was reported that "Mac went around and thanked everybody—a real professional." One producer has described Macaulay Culkin as a "sort of goofy, charming kid," and says *Home Alone* was the perfect idea with the perfect person. Another points out that a Macaulay Culkin doesn't come along very often. John Hughes adds, "Some people get smaller on the screen, some dis-

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appear. But this gets bigger, and I don't know why that is."

The question may have been answered by David Friendly, producer of Macaulay's next movie, who is said to have had a "Mac attack" after viewing *Home Alone*.

"We have to have that kid!" he recalls saying after the screening. "He has more stage presence than any child actor I can remember since Shirley Temple."

And given the box office receipts for *Home Alone*, who can argue?

21st Century

continued from page 71

You'll know when...

Hometowns become theme parks.

In 1980, 36 percent of Americans lived in a state other than the one they were born in. During the decade, millions of baby boomers (aged 16 to 34) left home in search of better schools, better jobs, and better lives.

In the 21st century middle-aged baby boomers will recapture that hometown feeling. But that'll be difficult, because the baby boom has changed everything.

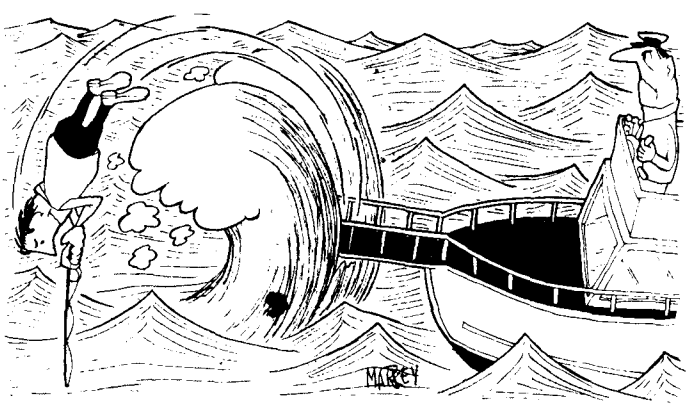
By 2000, the population of San Jose will be more than double what it was in 1960. Houston will have nearly tripled in size, and Fort Lauderdale will have increased four-fold. More than three-quarters of Americans live in a metropolitan area, although only one in four would pick city life if given a choice. Baby boomers will recreate that hometown spirit by visiting nostalgic theme parks, by reading publications about small-town life, by decorating their homes like farmhouses, and by eating at "authentic American" restaurants.

You'll know when...

The good ol' boys are history.

Women, blacks, Hispanics, and other minorities will drive politics in the 21st century. By 2000, minorities will be mayors in most of the nation's largest cities. Blacks and Hispanics will win more elections for two reasons: because of their growing numbers, and because minority voter participation rates will increase relative to white voter participation. Racial crossover voting will be common.

At the turn of the century, women will be more than half of all college students and almost half of all workers. But long before substantial numbers of women will take their place as leaders in American industry, they will win the popular vote for political office. In the first presidential election of the 21st century, 53 percent of voters will be women.



You be the Judge

by William Donaldson

Reggie, a stranger to deep-sea fishing, decided to risk a boat trip offshore. Made confident by a run of some miles through calm water, he persuaded Captain Jack to let him perch in the "pulpit," a hand-railed platform projecting 12 feet from the bow. The captain consented, but failed to warn Reggie of what a sudden wave might do to him. Sure enough, a big comber swept him overboard. Captain Jack saved him, but Reggie developed pneumonia. Later he sued because of the pneumonia and the shock.

"As we set out on a smooth sea, I was completely unprepared for what happened," Reggie asserted. "The captain was neglectful in not warning me of the danger of being washed overboard, so he should pay damages."

"Reggie, being a big boy, should have realized that he took a risk in perching in the pulpit rather than sitting safely in a deck chair," Captain Jack replied. "I didn't warn him because he should have known he was taking a chance."

If you were the judge, would you rule in favor of water-soaked Reggie?

Reggie collected. The court held that it is the duty of a fishing-boat captain to safeguard his passengers and to warn them of unexpected dangers, such as rough seas.

Based upon a 1942 Connecticut decision.

WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?

(Answers from page 94)

(Theme: European cities)

1. Strasburg, VA
2. Amsterdam, OH
3. Paris, ID
4. Lancaster, IN
5. Rome, NY
6. Berlin, CT
7. London Mills, IL
8. Geneva, AL
9. Madrid, IA

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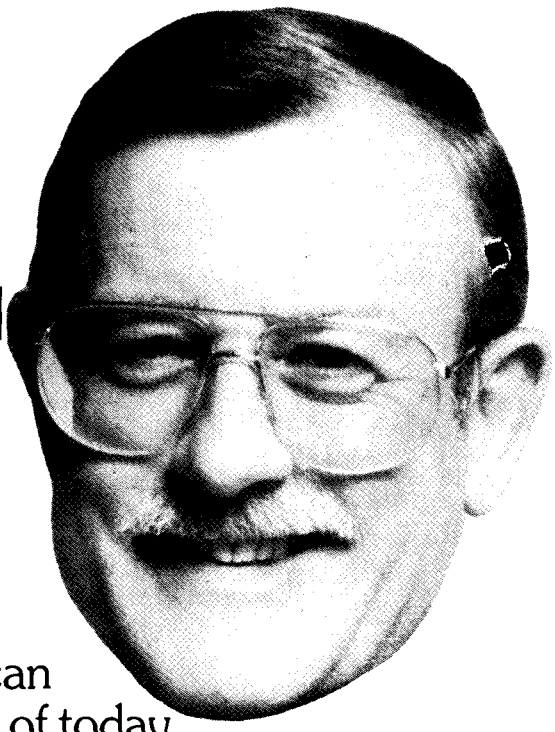

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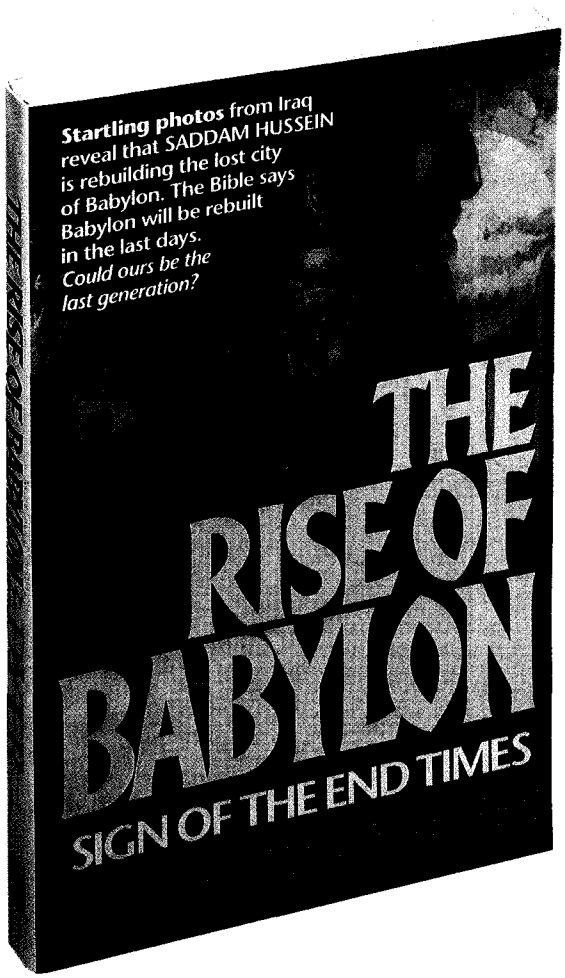
WHAT DOES IRAQ HAVE TO DO WITH BIBLE PROPHECY?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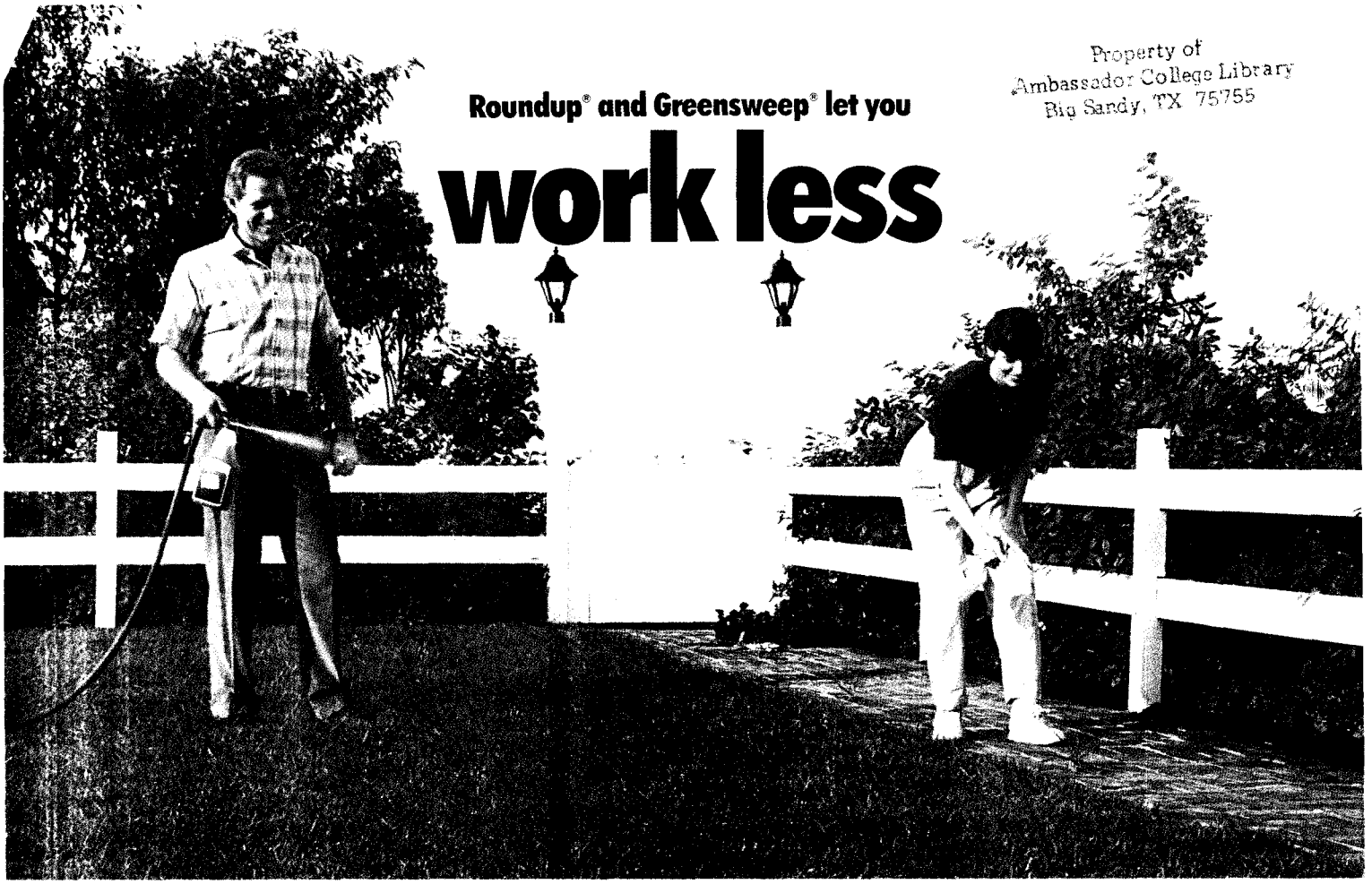

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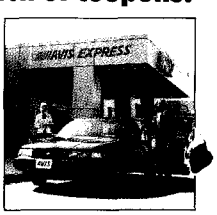

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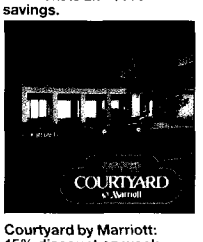

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